

METHODIST REVIEW.

(BIMONTHLY.)

WILLIAM V. KELLEY, D.D., Editor.



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OR,

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"ECCE CLERUS" is an attempt, as the author points out in his Preface, to deal with some pressing present-day problems having their incidence within the sphere of religion, and holding peculiarly intimate relation to the ministerial calling. Fidelity to its aim in this regard makes it a more or less free and candid criticism of the spirit, status, functions, methods, and achievements of the Christian ministry, viewed in the light of the New Testament and the special requirements of the age.

The book is a word from the watchtower of a waning century—a century whose significance for science, philosophy, invention; for historical and critical research; for commercial expansion and industrial development; for moral, social, and penal reform; for educational, religious, and political progress, is probably greater than that of any two preceding centuries which have contributed any sort of a record to the annals of the world.

The author points out that in the nature of things both the *retrospect* and the *outlook* obtained from the point of elevation on which the closing year of such a century places us could not but be broad, varied, and profoundly interesting, and that it would be wonderful indeed if many dogmas in every department of thought—scientific, philosophical, historical, industrial, ethical, and religious—did not seem different to us near its close from what they appeared to those whose mature life was lived at its beginning. With one feature only—though an immensely important one—of the general forecast thus obtained, namely, with religion in its administrative and practical aspect, does the author of "Ecce Clerus" concern himself. He shows that the times we are passing through are transitional. But he maintains that the Eternal Spirit and the Time Spirit are not necessarily at war; that they are only irreconcilable when the latter, instead of taking its cue and complexion from the former, assumes to be the dominant and determining factor, which is the error he deprecates. His work is an appeal from the Spirit of Time to the Spirit of Eternity.

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METHODIST REVIEW.

SEPTEMBER, 1899.

ART. I.—A CENTENNIAL FORWARD MOVEMENT.

THE proposal made by Mr. R. M. Perks, M.P., to the English Methodists, to collect the sum of a million guineas as a thank offering for the blessings of the past century and a resource for coming years, has met with an extraordinary response. Although addressed in the first instance to only one section of English Methodism, the echo of the appeal has been heard around the entire globe, and the whole sisterhood of Methodist churches is responding with an alacrity which gives promise of a very large measure of financial success. It has been felt, however, by many, and the feeling seems to be growing deeper and more widespread daily, that a movement of this kind must be incomplete and fail to accomplish a full measure of success so long as it is limited to material interests. In other words, the effort to collect a worthy financial offering ought to be associated with a corresponding forward movement on spiritual lines. In all great religious movements which are healthy in tone and permanent in results this association of generous giving with earnest and practical working may be observed, and in the present case it will doubtless be found that a carefully organized effort to win disciples for our Master will not only result in an immense ingathering of converts and an uplifting of the spiritual tone, but also in a marked increase in the offerings of the people.

Aside from the influence of such a movement upon the financial enterprise which has been undertaken there are many special reasons why an effort of this kind should be made at the present time. While our Church is not in a state of deca-

dence, and while no immediate peril confronts us, yet the most optimistic observer can hardly regard the present situation as even moderately satisfactory. Some of the weak points in this situation may be indicated in a few words. In the first place, we are confronted, if not by a decline in membership, at least by an arrest of progress which is almost as significant as a positive decline would be. If an Atlantic liner, which for several years in succession has averaged twenty knots an hour, should suddenly slacken its speed and drop down to five or six knots, the owners of the vessel would hardly congratulate themselves on the general condition and working capacity of their steamer. Very much may be said in explanation of the present arrested growth of the Church, but in this discussion we have only to deal with the fact. Be the explanation what it may, the fact presents some ominous features and calls for immediate and careful attention.

For some years past, in common with all our sister churches, we have seemed unable to grapple successfully with the emergencies which God in his providence has set before us. This has been painfully apparent in our great cities, where too often we see Christian churches struggling desperately for mere existence, instead of contending resolutely with the powers of evil around them and moving forward in a career of victory. Nobler Christians have never lived than are many of those who are engaged in the struggle which is going on in our great cities, but up to date it must be confessed that they are barely holding their own. In the foreign field we see even a more depressing spectacle. Wide doors are open, error is giving way, and amazing possibilities are revealed; but the Church holds back and seems irresolute and almost despondent while in full sight of assured victory. Our missionary force is actually decreasing in the face of the most inviting opportunities which God has ever set before a people.

One singular feature of the present situation, which to some appears hopeful, although in reality deceptive, calls for special remark. We have before us the unusual spectacle of a plethora of preachers, and yet in every direction we see men running up and down in search of effective helpers to aid in what they call "revival efforts." The average Methodist preacher

of the present day may be as good a man as at any past period, but it has for some time seemed as if he is a less effective worker than he formerly was. Nor does the evangelist whom he so gladly calls to his aid appear to be the man for the times. He is not at his best when fighting at the very gates of hell. He too often seeks and demands soft conditions, and has a persistent inclination to seek large audiences of sympathetic believers, rather than indifferent or hostile groups of uncongenial unbelievers. The present-day revival is also no longer like that of the last century, or that of a comparatively recent date in the present century. Very many exceptions may be pointed out, but we cannot trust to exceptions. The average revival is shallow, and its results unsatisfactory. A religious movement which does not get a grip on character, which does not revolutionize human lives and remodel and purify homes, may be good in its way, but it is not a revival in the proper sense of the word. A series of special meetings in which most of the Sunday school children between the ages of nine and fourteen are induced to come forward for prayers, with a slight sprinkling of older people, and near the close of which the pastor "opens the doors of the Church" by inviting those who have been forward to join on probation, may be a means of doing some good, but it is not a revival; and there is sad reason to fear that this kind of procedure has filled many of our church registers with the names of persons who have scarcely any realization of what is meant by membership in the Church. Be the cause what it may, it can hardly be doubted that an immense number of nominal Christians have their names inscribed on our Church rolls, very few of whom have any idea of personal obligation to the Church or of personal responsibility as workers in the vineyard.

These remarks will probably be challenged by some readers, but they are not written in a spirit of either hostility or discouragement. The writer has never been accused of pessimism in any of its phases, and does not believe that the present situation furnishes any ground for either despair or discouragement; but when a great aggressive movement is proposed in the name of the Church, and is intended to embrace the whole Church, it is of the first importance that we get an intelligent

view of the actual situation. If we would build securely we must be willing to dig down through all manner of *débris* until we find a solid foundation for the superstructure which we propose to erect. The ancient psalmist was distressed by the inclination of the people around him to make void the law of God; but it only inspired him to cry out, in the confidence of his heart, "It is time for thee, Lord, to work."

If it becomes apparent that a general movement should be inaugurated on spiritual lines, as the complement to the financial movement now in progress, it becomes a question of supreme importance as to what measures are to be adopted to make it successful. It need hardly be said that no great result can be expected without careful organization and systematic work. The first, and perhaps the greatest, danger to be anticipated is that of trusting to an official proclamation of a general revival effort, followed by a series of exhortations in the Church papers. A score of failures in the past ought to suffice to convince everyone that no general movement can be either set in motion or carried forward in that way. Nor is it desirable that the movement should be defined by the single word "revival," a term which unfortunately has become somewhat equivocal in recent years. The practical value of a general revival movement throughout the Church would depend on its depth. It might possibly happen that, like some rivers, it would grow more and more shallow as it increased in width. If we wish to achieve the largest amount of possible good we must determine just what we would do and how our task is to be accomplished. The task to be attempted will be a gigantic one, and to achieve success the movement must be organized—thoroughly organized—and wisely directed by leaders who understand clearly the work to be done.

A successful church should be composed of persons who are living witnesses to a personal Saviour, who give freely of their substance to promote that Saviour's interests, and who personally engage in such forms of service as opportunity offers in their Master's name. How many Methodists in our present day can be classed in the above category? Very many, it is to be feared, are unable to stand forth as living witnesses for Christ; very many are unable to say, "I know;" very many

give little or nothing of their substance; and very few engage in any form of personal service for Christ's sake, unless it be in the way of ordinary routine. The great work of recruiting disciples for the Master is left almost wholly to men in the pulpit, and these in turn trust to long-range methods in which personal effort almost wholly disappears. A church which trusts to professional workers alone, or chiefly, is undone; but it is just at this point that modern Methodism has grown weak. The revival which we need is one which will stir into activity a million idlers in the market place, unloose a million purse strings, unseal a million lips, put songs of joy into a million hearts, and make a million feet swift to run in the way of the Lord's commandments.

"But how," it will be asked by the present reader, "can such results be attained? What standard of piety or of grace do you propose to set up? Is a new Gospel to be preached? And, if so, in what respect is it to differ from the truth which is proclaimed from ten thousand Methodist pulpits every Sunday?" No new Gospel is proposed, but only a revival of that with which universal Methodism was intrusted at the beginning. Everyone has heard the story of how John Wesley's heart was "strangely warmed" one evening while attending a little meeting in Aldersgate Street, London. Whole volumes have been written to prove that the change wrought in his heart, or the gift imparted to him on that occasion, was or was not distinct from a later work of grace. But, while critics are settling this point, let us note one most important fact concerning which there is no conflict of evidence. The heart-warming process, whatever it may have been, resulted in making John Wesley an earnest witness for a living Christ, and from that point forward, like the early disciples, "with great power" he bore testimony to the grace and glory of the risen and exalted Man of Nazareth. Peter's initial sermon was unique because the occasion was exceptional—the inauguration of a new dispensation—and he was aided, moreover, by the united faith of a hundred and twenty believers of rare faith and devotion. But if we compare man with man throughout months and years, John Wesley will appear quite as successful in witnessing for Christ, if not, indeed, more so, than

was Simon surnamed Peter. The work of grace in the hearts of both no doubt had a marked development in later years, but with this we have nothing to do at present. The fact to be noted is that, when a believer receives in normal measure the gift of the Holy Spirit, he is thereby empowered to become a witness for Christ as a personal Saviour and to go forth representing him among men. "As my Father hath sent me, even so send I you." These words have a new and practical meaning to the disciple of every age who receives the gift of the Spirit as shed forth by Him who has been exalted "to be a Prince and Saviour" at God's right hand.

The work to be done, then, by the individual Christian is, first and chiefly, to assume the character and to receive the anointing of a witness for Christ, and thenceforth to win disciples for his Master. After this follows a long list of duties sanctioned in the New Testament and recognized by early Methodism. The conventional Christian worker finds it a much more congenial duty to minister to the souls than to the bodies of men, and it is to be feared that very many Methodists are not yet aware that among the Rules which they have promised to keep is one which enjoins "doing good of every possible sort, and, as far as possible, to all men," both to their "bodies" and to their "souls." The prosperous condition of the American people, until recent years, perhaps more than anything else has made this rule a dead letter to most persons, but we are now face to face with new conditions, and the Christianity which alone can win hereafter must be one that recognizes the double duty of ministering to the wants both of the body and the soul. The modern disciple must not only be a prompt and positive witness for his Master, but also in his daily life be like that Master, who habitually "went about doing good" among his fellow-men. The forward movement, then, which is called for both by the state of the Church and the exigencies of the times, is one which will combine a great manifestation of spiritual life with a corresponding development of personal activity on the part of individual Christians. The Gospel of free grace is one which places a weighty emphasis upon personal responsibility; and the offer of salvation, full and free to the human race, must be accompanied by an

imperative call to service on the part of the penitent sinner. In other words, good works must be insisted on, not as a means, but rather as an evidence of salvation.

We now reach the practical point in this discussion. How is such a forward movement to be inaugurated, and how carried forward? We are all, perhaps, too prone to fall into the error against which Mr. Wesley cautioned his followers in the days when the word "enthusiasm" meant about the same as "fanaticism" does now; we assume that the desired end can be reached without the use of appropriate means. In the present case we cannot be too careful to avoid this error. A great movement, embracing the whole Church and enlisting all classes, cannot be successfully inaugurated without careful preparation and a thorough organization of the forces to be employed. There must be no haste. Had Mr. McKinley rushed into the war with Spain with headlong haste, as many wished him to do, he would simply have plunged the country into disaster and humiliation; and in like manner in a great spiritual campaign a rash beginning will almost certainly result in partial, if not complete, failure. First of all, such a movement needs the deliberate sanction of the General Conference. Ample time remains to secure this sanction, and without it a well-concerted effort of the whole Church cannot be obtained. Plans can be matured in the meantime, and much preparatory work done, but the Church in her official capacity should utter the final word. If this is done not later than the middle of May, 1900, six weeks will remain for organizing the workers and for inaugurating the active campaign, which should formally begin on the first of July; and if the special effort continues one year there will thus be six months of the old century and six of the new embraced in the campaign. The scene thus presented to the world and to history will be that of a great Church standing with one foot in the old century and one in the new, engaged in the most stupendous effort ever made by a Christian organization to wrest a vast multitude of souls from the powers of darkness and gain a new and most important vantage ground in the coming century.

But how are we to organize? Where are the workers? Can any plan be devised for engaging a sufficient number of

capable men and women in such an undertaking to make it successful? Let us see. To inaugurate such a movement throughout the Church a working force of at least 200,000 persons will be needed. This should be regarded as the minimum numerical strength required at the outset; but, if successful at the beginning, the number of workers would no doubt increase steadily, and perhaps rapidly. "How are they to be found?" Simply in the same way in which Mr. McKinley found his soldiers for the war. Let a call for volunteers be issued in the name of the General Conference—that is, a call for men and women to enlist for special Christian work for the term of twelve months—and the response will be prompt, enthusiastic, and equal to the demand. If it be painfully true that a large proportion of the membership of the Church is composed of persons who are only slightly amenable to a sense of personal obligation, it is equally true that a still larger proportion is made up of persons who sincerely wish to serve in the ranks of God's militant host, and who will respond with alacrity if such a call as that proposed above is made upon them.

In the meantime plans for receiving, enrolling, drilling, and otherwise directing these volunteers can be carefully matured. The whole enterprise should be carried out in harmony with presiding elders and pastors, but not necessarily in all cases by them personally. Some may be more than willing to assume the extra work involved in such a movement, while others will gladly make over the most difficult part of the work to volunteers. A great host of laymen of both sexes can be brought into the movement, and in this way brought permanently into active work in the Church. It may be possible to effect a thorough organization by working on Annual Conference lines alone, or it may be found best to utilize the boundaries drawn in demarcating the General Conference Districts. Questions of this kind are mere matters of detail. The main difficulty will be found in securing the services of a few first-class leaders—men who can enter into the spirit of such a movement, who are blessed with a contagious confidence and enthusiasm, and who will devote one year to this work. Leaders will not abound at first, but a great movement of this

kind will develop leadership rapidly, and indeed this is one of the great blessings to be anticipated from the effort.

What will be the cost of such a movement? It need not be very great. If properly managed it can be made to pay its own expenses, including the salaries of ten or a dozen organizers and directors. It can, of course, be made expensive, but one of the objects of such a movement should be to teach our people how to achieve great results by the use of simple means. By observing a few simple rules, and by discarding artificial methods, a whole State might be stirred into new life at less cost than is sometimes required to support a special evangelist for a few weeks in a single city or town.

The reader is perhaps becoming impatient to know what special work is to be done by the volunteers, what duties they are to assume, what meetings are to be held, what training is to be given them, or perhaps whether they are to be organized on a model like that of the Salvation Army. As to this last question the writer most certainly has indulged in no dream of any such elaborate scheme as that devised by General Booth, to say nothing of its questionable features. On the other hand, the object is merely to induce as many Christians as possible to engage in simple but direct Christlike service in such forms and under such circumstances as may be found practicable. There can be no rigid method in such a service. The most prominent object—that which is to be kept in the forefront all the time—is that of winning disciples for the Master. But, after all, this can only be a small portion of an ordinary Christian's duty, nor can any series of duties be said to belong imperatively to every individual Christian. When mention is made of drilling Christians for work no military idea is in the most remote sense in view. The writer remembers very distinctly how his first presiding elder taught him in the days of timid youth to engage in pastoral visiting. In doing so the elder was simply drilling him for a simple but most important service. We have a hundred thousand young people in the Church to-day who need this kind of training, or of drill, if one chooses to give that name to it.

What measures of success can we reasonably hope for if an effort such as that sketched above is made a year hence?

It is easy to make wild estimates in such cases, but with given conditions the laws of grace are not subject to causeless variations any more than other laws. If an honest and earnest effort is made by 200,000 special workers, all striving to do their whole duty through a period of twelve months, the minimum result may be estimated at 500,000 converts, but with a probability that the actual figures will be nearer 1,000,000. Nor will this be all. A new working force will be developed, a new life will be breathed into all the activities of the Church, and the movement will gain a momentum which will project it far into the coming century.

Thus far we have said nothing of any financial offering in connection with this proposal, chiefly for the reason that the movement itself is intended to be the complement of the financial campaign now in progress; but we venture to propose one departure from the general rule. Let everyone who is brought to Christ, and everyone receiving special personal blessing in connection with this great effort, be asked to give as a thank offering a special contribution, be the amount large or small, to be used exclusively in giving a knowledge of the Saviour to the Christless nations of the earth. If this privilege is put before a heart newly warmed with the love of Christ it will not only meet with a prompt and generous response, but in nine cases out of ten this first act of giving will become the basis of a permanent habit, and will thus open a channel for the outflow of love in forms of Christian giving for all the years of coming life.

A proposal of this kind will, no doubt, be received by many in a spirit of utter incredulity—to state the case mildly—but what do objectors propose to do? Are we calmly and deliberately to make up our minds to let the Church of Christ drag along her weary way through another century at a pace so slow as to be hardly perceptible? Are we to proclaim in song and sermon, year after year, that we have been solemnly commissioned to take the world for Christ, and yet shrink from every attempt which contemplates action on a scale that is even in a slight measure worthy of such a high calling? Are our young men and women to be put to shame by the children of this world, who go forth promptly and even

eagerly, at the call of the President, to wage a warfare of blood with weapons of death? Are we in earnest, or are we trifling? Who believes for one moment that the attitude of the Church is consistent with a profound conviction that the nations are all to be brought into subjection to Jesus Christ at the earliest possible day? Every few months a paragraph goes the round of the religious papers that the growth of communicants in the evangelical Churches is more rapid than that of the general population, and many good people breathe a sigh of relief when they read the statement. But is this all that can be said? Is it enough that in a race between the children of the world and the children of God the latter are able to keep a little ahead? How long will it take to save the world if nothing better than this can be achieved? A thousand years will not suffice for the task, unless the whole body of Christian believers can be roused to a new life, inspired with a new spirit, filled with new courage, and led forward to assured victory.

The proposal so imperfectly set forth in this paper may have many defects, but no one should feel that it proposes too much. In God's name let us for once act as if we really believed in Him whose name we bear. Let us at least attempt something worthy of the commission we have received, worthy of the Gospel which we have so long proclaimed to the world, and worthy of the stupendous task which God has committed into our hands. The limited success of the past century must not be our standard for that upon which we are entering. We ought to do more, win more souls, and accomplish more good work in the first decade of the new century than we have done in the last five decades of the century now closing. With God's blessing we can do it, and much more than do it, and, without a thought of shrinking back, we should bravely and trustfully address ourselves to the task.

J. M. Thoburn

ART. II.—JEAN VALJEAN.

THE hero is not a luxury, but a necessity. We can no more do without him than we can do without the sky. Every best man and woman is at heart a hero worshiper. Emerson acutely remarks that all men admire Napoleon because he was themselves in possibility. They were in miniature what he was developed. For a like though nobler reason, all men love heroes. They are ourselves, grown tall, puissant, victorious, and sprung into nobility, worth, service. The hero electrifies the world; he is the lighting of the soul, illuminating our sky, clarifying the air, making it thereby salubrious and delightful. What any elect spirit did inures to the credit of us all. A fragment of Lowell's clarion verse may stand for the biography of heroism :

When a deed is done for Freedom, through the broad earth's aching breast
Runs a thrill of joy prophetic, trembling on from east to west,
And the slave, where'er he cowers, feels the soul within him climb
To the awful verge of manhood, as the energy sublime
Of a century bursts full-blossomed on the thorny stem of Time,

such being the undeniable result and history of any heroic service.

But the world's hero has changed. The old hero was Ulysses, or Achilles, or Æneas. The hero of Greek literature is Ulysses, as Æneas is in Latin literature. But, to our modern thought, these heroes miss of being heroic. We have outgrown them as we have outgrown dolls and marbles. To be frank, we do not admire Æneas nor Ulysses. Æneas wept too often and too copiously. He impresses us as a big cry-baby. Of this trinity of classic heroes—Ulysses, Æneas, and Achilles—Ulysses is least obnoxious. This statement is cold and unsatisfactory and apparently unappreciative, but is candid and just. Lodge, in his *Some Accepted Heroes*, has done service in rubbing the gilding from Achilles and showing that he was gaudy and cheap. We thought the image was gold which was, in fact, thin gilt. Achilles sulks in his tent, while Greek armies are thrown back defeated from the Trojan gates. In nothing is he admirable save that when his pouting fit is over

and when he rushes into the battle he has might, and overbears the force opposing him as a wave does some petty obstacle. But no higher quality shines in his conquest. He is vain, brutal, and impervious to high motive. In Æneas one can find little attractive save his filial regard. He bears Achates on his shoulders from toppling Troy; but his wanderings constitute an Odyssey of commonplaces, or chance, or meanness. No one can doubt Vergil meant to create a hero of commanding proportions, though we, looking at him from this far remove, find him uninteresting, unheroic, and vulgar; and why the goddess should put herself out to allay tempests in his behalf, or why hostile deities should be disturbed to tumble seas into turbulence for such a voyager, is a query. He merits neither their wrath nor their courtesy. We confess to liking heroes of the old Norse mythology better. They, at least, did not cry, nor grow voluble with words, when obstacles obstructed the march. They possess the merit of tremendous action. Æneas, in this regard, is the inferior of Achilles. Excuse us from hero worship, if Æneas be hero. In this old company of heroes Ulysses is easy superior. Yet the catalogue of his virtues is an easy task. Achilles was a huge body associated with little brain, and had no symptom of sagacity. In this regard Ulysses outranks him and commands our respect. He has diplomacy and finesse. He is not simply a huge frame, wrestling men down because his bulk surpasses theirs. He has a thrifty mind. He is the man for councils of war, fitted to direct with easy mastery of superior acumen. His fellow-warriors called him "crafty," because he was brainy. He was schooled in stratagem, by which he became author of Ilium's overthrow. Ulysses was shrewd, brave, balanced, possibly, though not conclusively patriotic—a sort of Louis XI, so far as we may form an estimate, but no more. He was selfish, immoral, barren of finer instincts, who was loved by his dog and by Penelope, though for no reason we can discover. Ten years he fought before Troy, and ten years he tasted the irony of the seas—in these episodes displaying bravery and fortitude, but no homesick love for Penelope, who waited at the tower of Ithaca for him, a picture of constancy sweet enough to hang on the palace walls of all these centuries. We do not think to

love Ulysses, nor can we work ourselves up to the point of admiration; and he is the best hero classic Rome and Greece can offer. No. Register, as the modern sense of the classic hero, we do not like him.

He is not admirable, yet is not totally lacking in power to command attention. What is his quality of appeal to us? This: he is action, and action thrills us. The old hero was, in general, brave and brilliant. He had the tornado's movement. His onset redeems him. He blustered, was spectacular, heartless, and did not guess the meaning of purity; but he was warrior, and the world enjoys soldiers. And this motley hero has been attempted in our own days. He was archaic, but certain have attempted to make him modern. Byron's Don Juan is the old hero, only lost to the old hero's courage.

But what was the old hero's chief failure? The answer is, He lacked conscience. Duty had no part in his scheme of action, nor in his vocabulary of word or thought. Our word "virtue" is the bodily importation of the old Roman word "*virtus*," but so changed in meaning that the Romans could no more comprehend it than they could the Copernican theory of astronomy. With them "*virtus*" meant strength—that only—a battle term. The solitary application was to fortitude in conflict. With us virtue is shot through and through with moral quality, as a gem is shot through with light, and monopolizes the term as light monopolizes the sky. This change is radical and astonishing, but discloses a change which has revolutionized the world. The old hero was conscienceless—a characteristic apparent in Greek civilization. What Greek patriot, whether Themistocles or Demosthenes, applied conscience to patriotism? They were as devoid of practical conscience as a Metope of the Parthenon was devoid of life. Patriotism was a transient sentiment. Demosthenes could become dumb in the presence of Philip's gold; and in a fit of pique over mistreatment at the hands of his brother citizens Themistocles became a traitor and, expatriated, dwelt a guest at the Persian court. Strangely enough—and it is passing strange—the most heroic personality in Homer's *Iliad*, the Greek's "Bible of heroisms," was not the Atridæ, whether Agamemnon or Menelaus, not Ajax nor Achilles, nor yet Ulysses, but was

Hector the Trojan, who appears to greater advantage as hero than all the Grecian host. And Homer was a Greek! This is strange and unaccountable irony. Say once more, The old hero's lack was conscience. He, like his gods and goddesses who were deified infamies, was a studied impurity. With his lewdness and rodomontade he is excused from the stage. We have had enough of him. We are done with the actor, and want the man. And this new hero is proof of a new life in the soul, and, therefore, more welcome than the glad surprise of the first meadow lark's song upon the brown meadows of the early spring.

A reader need not be profound, but may even be superficial and yet discover that Jean Valjean is fashioned after the likeness of Jesus. Michael Angelo did not more certainly model the dome of St. Peter's after Brunelleschi's dome of the Duomo than Hugo has modeled his Valjean after Christ. Plainly, Valjean is meant for a hero. Victor Hugo loves heroes, and has skill and inclination to create them. His books are biographies of heroism of one type or another. No book of his is heroless. In this attitude he differs entirely from Thackeray and Hawthorne, neither of whom are particularly enamored of heroes. Hawthorne's romances have not, in the accepted sense, a single hero. He does not attempt building a character of central worth. He is writing a drama, not constructing a hero. In a less degree this is true of Thackeray. He truly loves the heroic, and on occasion depicts it. Henry Esmond and Colonel Newcome are mighty men of worth, but are exceptions to Thackeray's method. He pokes fun at them, even.

Vanity Fair he terms a novel without a hero. He photographs a procession. *The Virginians* contains no character which can aspire to centrality, much less might. He, loving heroes, attempts concealing his passion, and, if accused of it, denies the accusation. After reading all his writings no one could for a moment claim that Thackeray was the biographer of heroes. He is a biographer of meanness and times and sham aristocracy and folks, and can, when he cares to do so, portray heroism lofty as tallest mountains. With Hugo all is different. He will do nothing else than dream and depict heroism and heroes. He loves them with a passion fervent

as desert heats. His pages are ablaze with them. Somebody lifting up the face and facing God in some mood or moment of briefer or longer duration, this is Hugo's method. In *Toilers of the Sea* Galliat by almost superhuman effort and physical endurance and fortitude and fertility in resource defeats octopus and winds and rocks and seas, and in lonely triumph pilots the wreck home—and all of this struggle and conquest for love! He is a somber hero, but a hero still, with strength like the strength of ten, since his love is as the love of a legion. The power to do is his, and the nobility to surrender the woman of his love; and there his nobility darkens into stoicism, and he waits for the rising tide, watching the outgoing ship that bears his heart away unreservedly, waits only eager that the tide engulf him.

In *Ninety-Three* the mother of the children in the burning tower is heroine. In *By Order of the King* Dea is heroic and spotless as "Elaine, the lily maid of Astolat;" and Ursus, a vagabond, is fatherhood in its sweet nobleness; and Gwynplaine, disfigured and deserted—a little lad set ashore upon a night of hurricane and snow, who, finding in his wanderings a babe on her dead mother's breast, rescues this bit of winter storm-drift, plodding on through untracked snows, freezing, but no more thinking to drop his burden than the mother thought to desert it—Gwynplaine is a hero for whose deed an epic is fitting. Quasimodo, the hunchback of Notre Dame, found, after long years, holding in his skeleton arms a bit of woman's drapery and a woman's skeleton—Quasimodo, hideous, herculean, hungry-hearted, tender, a hunchback, yet a lover and a man—who denies to Quasimodo a hero's laurels? In *Les Misérables* are heroes not a few. Gavroche, that green leaf blown about Paris streets, Fantine the mother, Eponine the lover, Bishop Bienvenu the Christian, Jean Valjean the man—all are heroic folk. Our hearts throb as we look at them. Gavroche, the lad, dances by as though blown past by the gale. Fantine, shorn of her locks of gold, Fantine with her bloody lips, because her teeth have been sold to purchase medicine for her sick child—her child, yet a child of shame, Fantine—her mother's love omnipotent, lying white, wasted, dying, expectantly looking toward the door, with her

heart beating like a wild bird beating with its wings against cage bars anxious for escape—Fantine, watching for her child Cossette, watching in vain, but watching—Fantine, dying, glad because Monsieur Madeleine has promised he will care for Cossette as if the babe were his—Fantine dead with her face turned toward the door, looking in death for the coming of her child—Fantine affects us like tears and sobbing set to music. Look at her; for a heroine is dead. And Eponine, with the gray dawn of death whitening her cheeks and gasping, "If—when—If when," now silent, for she is choked by the rush of blood and stayed from speech by fierce stabs of pain, but continuing, "When I am dead—a favor—a favor, Monsieur Marius [silence once again to wrestle with the throes of death] a favor—a favor when I am dead [now her speech runs like frightened feet] if you will kiss me, for indeed, Monsieur Marius, I think I loved you a little—I—I shall feel—your kiss—in death." Lie quiet in the darkening night, Eponine! Would you might have a queen's funeral, since you have shown anew the moving miracle of woman's love!

Bishop Bienvenu is Hugo's hero as saint; and we cannot deny him beauty such as those "enskied and sainted" wear. This is the romancist's tribute to a minister of God; and a sweet tribute it is. With not a few the bishop is chief hero, next to Jean Valjean. He is redemptive, like the purchase money of a slave. He is quixotic; he is not balanced always, nor always wise, but he falls on the side of Christianity and tenderness and goodness and love—a good way to fall, if one is to fall at all. We love the bishop, and cannot help it. He was good to the poor, tender to the erring, illuminative to those who were in the moral dark, and came over people like a sunrise, crept into their hearts for good as a child creeps up into its father's arms and nestles there like a bird. Surely we love the bishop. He is a hero saint. To be near him was to be neighborly with heaven. He was ever minding people of God. Is there any such office in earth or heaven? To look at this bishop always puts our heart in the mood of prayer, and what helps us to prayer is a celestial benefit. The pertinent fact in him is that he is not greatness but goodness. We do not think of greatness when we see him or hear him, but

we think with our hearts when he is before our eyes. Goodness is more marketable than greatness, and more necessary. Goodness, greatness? Brilliancy is a cheap commodity when put on the counter beside goodness; and Bishop Bienvenu is a romancer's apotheosis of goodness; and we bless him for it.

The bishop was merchantman, freighting ships. His wharves are wide, his fleet is great, his cargoes are many. Only he is freighting ships for heaven. No bales of merchandise nor ingots of iron, but souls for whom Christ died, these are his cargo; and had you asked him, "What work to-day?" a smile had flooded sunlight along his face while he said, "Freighting souls with God to-day, and lading cargoes for the skies." This is royal merchandise. The Doge of Venice annually flung a ring into the sea as sign of Venice's nuptials with the Adriatic; but Bishop Bienvenu each day wedded himself and the world to heaven, and he comes

O'er my ear like the sweet south,
That breathes above a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odor.

Hugo paints with sunset tints and with lightning's lurid light; his contrasts are fierce, his backgrounds are often as black as a rain cloud. He paints with the mad rush of a Turner. He is fierce in hates and loves. He does nothing by moderation. Calmness does not belong to him. He is tempestuous always; but tempests are magnificent and purifying to the air. Hugo is painting and painting heroes, and his hero of heroes is Valjean. Jean Valjean is conscience. In Macbeth conscience is warring and retributive. In Richard III conscience, stifled in waking, speaks in dreams, and is menace like a sword swung by a maniac's hand. In Arthur Dimmesdale conscience is lacerative. In Jean Valjean conscience is regulative, creative, constructive. Jean Valjean is conscience, and conscience is king. What the classic heroes lacked Jean Valjean possesses.

The setting of this character is entirely modern. *Les Misérables* is a story of the city and of poverty, and cannot be dissociated from them by any wrench of thought, however violent. Not that urban life or poverty are new elements in the school of suffering. They are not new, as pain is not new.

This is the difference. In the old ages the city and poverty were taken as a matter of course. Comfort was not a classic consideration. The being alive to conditions, sensitive to suffering, eager for diminution of the world's woes, is a modern thought, a Christ thought. Sociology is an application of Christ's teaching. He founded this science. Rome was the monster city of the empire, and possibly the monster city of ancient geography, and contained approximately at its most populous period two and one half millions of inhabitants. Man is gregarious as the flocks; he seems to fear solitude, and flees what he fears. Certain we are that in America, one hundred years ago, less than one thirtieth of the population was in cities; now about one third is in city communities; and European cities are outgrowing American cities. In other words, at the present time cities are growing in a ratio totally disproportionate to the growth of population, and this not in the New World simply, but in the Old. London has nearly as many citizens as England had in the time of the Puritan Revolution. Men are nucleating in a fashion foreboding but certain. A symptom of the city life is that he who is city bred knows no life apart from his city. He belongs to it as essentially as the Venetian belonged to Venice. The community is a veritable part of the man's self. Note this in Jean Valjean. It never occurs to him to leave Paris. Had he been a tree rooted in the soil along the Seine he had not been more stationary. Men live, suffer, die, and hug their ugly tenements as parasites of these dilapidations, and draw their life saps from such a decayed trunk. This human instinct for association is mighty in its impulsion. However, not a few but multitudes prefer to be hungry and cold and living in a city to living in abundance of food and raiment in the country. Anyone can see this at his alley, or in his neighboring street in the city. It is one of the latent insanities of the soul. The city is a live wire, and will not let go of him who grasps it. There is a stream of life pouring into cities, but no stream flowing into the country. The tide runs up the shore and back into the deep seas; not so these human tides. They pour into the Dead Sea basin of the urban community. Jean Valjean was a complete modern in his indissoluble identification with the

city. As a matter of course his was the criminal instinct superadded to the gregarious instinct, which hides in a city labyrinth rather than the forests of the Amazon. Yet, take it all in all, he evidently is a thorough modern in his urban instinct. The world was big, and he had gold for passage across seas; and there he had in reason found entire safety, but such a thought came not floating along his sky. Paris was the only sea he knew; here his plans for escape and plans for life clung tenaciously as a dead man's hand.

The second element of background for Jean Valjean is poverty. The people of this drama are named the miserable ones. And poverty is modern and a modern question. All socialists, anarchists, and communists talk of poverty; this is their one theme. Superficial social reformers make poverty responsible for the total turpitude of men. Men are poor, hence criminal. Jean Valjean is poor—miserably poor—sees his sister's children hungry, and commits crime, is a thief, becomes a galley slave as punitive result. *Ergo*, poverty was the cause of crime, and poverty and not Valjean must be indicted; so runs the argument. This conclusion we deny. Let us consider. Poverty is not unwholesome. The bulk of men are poor, and always have been. Poverty is no new condition. Man's history is not one of affluence, but one of indigence. This is a patent fact. But a state of lack is not unwholesome. On the contrary, it does great good. Poverty has supplied the world with most of the kings it boasts of. Palaces have not cradled the kings of thought, service, and achievement. What greatest poet had luxury for a father? Name one. Poverty is the mother of kings. Who censures poverty censures the home from whose doors have passed the most illustrious of the sons of men. Christ's was a poverty so keen and so parsimonious that occidentals cannot picture it. More, current social reformers assume that the poor are unhappy, though if such reformers would cease dreaming and learn seeing they would reverse their creed. Riches do not command joy; for joy is not a spring rising from the depths where gold is found and gems gathered. Most men are poor, and most men are happy, or, if they are not, they may trace their sadness to sources other than lack of wealth. The best riches are

the gifts of God, and cannot be shut off by any sluicing; the choicest riches of the soul, such as knowledge and usefulness and love and God, are not subject to the tariff of gold. Poverty, we conclude, is not in itself grievous. Indeed, there are in poverty blessings which many of us know, and from which we would not be separated without keen regret. But penury is hard. When poverty pinches like winter's night, when fuel fails and hunger is our company, then poverty becomes harsh and unpalatable and not to be boasted of; though even penury has spurred many a sluggish life to conquering moods. When a man lies with his face to the wall, paralytic, helpless, useless, a burden to himself and others, and hears the rub of his wife washing for a livelihood—and he loves her so, took her to his home in her fair girlhood when her beauty bloomed like a garden of roses, and promised to keep her, and now she works for him all day and into the dark night and loves to; but he turns his face to the wall, puts his one movable hand against his face, sobs so that his tears wash through his fingers and wet his pillow as with driving rain—then poverty is pitiful. Or, when one sees his children hungry, tattered, with lean faces and eyes staring as with constant fear, sees them huddling under rags or cowering at a flicker meant for flame—then poverty is hard, and then “the poor always ye have with you” said our Christ, which remember and be pitiful.

But such penury, even, does not require crime. Valjean became a criminal from poverty, but himself felt, now as the days slipped from his life store, it was not necessary. Theft is bad economics. The criminals on the dockets are not those pinched with poverty, as one may assure himself if he gives heed to criminal dockets. People prefer crime as a method of livelihood. These are the criminals. The “artful dodger,” in *Oliver Twist*, is a picture of the average criminal. Honest poverty need not steal. In the writer's own city, the other day, a man accused of theft pleaded his children's poverty as palliative of his crime; but in that city was abundant help for worthy poverty. That man lacked an absolute honesty. He and his could have been fed and clothed, and himself maintained his manly dignity and uncorrupted honesty. To blame society with criminality is a current method, but untrue

and unwise, for thus we will multiply, not decimate, criminals. The honest man may be in penury, but he will have help, and need not shelter in a jail. Thus, then, these two items of modernity paint background for Jean Valjean's portrait; and in Jean Valjean to-day has found a voice.

This man is a criminal and a galley slave with yellow passport—his name, Jean Valjean. Hear his story. An orphan, a half-sullen lad reared by his sister, sees her husband dead on a bed of rags with seven orphans clinging in sobs to the dead hands. Jean Valjean labors to feed this motley company, denies himself bread so that he may slip food into their hands, has moods of stalwart heroism, and never having had a sweet-heart—pity him—toils on hopeless under a sky robbed of blue and stars, leading a life plainly wholly exceptional, and out of work in a winter when he was a trifle past twenty-six; hears his sister's children crying, "Bread, bread, give bread," rises in sullen acerbity, smites his huge fist through a baker's window and steals a loaf, is arrested, convicted, sent to the galleys and herded with galley slaves, attempts repeated escapes, is retaken, and at the age of forty-six shambles out of his galley slavery with a yellow passport, certifying this is "a very dangerous man;" and with a heart on which brooding has written with its biting stylus the story of what he believes to be his wrongs, Jean Valjean, bitter as gall against society, has his hands ready, aye, eager, to strike, no matter whom. Looked at askance, turned from the hostel, denied courtesy, food, and shelter, the criminal in him rushes to the ascendant, and he thrusts the door of the bishop's house open. Listen, he is speaking now, look at him! The bishop deals with him tenderly, as a Christian ought; sentimentally, but scarcely wisely. He has sentimentality rather than sentiment in his kindness; he puts a premium on Jean Valjean becoming a criminal again. To assume everybody to be good, as some philanthropists do, is folly, being so transparently false. The good bishop—bless him for his goodness—who prays God daily not to lead him into temptation, why does he lead this sullen criminal into temptation? Reformatory methods should be sane. The bishop's methods were not sane. He meant well, but did not quite do well. Jean Valjean, sleeping in a

bed of comfort, grows restless, wakens, rises, steals what is accessible, flees, is arrested, brought back, is exonerated by the bishop's tenderness, goes out free; steals from the little Savoyard, cries after the retreating lad to restore him his coin, fails to bring him back, fights with self, and with God's good help rises in the deep dark of night from the bishop's steps, walks out into a day of soul, trudges into the city of M——, to which he finds admission, not by showing the criminal's yellow passport, but by the passport of heroism, having on entrance rescued a child from a burning building; becomes a citizen, invents a process of manufacturing jet, accumulates a fortune, spends it lavishly in the bettering of the city where his riches were acquired, is benefactor to employee and city, and is called "Monsieur," and after repeated refusals becomes "Monsieur the Mayor;" gives himself up as a criminal to save a man unjustly accused, is returned to the galleys for the theft of the little Savoyard's forty-sous coin, by a heroic leap from the yardarm escapes, seeks and finds Cossette, devotes his life to sheltering and loving her, runs his gantlet of repeated perils with Javert, grows steadily in heroism and sturdy, invigorating manhood; dies a hero and a saint, and an honor to human kind—such is Jean Valjean's biography in meager outline. But the moon, on summer's evening, "a silver crescent gleaming 'mid the stars," appears hung on a silver cord of the full moon's rim; and, as the crescent moon is not the burnished silver of the complete circle, so no outline can include the white, bewildering light of this heroic soul. Jean Valjean is the biography of a redeemed life. The worst life contains the elements of redemption, as words contain the possibility of poetry. He was a fallen, vicious, desperate man; and from so low a level he and God conspired to lift him to the levels where the angels live, than which a resurrection from the dead is no more potent and blinding miracle. Instead of giving this book the caption *Jean Valjean* it might be termed the history of the redemption of a soul; and such a theme is worthy the study of this wide world of women and of men.

Initial in this redemptive work was the good bishop, whose words, "Jean Valjean, my brother, you belong no longer to

evil but to good," never lost their music or might to Valjean's spirit. Some man or woman stands on everybody's road to God. And Jean Valjean, with the bishop's words sounding in his ears—voices that will not silence—goes out with his candlesticks, goes trembling out, and starts on his *anabasis* to a new life; wandered all day in the fields, inhaled the odors of a few late flowers, his childhood being thus recalled; and, when the sun was throwing mountain shadows behind hillocks and pebbles, as Jean Valjean sat and pondered in a dumb way, a Savoyard came singing on his way, tossing his bits of money in his hands, drops a forty-sous piece near Jean Valjean, who in a mood of inexplicable evil places his huge foot upon it, nor listened to the child's entreaty, "My piece, monsieur," and eager and more eager grows, a child whose little riches were invaded. "My piece, my white piece, my silver," and in his voice are tears—and what can be more touching than a child's voice touched with tears? "My silver," and the lad shook the giant by the collar of his blouse—"I want my silver, my forty-sous piece"—and began to cry. A little lad a sobbing! Jean Valjean, you who for so many years "have talked but little and never laughed," Jean Valjean, pity the child; give him his coin; you were bought of the bishop for good. But in terrible voice he shouts: "Who is there? You here yet? You had better take care of yourself;" and the little lad runs, breathless and sobbing. Jean Valjean hears his sobbing, but made no move for restitution until the little Savoyard has passed from sight and hearing, when, waking as from some stupor, he rises, cries wildly through the night, "Petit Gervais, Petit Gervais," and listened, and—no answer. Then he ran, ran toward restitution. Too late! Too late! "Petit Gervais, Petit Gervais, Petit Gervais," and, to a priest passing, "Monsieur, have you seen a child go by—a little fellow—Petit Gervais is his name?" And he calls him again through the empty night, and the lad hears him not. There is no response, and, for the first time since he passed to the galleys, Jean Valjean's heart swells, and he bursts into tears, for he was horrified at himself; his hardness had mastered him, even when the bishop's tenderness had thawed his winter heart. Jean Valjean was now

afraid of himself, which is where moral strength has genesis. He goes back—back where? No matter, wait. He sees, in his thought—in his thought, he sees the bishop and wept, shed hot tears, wept bitterly, with more weakness than a woman, with more terror than a child; and his life seemed horrible, and he walks—whither? No matter, but, past midnight, the stage driver saw, as he passed, a man in the attitude of prayer, kneeling upon the pavement in the shadow before the bishop's door; and should you have spoken, "Jean Valjean," he would not have answered you. He would not have heard. He is starting on a pilgrimage of manhood toward God. He saw the bishop; now he sees God, and here is hope; for so is God the secret of all good and worth, a thing to be set down as the axiom of religion and life. A conscience long dormant is now become regnant. Jean Valjean is a man again!

Goodness begets goodness. He climbed, and the mountain air and azure and fountains of clear waters spouting from cliffs of snow and the far altitudes fed his spirit. God and he kept company, and, as is mete, goodness seemed native to him as lily blooms to lily stems. God was his secret, as God is the secret of us all. To scan his process of recovery is worth while. The bishop reminded him of God. Goodness and love in man are wings to help us soar to where we see that service, love, and goodness are in God—see that God is good and God is love. Seeing God, Jean Valjean does good. Philanthropy is native to him; gentleness seems his birth-right; his voice is low and sweet; his face—the helpless look to it for help; his eyes are dreamy, like a poet's; he loves books; he looks not manufacturer so much as he looks poet; he passes good on as if it were coin to be handled; he suffers nor complains; his silence is wide, like that of the still night; he frequently walks alone and in the country; he becomes a God to Fantine, for she had spit upon him and he had not resented; he adopts means for the rescue of Cosette; in him goodness moves finger from the lips, breaks silence, and becomes articulate. Jean Valjean is brave, magnanimous, of sensitive conscience, hungry-hearted, is possessed of the instincts of motherhood, bears being misjudged without complaint, is totally forgetful of himself, and is absolute in his

loyalty to God—qualities which lift him into the elect life of manhood.

Jean Valjean was brave. He and fear never met. The solitary fear he knew was fear of himself, and lest he might not live for good as the bishop had bidden him; but fear from without had never crossed his path. His was the bravery of conscience. His strength was prodigious, and he scrupled not to use it. Self-sparing was no trait of his character. Like another hero we have read of, he would "gladly spend and be spent" for others and bankrupt himself, if thereby he might make others rich. There is a physical courage, brilliant as a shock of armies, which feels the conflict and leaps to it as the storm waves leap upon the sword edges of the cliffs, a courage which counts no odds. There is another courage, moral rather than physical. Valjean possessed both, with moral courage in ascendancy. He has the agility and strength sometimes found in criminals. He is now in the galleys for life. One day, while engaged in furling sail, a sailor has toppled from the yard, but in falling caught a rope, but hangs swinging violently like some mad pendulum. The height is dizzying. Death seems certain, when a convict clad in red and with a green cap runs up for rescue, lets himself down alongside of the swaying sailor now in the last extremity of weakness and ready to drop like a winter leaf. Valjean, for it is he, oscillates violently to and fro, while the throng below watch breathlessly; his peril is incredible, but his is a bravery which does not falter and a skill which equals bravery; Valjean is swayed in the wind as the swaying sailor, until he catches him in his arm, makes him fast to the rope, clambers up, reaches the yard, hauls up the sailor, and carries him to a place of safety. And the throng below, breathless till now, applauded and cried, "This man must be pardoned." Then it is that he, free once more, leaps down—falls from the dizzying height, the multitude thinks—leaps down into the seas, and wins liberty. Jean Valjean is heroic. His moral courage, which is courage at its noon, is discovered best in his rescue of Fauchelevent, old, and enemy—an enmity engendered by Madeleine's prosperity—to Monsieur Madeleine. The old man has fallen under his cart, and is being surely crushed to

death. The mayor joins the crowd gathered about the unfortunate car-man, offers a rising price for one who will go under the cart and rescue the old man. Javert is there, keen of eye and nostrils as a vulture, and Jean Valjean is his prey. He believes the mayor to be Jean Valjean, and, as the mayor urges some one to rescue the perishing man, says with speech cold as though a breath from a glacier, "I have known but one man who was equal to this task, and he was a convict and in the galleys." The old man moans, "How it crushes me?" and, hearing that cry, under the cart the mayor crawls; and, while those beside hold their breath, he, lying flat under the weight, lifts twice ineffectually, and with one herculean effort lifts again, and the cart slowly rises, and many willing hands helping from without, the old man is saved, and Monsieur Madeleine arises, pale, dripping with sweat, garments muddy and torn, while the old man whom he has rescued kisses his knees and calls him the good God; and the mayor looks at Javert with tranquil eye, though knowing full well that this act of generous courage in the rescue of an enemy has doomed himself. This is moral courage of celestial order.

His magnanimity is certainly apparent. In the rescue of his enemy, Fauchelevent; in his release of his arch enemy, Javert; in his presence within the barricade to protect Marius who had, as a lover, robbed him of the one blossom that had bloomed in the garden of his heart, save only the passing bishop and the abiding God. No pettiness is in him. He loves and serves after a fashion learned of Christ. If compelled to admire his courage we are no less compelled to pay homage to his magnanimity.

His was a hungry heart. Love he had never known; he had never had a sweetheart. And now all pent-up love of a long life empties its precious ointment on the head of Cossette. He was all the mother she ever knew or needed to know. Heaven made her rich in such maternity as his. Mother instinct is in all good lives, and belongs to man. Maternity and paternity are met in the best manhood. The tenderness of motherhood must soften a man's touch to daintiness, like an evening wind's caress, before fatherhood is perfect. All his youthhood, which knew not any woman's lips to kiss; all his

manhood, which had never shared a hearth with wife or child—all this unused tenderness now administers to the wants of this orphan Cossette. His rescue of her from the Thenardiens is poetry itself. He had the instincts of a gentleman. The doll he brought her for her first Christmas gift was forerunner of a thousand gifts of courtesy and love. See, too, the garments he brought and laid beside her bed the first morning he brought her to his garret and watched her slumber as if he had been appointed by God to be her guardian angel. To him, life henceforth meant Cossette. He was her servant always. For her he fought for his life, as if it had been an unutterable good. He lost himself, which is the very crown of motherhood's devotion. He was himself supplanted in her affections by her lover, Marius, and his heart was stabbed as if by poisoned daggers; for was not Cossette wife, daughter, sister, brother, mother, father, friend—all? But, if his heart was breaking, she never guessed it. He hid his hurt, though dying of heartbreak.

Then, too, Jean Valjean is misjudged—and by those who should have trusted him as they trusted God. We find it hard to be patient with Marius, and are not patient with Cossette. Her selfishness is not to be condoned. Her contrition and her tears come too late. Though Valjean forgives her we do not forgive her; she deserves no forgiveness. Marius's honor was of the amateur order, lacking depth and breadth. He was superficial, judging by hearing rather than by eyes and heart. We have not patience to linger with his wife and him, but push past them to the hero spirit, whom they have not eyes to see nor hearts to understand. Jean Valjean misjudged, and by Marius and Cossette? Impossible. Javert may do that; Fantine, not knowing him, may do that, but once knowing him she had as lief distrusted day to bring the light as to have distrusted him. Misjudged, and by those he loved most, suffered for, more than died for! Poor Valjean! This wakes our pity and our tears. Before, we have watched him and have felt the tug of battle on him; now, the mists fall, and we put our hands before our eyes and weep. This saint of God misjudged by those for whom he lives! Yet this is no solitary pathos. Were all hearts' history known we

should know how many died misjudged. All Jean Valjean does has been misinterpreted. We distrust more and more circumstantial evidence. It is hideous. No jury ought to convict a man on evidence of circumstances. Too many tragedies have been enacted because of such. Marius thought he was discerning and of a sensitive honor. He thought it evident that Jean Valjean had slain Javert, and had slain Monsieur Madeleine, whose fortune he has offered as Cossette's marriage portion. Poor Jean Valjean! You a murderer, a marauder, you! Marius acts with frigid honor. Valjean will not live with Marius and Cossette, being too sensitive therefor, perceiving himself distrusted by Marius, but comes to warm his hands and heart at the hearth of Cossette's presence; and he is stung when he sees no fire in the reception room. The omission he cannot misinterpret. He goes again, and the chairs are removed. Marius may have honor, but his honor is cruel, like an inquisitor with rack and thumb-screw; and then Jean Valjean goes no more, but day by day suns his heart by going far enough to look at the house where Cossette is—no more; then his eyes are feverish to catch sight of her habitation, as parched lips drink at desert springs. Misjudged! O, that is harder to bear than all his hurts!

Then we will not say of Valjean he has conscience, but rather we will say he is conscience. Valjean's struggle with conscience is one of the majestic chapters of the world's literature, presenting as it does the worthiest and profoundest study of Christian conscience given by any dramatist since Christ opened a new chapter for conscience in the soul. Monsieur Madeleine, the mayor, is rich, respected, honored, is a saviour of society, sought out by the king for political preferment. One shadow tracks him like a nightmare. Javert is on his track, instinct serving him for reason; at last Javert himself thinks Jean Valjean has been found, for a man has been arrested, is to be tried, will doubtless be convicted, seeing evidence is damning. Now Monsieur Madeleine, mayor of M——, your fear is all but ended. An anodyne will be administered to your pain. Jean Valjean has known many a struggle. He thought his fiercest battles fought; but all his yesterdays of conflict are as play contests and sham battles

matched with this. Honor, usefulness, long years of service, love, guardianship of Cossette, and fealty to a promise given a dying mother all beckon to him. He is theirs; and has he not suffered enough? More than enough? Let this man alone; that is all. Let him alone. He sees it. Joy shouts in his heart. "Javert will leave me in quiet." "Let us not interfere with God;" and his resolution is formed. But conscience looks into his face. Ha! the bishop, too, is beside him! Conscience speaks, and is saying, "Let the real Valjean go and declare himself." This is duty. Conscience speaks, and his words are terrible. "Go declare thyself." Jean Valjean's sin is following him. That evening he had robbed Petit Gervais; therefore he is imperiled. Sin finds man out. But the fight thickens, and Valjean thinks to destroy the mementoes of his past, and looks fearfully toward the door, bolted as it is, and gathers from a secret closet his old blue blouse, an old pair of trousers, an old haversack, and a great thorn stick, and incontinently flings them into the flames; then, noticing the silver candlesticks, the bishop's gifts, "These, too, must be destroyed," he says, and takes them in his hands and stirs the fire with one of the candlesticks, when he hears a voice clamoring, "Jean Valjean, Jean Valjean, Jean Valjean!" Conscience and a battle; but the battle was not lost, for you see him in the prisoner's dock declaring, "I am Jean Valjean;" and those of the court dissenting, he persisted, declared his recognition of some galley prisoners, urging still, "I am Jean Valjean. You see clearly that I am Jean Valjean;" and those who saw and heard him were dazed, and he said, "All who are here think me worthy of pity, do you not? Do you not? Great God! When I think of what I was on the point of doing I think myself worthy of envy;" and he was gone. And next, in his own house, Javert is seizing him fiercely, brutally, imperiously, as a criminal for whom there is no regard. With this struggle of conscience and its consequent victory "The Charge of the Light Brigade" becomes tawdry and garish. The sight moves us as the majestic minstrelys of seas in tempest. No wonder that they who looked at Valjean, as he stood declaring himself to be the real Valjean, were blinded with a great light.

And his heart is so hungry, and his loyalty to God so urgent and so conquering. Jean Valjean has suffered much. Ulysses, buffeted by wars and stormy seas, has had a life of calm as compared with this new hero. Ulysses's battles were from without; Valjean's battles were from within. But, if he has suffered greatly, he has also been greatly blessed. Struggle for goodness against sin is its own reward. We do not give all and get nothing. There are compensations. recompense of reward pursues goodness, as foam a vessel's track. If Jean Valjean loved Cossette with a passion such as the angels know, if she was his sun and made the spring, there was a sense in which Cossette helped Valjean. There was response, not so much in the return of love as in that he loved her; and his love for her helped him in his dark hours, helped him when he needed help the most, helped him on with God. He needs her to love, as our eyes need the fair flowers and the blue sky; his life was not empty; and God had not left himself without witness in Jean Valjean's life, for he had had his love for Cossette.

But he is bereft. Old age springs on him suddenly, as Javert had done in other days. He has, apparently without provocation, passed from strength to decrepitude. Since he sees Cossette no more he has grown gray, stooped, decrepit. There is no morning now, since he does not see Cossette. You have seen him walking to the corner to catch sight of her house; how feeble he is! Another day walking her way, but not so far; and the next, and the next, walking; but the last day he goes scarce beyond his own threshold. And now he cannot go down the stairs; now he is in his own lonely room, alone. He sees death camping in his silent chamber, but feels no fright. No, no; rather

Death like a friend's voice from a distant field approaching, called.

For sure no gladlier does the stranded wreck
See through the gray skirts of a lifting squall
The boat that bears the hope of life approach
To save the life despair'd of, than he saw
Death dawning on him, and the close of all.

But Cossette, Cossette! To see her once, just once, only once! To touch her hand—O, that were heaven. But he

says to his heart, "I shall not touch her hand, and I shall not see her face—no more, no more!" And the little garments he brought her, when he took her from her slavery to the Thénardiens, there they are upon his bed where he can touch them as if they were black tresses of the woman he had loved and lost. The bishop's candlesticks are lit. He is about to die, and writes in his poor, sprawling fashion to Cosette; writes to her. He fronts her always, as the hills front the dawn. He ceases, and sobs like a breaking heart. O, "she is a smile that has passed over me. I shall never see her again!" And the door dashes open; Marius and Cosette are come. Joy, joy to the old heart! Jean Valjean thinks it is heaven's morning. Marius has discovered that Jean Valjean is not his murderer, but his saviour; that he has, at imminent peril of his life, through the long, oozy quagmire of the sewer, with his giant strength borne him across the city, saved him; and now, too late, Marius began to see in Jean Valjean "a strangely lofty and saddened form," and has come to take this great heart home. But God will do that himself; Jean Valjean is dying. He looks at Cosette as if he would take a look which would endure through eternity; kisses a fold of her garment, and half articulates, "It—is—nothing to die." Then suddenly rises, walks to the wall, brings back a crucifix, lays it near his hand. "The great martyr," he says; fondles Marius and Cosette, sobs to Cosette, "not to see you broke my heart;" croons to himself, "You love me;" puts his hands upon their heads in a caress, saying, "I do not see clearly now;" later he half whispered, "I see a light," and a man and woman are raining kisses on a dead man's hands. And on that blank stone, over a nameless grave in the cemetery of Pere Lachaise, let some angel sculptor chisel, "Jean Valjean, Hero."

W. A. Leigh.

ART. III.—OUR RESPONSIBILITY TO THE AMERICAN NEGRO.

THERE could be no more striking instance of what can and what cannot be accomplished by force than that afforded by our civil war with its results. As in the case of all great world movements, be they revolution or evolution, the actors in it only dimly realized its meaning. In these latter days Southern writers would fain establish the preposterous claim that that terrific struggle was caused by a mere difference of opinion concerning "State rights." As if any sane people, least of all the Anglo-Saxon, ever inaugurated such a strife merely to sustain a theory. The North and the world at large have always recognized that slavery was the root of the contest; that it was to save the "peculiar institution" that Southerners fiercely advocated the doctrine of State rights. But it is only within very recent years that we have begun to see that the "war between the States" was the death grapple of two civilizations so utterly antagonistic that their permanent endurance within the bounds of one nation was as impossible as the coexistence of light and darkness. The one was a form of feudalism based upon the old, effete idea of a subject lower class with an upper class of wealth, leisure, refinement, and culture; the other was the civilization of to-day, of which the Anglo-Saxon race is the exponent, based upon Christ's doctrine of the universal brotherhood of man. And, though our flag floated again over a free and united people, the struggle was not over. The sword had only destroyed the outward form of slavery, but the ideas upon which slavery was based still lived. The new civilization which prevailed by force of arms had as its foundation principle the elevation of the masses. One of the problems, therefore, which the war left was the elevation of four millions of people from the lowest depths of poverty, ignorance, and vice to the heights of nineteenth century civilization; from the incapacity of slaves to the power of American citizens. If this were not successfully accomplished the old medieval civilization, though vanquished by the sword, was conqueror at last.

Nor was this all. Equally essential to final victory was the acceptance by the white people of the South of the new civilization. And this was the most difficult problem of all. The Southern whites are fond of proclaiming that they are the truest Anglo-Saxons in the nation. Possibly, so far as purity of blood is concerned. Likewise, the Jews who crucified Christ were children of Abraham. Yet Paul declared that not the lineal descendants, but those who possessed Abraham's faith, were his real children. The very essence of Anglican liberty is obedience to the rule of the majority. But the Southern white man had so long been used to ruling a subject race with a despotism unlimited and irresponsible that he had all but lost the Anglo-Saxon ideal of free government—a government wherein the masses are elevated and educated and political equality maintained among the citizens. At the time of the war the Southern white man was living in medieval environments, with a subject lower class supporting an upper class in ease and luxury. Freedom of speech and of the press is the safety valve for republican institutions; but to this day freedom of speech on some subjects is not tolerated in the South. Yet, until the South is abreast of the North on these essential principles of our civilization, and until the Southern white man is ready to recognize the negro as a constituent part of the nation on terms of political equality with every other citizen, the negro problem remains the heaviest "white man's burden" in America.

So far as the negro is concerned, as much has been accomplished as could reasonably be expected in the time and under the conditions. He has shown eagerness to educate himself and his children, a desire for the better things of life and character, and aptness at learning the various lessons of civilization. It is true we have reached only the thousands, while millions yet remain to be elevated; but the achievements of thousands of the race prove that the race as a whole is capable of as high a degree of civilization as any race. The Anglo-Saxon ideal of liberty protected by law the negro accepts unquestioningly. With the same amount of education he shows himself as competent to handle the various instruments by which we maintain our political and social fabric as do any

other of our native-born citizens. Wendell Phillips's witty aphorism, "Put an American baby on its feet, and it will immediately say 'Mr. President' and call the next cradle to order," is as true of the black as of the white American baby. On more than one bloody battlefield the negro has manifested the Anglo-Saxon's indomitable courage. Our chief difficulty is with the other factor of the problem, the Southern white man. If we study the conditions in the South we are forced to the conviction that the prevailing sentiment of the white people has changed very little since they gave up the first desperate determination that slavery should continue to exist in fact, if not in name, and the Kuklux disbanded. In their view the negroes are an inferior race, destined by the Creator for a position of subordination to the white race. This opinion could do little harm if the holders acted consistently with their belief. If essentially inferior to the white race no effort is necessary to keep the negro in a subordinate position. On the contrary, no effort could keep him anywhere else. But the Southern white man feels it incumbent upon him to assist Providence in maintaining this equilibrium of the races. By an unnatural separation of the races most humiliating to colored people of spirit, by contemptuous treatment of those negroes especially who are a living contradiction to the Southern view, he strives to hold the negroes in their "sphere" as menials. In the capacity of a servant no objections are made to the negro's presence anywhere in closest proximity to the white man. As valet or nurse he may ride at pleasure in a Pullman sleeper; but the appearance of a cultured black lady or gentleman as a passenger in a first-class car is the signal for insulting looks and words and for angry demands for "separate accommodations." The black man may have carried off the honors of his class in a leading Northern university, but all public entertainments, concerts, and lectures are closed to him in the South, except on the humiliating terms of taking, usually by a back alley entrance, an undesirable seat in the topmost gallery. He is similarly excluded even from general religious gatherings, except in the case of national or world organizations in which the sentiment of members not resident in the South compels a change.

Whatever, in short, the negro may attain in character, whatever may be his intellectual gifts and development, Southern sentiment rates him below the veriest white boor that walks the streets, even in the matter of according him ordinary civil rights. According to the prevailing opinion of Southern whites the only negro who has a right to exist, the only one for whom their theory provides, is the servile, or, as they would say, "docile" negro of *ante-bellum* days. The negro of culture and education, who aspires to be a man among men and to be dealt with on his merits regardless of his color, is an abnormal and dangerous development, the product of "Northern politicians" and "professional philanthropists," and must be put down at all hazards. It is hard for a Northern man to realize the studied and systematic insult with which the negro is treated in the South; and yet the apparently perfectly genuine belief exists on the part of the whites that his treatment is all which could be desired, and all that he would desire, if not incited by agitators to aspire to a position in the social structure for which he is utterly unfitted. For example, Booker Washington's statement that it is a greater favor to the negro to accord him the opportunity of earning a dollar than of spending one is loudly and approvingly quoted by the Southern press as indicating the real sentiment of the best leaders of the negro and vindicating the Southern whites. But, like very much that Mr. Washington says, this is only a half truth, and does not represent the sentiment of the leaders of the race. To the cultured musician—and there are such among the negroes—it may be more of a benefit, even from the low, material standpoint, to be allowed to hear Paderewski or Rosenthal play one evening than to be given the opportunity of earning the price of the ticket by washing. To the scientist or sociological student—Clark University has in its faculty one of the former, Atlanta University one of the latter, of national reputation—it may be a serious loss financially to be shut out from scientific lectures, public libraries, and museums—a loss for which no opportunities to make money as day laborers can make amends. The loss intellectually let any white person of cultivated intellect measure. But this loss the Southern white man utterly scorns.

From all of these opportunities for culture the negro is practically excluded in the South, receiving most unprovoked insult if seeking to improve his opportunities.

Instances of such indignity are many. At the Peace Jubilee, in Atlanta, one of the teachers of Clark University accompanied some of the young ladies of that institution to the street parade. While standing upon the sidewalk a young white man, who mistook himself for a gentleman, began to rudely push one of the young ladies. The teacher quietly changed places with her, and when the fellow, not perceiving the change, stuck out his elbow and continued pushing, the teacher made way for him as well as she could in such a crowd. At this he turned, and seeing that he was elbowing a white lady, thus apologized, "O, excuse me! I thought it was one of those niggers!" On that occasion colored people were explicitly denied the privilege of forming part of the procession. At the building in Exposition Park, where the President was to speak, the colored people who went early to obtain seats were driven from place to place by the police until they were satisfactorily disposed of behind the speaker's stand, where they could see and hear nothing. They protested, but in vain. Later, however, a large number of colored people came in and took up a position at one side, a position which, in buildings of this kind, designed for mass meetings and miscellaneous crowds, is often reserved for colored people. The police attempted to drive them back to their first place, but, owing to the scarcity of the police and the numbers of the colored people, were unable to do so. A second instance must here suffice. A short time ago a colored physician at Atlanta boarded an open street car to go to a patient to whom he had been called in haste. The physician in question is a man of liberal education, a successful practitioner, a man of fine appearance and noble character. In short, were it not for his color, he would be recognized by everyone as a polished gentleman. The car was very much crowded, and he stood on the outer rail, holding on by a post. It happened that he stood beside a white woman. At once she threw up her hands and began screaming, "O, see this great burly nigger getting up here by me!" At that the other passengers began to

shout at him, pull him by the coat, and subject him to all kinds of insults.

The achievement of the negro in any sphere outside of that prescribed him by Southern sentiment serves only to arouse indignation against him. In the fearful charge up the heights of San Juan—a charge which Hobson says has set a new standard for valor—negro troops fought side by side with white ones, yet in Richmond a speaker was hissed who referred to the bravery of those colored troops. At the great peace celebration in Atlanta no reference was made to the deeds of the colored troops; on the contrary, the *Atlanta Constitution* during recent months has devoted several editorials to proving by the disorderly conduct of some colored regiments that negroes as soldiers are worse than a failure. It said nothing in this connection of the equally outrageous conduct of some white regiments. No Southern paper has seen fit to report, what has since come to light, that in the case of some of these reported outrages the negro troops were first attacked and insulted by white citizens. Nor have these papers ever told the story of the colored regiment in Florida which, in obedience to the command of its colonel, passively endured an attack of white citizens, though one of their number was seriously hurt by a stone. These are not exceptional instances. They are a fair specimen of the treatment the negro constantly receives at the hand of Southern whites. Not that all white Southerners insult the negro. There are many who do not personally stoop to such conduct. Neither is to be understood that the negroes receive no kindness at the hands of the whites; but it is the condescending kindness of the superior to the inferior. So deep seated is the conviction among the upper classes of the negro's essential inferiority that they cannot comprehend that he feels, just as a white man would feel, the insults to which he is subjected. His exclusion from all the higher vocations of life, especially the full exercise of American citizenship, is to them a vital necessity. His desire to rise in the social scale is a piece of intolerable impudence, and must be treated as such. Most of them honestly believe that the foundations of society would be overthrown if a strict separation of the races were not everywhere maintained; and to se-

cure this end they deem the invidious discrimination against the colored people necessary. The best Southern whites, therefore, are silent when the negro is subjected to the grosser forms of abuse accorded him by the rabble. Sometimes, in fact, they even apologize for it, and their tacit approval makes such abuse possible.

Consistently, Southern white people with rare exceptions regard the higher education of the negro with indignant scorn. Many of them have reached the point of seeing that a limited education makes him a more competent servant, and that much they are willing he should receive, especially if it be accompanied by industrial training. The very best Southern sentiment, too, sympathizes more or less with the education of colored ministers and physicians for service to their own race, but, in general, the negro who aspires to scholarship, or who seeks to fit himself for something other than a menial or industrial calling, becomes at once an object of suspicion and dislike to the average white Southerner. In the courts, also, the negro stands no chance of justice when he comes into conflict with a white man. Two years ago a student of Gammon Seminary, a fine man neither quarrelsome nor rude, had a slight altercation with a street car conductor. The next day the conductor shot him in the back as he was leaving the car. The evidence in court was conclusive that the attack was in cold blood and without provocation. The only argument that the lawyer for the defense had to offer was, "When the time comes in Georgia that a white man is punished for shooting a nigger I want to leave the State." The jury acquitted the conductor. The only redeeming feature about the whole farce of a trial was that the judge soundly berated the jury and said they had no business to bring in such a verdict. The condition described years ago by George W. Cable remains the same, with little, if any, improvement—that black men are often severely punished for offenses for which white men receive only nominal punishment, or none at all.

The terrible lynchings which occurred in Georgia last summer were not so dreadful in themselves, savage and demoralizing though they were, as were the expressions of sentiment which they evoked. The unanimity with which white people who

would not have engaged in such outrages themselves, joined in condoning the crime of the savages who danced around Sam Hose; the attempt to throw the chief blame, on the colored people themselves, by basely traducing the whole race; the inquisitorial intolerance with which any expression of contrary opinion was received—all these things give cause for gravest apprehensions. The Palmetto lynching, where eight negro prisoners accused of arson were shot, was a surprise to everyone acquainted with the place. It had been considered by our workers an ideal spot, where the race problem was being worked out in the most happy manner. The two races lived on the most amicable terms. Our minister (colored), who had been there about three years and had received personally many kindnesses from leading white people, was so impressed by the friendliness existing between the races that he considered it the best place he had ever known. When, the morning after the lynching, a friend came to his door with the tidings, "There was a lynching in town last night," he exclaimed in amazement, "Who lynched whom?" Yet in this place where, if anywhere in the South, it might be expected that the negro would receive justice, eight prisoners, whose guilt was most improbable, were shot down in cold blood, and the white people united to shield the lynchers and condone the deed. The papers condemned the lynching, as did many citizens of Palmetto, but the expressions of condemnation were always coupled with explanatory statements showing the grievous provocation which had excited the lynchers. These statements were utterly false. It was said that three incendiary fires, which had nearly destroyed the business part of the town, had so frightened the white population that they went to bed at night in terror, not knowing but that they might be awakened at any hour to find their own dwellings in flames. It was said that there was proof positive that these fires had been set by negroes for purposes of thieving; that during the fires the negroes had stolen from the burning buildings; that they had boasted of their good fortune, and had openly announced their intention of setting other fires. The truth was that the first fire was clearly not incendiary, and no one thought of suggesting that it was until after the second one. The other so-called

fires were set the same night in different parts of the town. One was kindled conspicuously against an outer door, where it was seen at once and extinguished, probably for the purpose of diverting attention from the other, which was started inside a store where, by a peculiar "coincidence," the owner of the goods had taken out insurance in great haste, having received his papers the afternoon before the fire. As to the boasts of the negroes, it requires considerable credulity to believe that they would exult over a deed for which they were certain to receive the most severe punishment if convicted. As to the stealing, the arrested negroes had been previously taken before the judge on this charge, their accusers announcing that there was positive proof of their guilt. This "proof" was such that the judge indignantly said he would teach them to bring men before him against whom there was no evidence of guilt, and made the white accusers pay the costs. The white people were very angry, and declared that "it made niggers impudent to arrest them and not punish them;" and one was reported to have said, "The next time we arrest any niggers for these fires Judge Candler won't have any trouble with them." When Dr. Thirkield, in a most temperate and kindly article, called upon the people of Palmetto to redeem the good name of the town by convicting the lynchers, he was bitterly assailed and denounced, both in print and out. One writer in replying said that the teaching of a white person in a negro school ought to be made a penitentiary offense; that it had "more to do with making the negroes insolent than any other cause, not even excepting the crime of enlisting them as soldiers."

The crime of which Sam Hose was accused is atrocious beyond description. No reasonable person can question that society is right in protecting itself against such brutes by putting them out of existence. Yet, even if Hose was guilty of the worst of which he was accused, the savage mob that tortured him to death did more than did their victim to demoralize the community, and the attitude taken by the Southern press and people was one of the worst features of the affair. Whether Hose was guilty or not there is no means of surely ascertaining. A detective sent by Chicago negroes to investigate the matter

reported that Hose killed Cranford in a quarrel about wages and in self-defense, Cranford having first drawn his revolver upon him; that Hose immediately fled, and made no attack upon Mrs. Cranford. A similar story had previously reached us through colored people, who said they dared not tell it publicly lest they too be lynched. It is a sad fact that so bitter is the feeling against a negro who raises his hand, even in self-defense, against a white man that we cannot be sure that Hose was not thus savagely murdered on a false accusation. But it is on the supposition he was the monster he is accused of being that we would discuss Southern sentiment. His horrible death called forth deserved condemnation from the North and from the world. The Southern press in reply ostensibly deplored the lynching, but always condoned it. And the worst feature of this has been the way it was done, by a systematic attempt to defame the whole negro race and those who have striven to raise that race from the estate of slavery to that of freedom. Great emphasis has been laid upon the fact that the negroes did not turn out *en masse* to hunt the criminal, and on this slender ground it was vociferously proclaimed that the negroes shield their own criminals. No voice in the Southern press intimated the truth, that, if the negroes are not eager to hand negro criminals over to the law, it is because they know too well that a negro accused of a gross crime stands small chance of ever having a trial. In the case of Hose the papers had announced from the time of the murder of Cranford until Hose's capture that he would be burned at the stake if caught. Does it follow that because the negroes showed no eagerness to hand him over to "justice" they condoned his crime? The number of such crimes committed by negroes has also been greatly exaggerated. Most of the Southern writers who discuss lynching assume that all lynchings of negroes are provoked by this one crime, whereas statistics show that only about 36 per cent of the lynchings even pretend to be for this cause. The other 64 per cent are for all degrees of lesser crimes. A Southern woman in two articles in the *New York Independent* gives the extreme view of her class. She assumes that all negro men are as bad as Sam Hose, and as to negro women let her speak for herself:

She [the negro woman without exception] is reared in a home where neither husband nor wife preserves the sanctity of the marriage vows, among brothers and sisters who are often bastards beneath the cloak of wedlock. . . . To speak of a negro woman's virtue is to excite a smile. In the experience and observation of the Southern mind it does not exist. . . . Your young black theologian may cease to be a criminal, and he may even get a bastard longing for high ideals, but out of his loins and out of the breast of his impure wife will come their heritage of prostitute daughters and vicious sons as surely as the seeds of scarlet poppies will flower next year into scarlet bloom again.

It is hard to believe that one who has lived all her life with these colored people can make such outrageous statements honestly; and yet charity would constrain us to believe that these are not deliberate falsehoods, but only the utterances of a mind made absolutely blind by bitter race hatred. If her statements were true, what an awful commentary on the system of slavery and worse, and what an awful revelation of the condition of the morals of the superior race! For one race cannot degrade another morally without sinking with it to the lowest depths. In truth, we know only too well that an awful moral blight has been left by slavery upon both races. The loud talk of Southern men concerning womanly virtue, their slowness to set their women free from the bonds of the past, tells its own story. Happily, the articles, like that of the Southern woman quoted, are much more extreme than the general Southern expression. Yet they differ only in degree. They show that the majority of Southern whites know nothing of a class of negroes who are living to-day and striving with a Christlike spirit to work out the problems of the elevation of their own race and its adjustment to the dominant whites. For there are thousands of negro homes in which Christ abides, thousands of negro men and women as pure in thought and life as the men and women of any race, whose names we would not utter in answer to such defamation because it would be an unspeakable insult.

The Southern press is also persistently trying to instill into the minds of its critics the falsehood that education only harms the negro; that the old negroes who were reared under slavery are never found among the criminals, but that it is the young negro who is filled with a sense of his rights and

his importance and has become rebellious against authority. When one learns the trivial offenses for which negroes are sent to the chain gang, the number of negro criminals which the Southern press proclaims loses its significance; and when one fully understands that the mere desire to be a man and not a cringing sycophant, the ambition to rise as a cultured human being in the social scale, constitutes "impudence" in the negro, we shall know better how to weigh these statements. Of late they have taken to attacking our schools, which they never visit, and to asserting that the Northern teachers teach the negro that the Southern whites are their enemies. They advise these teachers to talk to the negro more about the vices of his race and less about its rights. The fact is that the Northern teachers speak hundreds of admonitions to their negro pupils about their vices to every word they utter about their rights; that they constantly strive to impress them with the truth that the one way for any race to achieve rights is by being worthy of them. Instead of teaching the negroes to look upon the Southern whites as their enemies, it is one of the aims of Northern teachers to moderate the race hatred which is growing more bitter and more threatening.

It must be admitted that the young colored man thinks much of his rights, sometimes to the exclusion of his correlated duties; but the negro would not have been worthy of emancipation if he did not think of his rights, if the attainment of one right did not inspire him to seek others, if he were satisfied with rights less than those of any of his fellow-citizens. The fact that he is determined thus to rise proves him to possess the true instincts of manhood without which no race ever rose above barbarism. The fact that the Southern white man fails to see in these aspirations the sign of promise for the race and for the nation, that the ambition, which in the Anglo-Saxon is noble and manly, is, to his view, a crime in the negro, shows that the white man of the South still clings to the traditions of feudalism. He has not accepted the complete idea of Christ's kingdom which is inspiring modern civilization, a civilization whose perfected ideal is reached only when there are no distinctions of birth or race, where there can be "neither Greek nor Jew . . . bond nor free."

The old servile negro of *ante-bellum* days, the one whom the Southern whites claim to know as no one else can know him, is more and more rarely to be found except among the ignorant and degraded denizens of the country districts. The new negro, who aspires to the highest development possible to him as a man, who demands the opportunities and recognition accorded other men, is the one with whom henceforth this nation has more and more to reckon. And this negro the Southern whites do not know, because they will not. Yet it is vital to the welfare of the nation that they should know and accept him; for, until they do, they cannot be prepared to treat him with justice. The duty of the North in this matter is clear. It cannot directly interfere with the unjust laws and customs by which the negro is disfranchised and robbed of his rights as a member of society—for it is too much to hope, perhaps, that this generation will right these wrongs; but the North can continue to give the negro its sympathy and aid in his hard struggle. It can refuse to weakly give way to the steady pressure of Southern sentiment which would shape the policy of the nation; it must oppose to this the force of a righteous public sentiment for justice to the negro. Against the united sentiment of the nation Southern injustice cannot stand. The force of this sentiment has already borne fruit in two cases, where a negro was saved from lynching and where the best citizens of Griffin held back a mob which would have freed white men accused of maltreating negroes. We must especially reinforce our efforts for the negro's Christian education. This much we must do, as we value our nation and our civilization. We have bitterly proved that "God is not mocked; for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." We need no prophet to tell us that if we continue to sow injustice and oppression we shall reap a harvest of internal strife more fearful, perhaps, than that which thirty-five years ago all but destroyed the nation.

Isabella Webb Parks.

ART. IV.—SUPPORT OF CONFERENCE CLAIMANTS.

IN recent years much discussion has taken place throughout the Methodist Episcopal Church in regard to the better support of our worn-out ministers and the widows and orphans of such as have died in the ministry. Many plans have been formulated, and not a few experiments have been made; yet it remains a fact that throughout the larger portion of the Church no plan has yet been put in operation which will yield adequate results.

The profession of the ministry, when viewed from a business standpoint, is marked by certain peculiarities which make it imperative that some provision should be made for the above-named classes. The ministry is an unpaid profession. That Methodist minister is a rare man who, with his frequent removals and with the demands made upon him for maintenance of his social standing, for the proper education of his children, and for benevolence and charity, can live upon his salary and lay aside a competency for age. The work also requires the full powers of a man. There are no "easy jobs." True, in common parlance, the appointments are spoken of as "first class," "second class," etc., but this does not mean that the work upon the lower grades is easier. Each requires a whole man. Hence, when age or impaired health comes on, though the man may yet possess a clear mind and strength enough for moderate labors, still, because he is not in full strength, he feels constrained to retire from the work. A physician in like condition would turn over the night calls and the long rides to a younger man, while he would retain the cream of his practice and make a good living. A lawyer in like condition would turn over the drudgery of his profession to a younger partner, while his services as counselor would enable him to end his days in worldly ease and plenty. A farmer, a mechanic, a merchant, would utilize his boys in his business, while his ripened experience would enable him to retain a remunerative connection therewith. But a minister must quit absolutely and at once. He has a charge to-day, and a living salary. To-morrow Conference meets, and ere it

adjourns he finds his name put upon the list of superannuates. He returns to his family, but not to his home, for home he has none. The house in which he has been living is the parsonage, and he must vacate it within a week to make room for his successor. Without employment, without income, with age and feebleness confronting him, he must rent a humble dwelling and turn his attention to some new field of enterprise for the purpose of meeting his necessary expenses. Possibly the Conference has given him a small sum from the fund at its disposal. Possibly he has been able to save something during his active years. But in the majority of cases his annual income will fail to furnish a comfortable support.

Impressed with these facts the Methodist Episcopal Church has legislated upon this subject throughout its history; but it must be confessed that the case has not been met. Omitting mention of earlier legislation, the action of the General Conference of 1888 gave us a somewhat elaborate system, and the promise was that something would be done. But the plan was foredoomed to failure, because it did not give the Conferences severally control of the funds raised within their own bounds. In 1896 another formal action was passed, but it has resulted in little that is practicable.

In order that our minds may be somewhat clarified upon this subject, that has confessedly puzzled the wisest among us, let us take a brief look at what some of the other great branches of Methodism are doing in the same direction:

1. The Wesleyan Methodist Church of Great Britain is the mother of us all. Her plan of support for claimants is the result of slow development. It is systematic and thorough, and yields fairly good results. It is of double organization, as follows:

(1) "The Worn-out Wesleyan Ministers' and Ministers' Widows' Auxiliary Fund." This is a pure charity. Its moneys are collected from the people, much as among us, but the work is more thoroughly done, and elaborate itemized reports are published. All superannuates and widows are claimants upon this fund, according to a graduated scale based on length of service, but cases of special need receive special treatment.

(2) "The Itinerant Methodist Preachers' Annuitant Society."

This is a purely business association. It has had one hundred years of experience. Membership is voluntary. At the present time seventy-one per cent of the ministers belong to it. Its conditions of membership are iron-clad. Every member, during the four years of his probation, annually pays \$26.25 into the fund, and, after he is received into full membership, \$30 annually. There are also heavy payments as marriage premiums, in order to secure an annuity for the wife in case she should become a widow. The proceeds are distributed strictly according to a graduated scale depending on length of active service. The widow gets seven eighths as much as her husband would have gotten. The Auxiliary Fund before mentioned has about one million dollars of permanent investments, and the Annuitant Society about twice as much.

The Methodist Church of Canada has copied, modified, combined, and, in the judgment of the writer, greatly improved the plans of British Methodism. As the present Church in Canada has resulted from the combination of four smaller Methodist bodies, two systems for the support of claimants have been retained, one in use in the eastern section of the Church and the other in the western. Their difference is chiefly in minor details. What is said here is based on the system in force in the western section. They have a Board of Managers appointed under authority of the General Conference. Their invested funds, now amounting to about two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, have come from donations and bequests. Their current funds are derived from: (1) Interest on investments. (2) Appropriations from the publishing house. (3) Subscriptions of ministers and probationers. These are compulsory and are three per cent of the salary received, but are in no case less than fifteen dollars. (4) Contributions from circuits. These are very positive assessments, for which the superintendent of the circuit is made financially responsible. To ascertain the amount due from any particular circuit they add together the amount paid the previous year for ministerial support and the amounts paid to the six principal benevolent causes, and take five per cent of this sum. (5) The Missionary Society is required to make payment in behalf of every missionary employed. The funds

are distributed to the claimants according to a graduated scale, based on active service, and ranging from five dollars per year to those who break down after five years' service up to ten dollars per year to those who have served thirty years or longer. Widows receive two thirds the amount their husbands would have received, and children under sixteen years of age get twenty dollars a year each. But necessitous orphans may be more liberally provided for by the board. Commutation of annuities is provided for in certain contingencies. Extra necessitous cases are provided for through another fund.

Such are the plans, in substance, which have been formulated by the two branches of Methodism best equipped for the care of its worn-out ministry, though the Australian branch has a system modeled after the same pattern. The results are very much better than in most of our own Conferences. Now, in both of these plans there enters the element of business as well as the element of benevolence. In Great Britain the business element is found in the Annuitant Society, where every man pays for all he gets. All pay alike, and all share alike in the proceeds. In Canada business and benevolence are merged together. By the compulsory assessments, or "subscriptions," the ministers are required to make some businesslike provisions for themselves, while the fact that the subscription is a percentage on the salary causes the strong to support the weak, and thus secure real benevolence. At the same time the benevolent feature is reinforced by turning the collections gathered from the people into this same fund.

In the management of this matter in the Methodist Episcopal Church—except so far as the dividends from the Book Concern go—we have relied entirely upon benevolence, and have never put any business into our methods. Bartimeus, the son of Timeus, has faithfully sat and begged, but he has never gotten his eyes open to the great fact that "the Lord helps those who help themselves." How shall the business element be introduced into our system? It is needless to review the many attempts that have been made in various Conferences looking toward that end, or to speak of the manifest failure that has overtaken very many of them. The best of them, because they are not connectional, are liable to be greatly

complicated by the transfer of preachers from one Conference to another. Now, while the British and Canadian systems have about them a sort of monarchical, crack-of-the-whip air which would not be popular in the United States, is it not possible to evolve out of them a system that will be practicable and give us great relief? The legislation of 1896 was good as far as it went. Let that part stand which refers to the (misnamed) Conference Claimant Fund (*Discipline*, ¶ 293). In the same paragraph an Annuity Fund is authorized but not provided for, and here is where additional legislation is needed. This should be the business end of our system. Many efforts have been made by various Conferences to secure a fund by annual payments from the ministers, but, as there is no authority anywhere to enforce such a regulation, some have refused to pay, and in the course of a few years the whole scheme has usually failed. But why not learn from our British and Canadian brethren? If in Britain the ministers can pay thirty dollars each and in Canada three per cent of their salaries to aid this fund, why cannot we in the United States do something of the same sort? What is needed is something that shall be mandatory upon all Methodist preachers and uniform throughout the Church.

We venture, then, to make some practical suggestions. Let the General Conference ordain that every effective minister and probationer shall pay, say, two per cent of his salary into the current funds of his Conference for annual distribution among the claimants thereof. This will relieve all difficulties about transfers. Then let each Conference seek to augment its own fund by securing gifts and bequests for permanent investment. Under the authority of the *Discipline*, as it now stands, so much as may seem prudent of the invested funds now in the hands of the several Conferences may be diverted to the Annuity Fund. The New York East Conference, with large endowments, now uses eighty per cent of all its receipts for annuities, and finds the remaining twenty per cent sufficient for cases of special necessity. Let the plan be duly adapted to the relief of worn-out foreign missionaries, a class who are now left absolutely without provision except as the Missionary Society shall continue them on its pay-roll after

they have ceased to work. Let provision be made as in Canada—perhaps by the several Conferences—for the commutation of the annuities of such as break down after but a few years of service, or of such as take a certificate of location. Let the distribution of the funds be in accordance with the present *Discipline*, except that more generous provision ought to be made for the widows. Instead of one half, as it now stands, the fraction would better be two thirds, as in Canada, or seven eighths, as in Great Britain.

It would perhaps be better for the General Conference to stop with the simple provisions for the payments, on the part of the ministers, and for the distribution of the funds, and leave all minor details to the Annual Conferences severally. The adoption of the above suggestions would not unduly burden the preachers, but it would give great relief to a large number of very worthy persons, and would cheer every toiling minister with an assurance as to his future temporalities which but few now have. Its business air would command the admiration of laymen, and would doubtless be the means of attracting to the fund many donations and bequests.

R. S. Borland,

ART. V.—UNIFYING FACTORS IN METHODISM.

THIS paper seeks simply to inquire into those things which make for the unity and therefore the strength of Methodism. In the past she has been a unit. She is such to-day. May this unity intensify in the future, and this peculiarity of our fellowship become the more apparent as the years go by! Some of the unifying factors of Methodism—what are they?

1. Methodism is a unit on the Bible. God is our Father; Christ, the Son, our federal Head; the Holy Ghost, our Guide and our personal Comforter; the word of God the man of our council; evangelizing the world, our mission; heaven, our aim. The twenty-five Articles of Religion bind us fast to the Bible, to a common interpretation of the Scriptures, to a common faith. To every candidate for reception into full connection in the ministry, of whom annually we have about nine hundred, these questions are put: "Have you studied the doctrines of the Methodist Episcopal Church? After full examination do you believe that our doctrines are in harmony with the Holy Scriptures?" The answers must be in the affirmative. And to every member seeking fellowship in our communion there is this question publicly put, whose answer must also be in the affirmative: "Do you believe the doctrines of the Holy Scriptures as set forth in the Articles of Religion of the Methodist Episcopal Church?" Thus do we voluntarily bind ourselves together. And it is a matter of remark that there never has been a secession from our Church on doctrinal grounds. The great withdrawal of 1844 was not for doctrinal reasons. But, whatever the primal cause of that great defection, certain it is that it was upon other grounds. Again, very few ministers have fallen from our ranks because of doctrinal disagreements—possibly not half a hundred in the history of our Church. On doctrines the Methodist Episcopal Church must ever remain a unit, or cease to be. For, by one of the six restrictive rules limiting and defining the powers of the General Conference, our legislative body, there shall be neither revocation, alteration, nor change in our Articles of Religion. Nor shall there be "any new standards or rules of doctrine con-

trary to our present existing and established standards of doctrine." All other rules, usages, and customs may be revoked, altered, or changed. But these—our doctrines—stand unaltered and unalterable!

Such a decree as this was a stupendous thing for the founders of Methodism to take upon themselves. Was it an assumption born of prescience, of inspiration? They builded better than they knew. The more we reflect upon it the more we see the hand of God in it. The revision of our creed does not then even admit of discussion. If, in the future, the statement of Scripture truth embodied in our Articles of Religion seems unsatisfactory or incomplete to one or to many, the only remedy is to go off and organize a new Church, with a new statement of doctrine. Sometimes we think questionably of this feature in our economy—no admission, even the slightest, of change in our statement of truth. But, on the other hand, we thank God continually for the fact that no change seems necessary. The men who have deserted us because of our tenets have, sooner or later, repudiated, as a rule, the Holy Scriptures themselves. Until we again hear God in revelation and have a new Bible we shall need no change. So far from the necessity of a new statement or a restatement of doctrine, all Protestantism is swiftly approaching our doctrinal views, and will soon be constrained to give official indorsement to what Methodism has all along taught, defended, and verified. Surely God has been in this, unless some one of another fold shall say, "The assumption of the early fathers hath become complacency in the later sons."

2. Methodism is a unit in its association under one grand supervisory form of Church government. We are one in legislation because all are there represented. The bishops, our executive officers, are a unit in administration. The Conferences—Quarterly, District, Annual, General, and Judicial—are all related. The Quarterly Conference, being the least but, after all, the primary one, meets four times as frequently as the Annual, and sixteen times as often as the General, Conference. The mighty *Discipline* is the bond and guide for each—to the imposing General Conference and the most unpretentious official board meeting; to the mightiest preacher

and the humblest layman; to the senior bishop and the last received probationer. To all of these it speaks the law, making of many one, solidifying and unifying. It utters forth for all the mandate of the Church. By others much decried, derided, misrepresented, it holds on the even tenor of its way. Made anew every four years, except in the important particulars already indicated, it is the same everywhere. To our episcopal administrators and our membership in Africa, India, Europe, and the Orient, it is the same *Discipline* of the same Church. If one traverses the civilized world over, he does not pass from the jurisdiction of this book; for in every quarter he will find the outposts of Methodism and, with Methodism, the Bible and the *Discipline*. If we know the law of the Church in the charge where we live, we know it everywhere. In this is Methodism a unit.

3. The hymn book is a bond of union. Our standard *Hymnal* is an important factor in this unification, more so than many are wont to suppose. Find a congregation that substitutes in public worship other than our authorized hymnals and song books, and we will find a congregation departing from the form of Methodism, and from the power as well. Our hymns are the exponents of our faith, our experiences, our fellowship. When God gave to the world the legislative John Wesley he gave at the same time the singing Charles Wesley, who sang God's love and God's law, his own and his brother John's deep love and rich experience, and his brother John's law into the hearts and lives of the people. The hymns of Methodism have grown with her growth and strengthened with her strength. Our hymnology is part and parcel of our theology. It is one of the strong bonds of union. And the action of the authorities in providing our congregations and Sunday schools with our standard hymnals and in strongly urging their use has contributed to this unity. Let us make more of our *Hymnal* as a bond of union!

4. Another important factor in our union is the Methodist Publishing House. This plant is owned by the Church at large, is managed by the Church, and is run for the benefit of the Church. We cannot compute its unifying value, nor can we fully realize its immense proportions. Its growth and

prosperity are phenomenal. The sales of the last quadrennium, notwithstanding the hard times, amounted to \$7,950,096.64. All this is the property and the business of the Church; all members are shareholders. Our press is the center from which the whole Church is flooded with a wholesome, healthful Christian literature. Our official weekly and monthly publications, including two German issues, the books that are printed, and organs of the different benevolent societies, all are furnishing reading which edifies and saves. The books of the Epworth League Reading Course placed in the hands of the young, together with the three million Sunday school helps which are issued, teach the same doctrines heard in our pulpits, and thus lessen the chances for errors and schisms, adding to our homogeneity. This feature of our connectionalism needs constant iteration and emphasis.

5. Under a general grouping we may include other unifying factors in Methodism. Our colleges and seminaries, as well as our literature, are under the supervision of the Church. We have a common form of public worship. We are joined by our great benevolent interests. We are unified by our method of holding church property—amounting, in round numbers, to \$100,000,000. Controlled as each property is by the local society, it belongs eventually to the Church at large. The wealth of the one is the wealth of the whole, and this is the reason why an appeal for any imperiled enterprise finds a hearing with the general Church. Our method of ministerial supply is also another unifying factor. The preacher rich in attainments, in spirituality, or in other special gifts is the property of the whole Church. And the less-favored minister is none the less the servant of all. The stars are to give light. The glory of one is the glory of all.

6. Making no mention of disintegrating forces, the list of unifying factors so far reviewed has been largely an inventory of the machinery of Methodism—the externals, so to speak. But this is not enough. Deeper than all this must we go to find the true secret of our union, our strength, and our glory. After all, it is the spirit of Methodism that we must emphasize if we would know the secret of her power. What is the true spirit of Methodism? It is the burning, consuming

desire to conquer the world for Christ. Isolation, persecution, common and greatest trials—these were factors in our early union. The days of ostracism and persecution are largely past. But not so our common trials, or our common hopes and common endeavors to lead the world to Christ. Love for the divine Lord, love for the brethren, love for the world lying in sin—this is the spirit which yet actuates the true Methodist, which makes us one in denominational bonds and in the fellowship of all true believers of whatever name.

In our associations, conventions, and Conferences we have most to do with the machinery of the Church. Somewhere we need those meetings in which spiritual power shall be generated. Where shall we look for a meeting that shall give us this? When we have found this we have found the greatest factor of unification. It is the class meeting. Let it be called by whatever name and held under whatever condition, somewhere must we have what answers to this meeting—this time-honored and God-favored institution. Parting with this, we part, as some one has truly said, with the wedding ring of Methodism. Somewhere must there be a place where we shall talk of our divine Lord and of our spiritual life. Somewhere must we find that which shall feed the soul. In the interchange of experience, in the council where the Master is one in the midst shall it be found. We have the form in an increased measure. God grant to Methodism the power of the early Church, and, in the baptism of his Spirit, make us one and indivisible! "There is one body, and one Spirit, even as ye are called in one hope of your calling; one Lord, one faith, one baptism, one God and Father of all, who is above all, and through all, and in you all. But unto every one of us is given grace according to the measure of the gift of Christ. . . . Till we all come in the unity of the faith, and of the knowledge of the Son of God, unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ."

Chas. F. McKown

ART. VI.—THE ROYAL PROGRESS.

IN the fullness of time the earth was consecrated by the presence of One who was "very God and very man." He lived a brief life, taught, suffered, and died for the redemption from sin of his earth-born brethren; and in his departure he left a promise to the small group of friends who adhered to him during his ministry that he would in time draw all men unto himself. After the lapse of nineteen centuries how far has his promise been fulfilled? An answer to the question would require much space and time. Yet some partial consideration of it may be permitted as a grateful theme of meditation to those who, removed in time from his advent as the Son of man, the type of a perfected race, look forward to the consummation of his work in some future millenary.

The first fact that impresses the student of Christian history is the rise and progress of all humanitarian movements. The underlying principles which control, and the methods adopted by those who in any way help their fellows, lie germinant in Christ's Gospel, and have been gradually unfolding themselves to the intelligence of those who carry forward his beneficent work. Still, as of old, in the Eastern Church good will to those in need shows itself largely in the giving of alms—an act that Jesus practiced only in certain cases of immediate urgency, as in the dispensing of sood when the people were pressed with hunger. Some industrial missions of the Latin Church were an improvement on the primitive oriental method; and these attempts have been carried onward by the Moravian missionaries, themselves manual laborers. Oberlin, in a rain-clouded parish of the Vosges Mountains, exemplified the practical duty of brotherly consideration, in the latter part of the last and the first decades of the present century, by improving in every way possible the condition of his villagers. The result of his lifelong work has no precedent of which we know, and the effects of it abide after the lapse of seventy years. Some modification of it is traceable in the settlements and homes established in the poorer quarters of many cities. But the ingrained vices of the lower class require the strong arm

of the law, of righteousness invested with force ; and it would appear that the culmination of collective philanthropy as a science is attained in the preventive, allied with helpful, methods, of which, in this country, Mrs. Josephine Shaw Lowell is recognized as the foremost advocate. According to General Booth, the poor, including the criminals, in London number about four hundred thousand, or one tenth of the population. In New York the proportion is, if anything, higher. In India it is about one fifth, owing to oppressive customs and other local causes traceable through a long past. In general terms, throughout the poverty areas of the globe it is not higher than one fifth nor less than one tenth of the population of the country to which the particular area belongs.

That efficient methods of relieving and, we may add, of eliminating individuals of this class are at last discovered is a fact of immense consolation and importance. We no longer throw out alms for self-contentment and for help, nor do we invade the centers of privation and misery *au Chinois*, with clangor of gongs and trumpet fanfares. The system of our active philanthropies tends daily toward perfection, and consideration for the individual is by no means a lost virtue. Such an organized philanthropic power, for instance, as the Woman's Temperance Union—with its thirty departments, its centralized forces, its associated companies in nearly all the countries of the globe, binding regions near and remote in bonds of good will, diffusing a world-wide morality, guarding and making the *lex scripta*, inculcating the *lex non scripta*—is an instance among many of Christ's progressive work. The missionary movement of the united Church of the Reformation ; the Bible societies operating over the area of the habitable earth ; the care given to the sailor who serves his generation tossed on tempestuous seas far from home, and to the soldier in barrack, field, and hospital—imperfect and inefficient as these yet are, they attest, nevertheless, the length and breadth of the philanthropic purpose. Through these methods and activities, diffused by the appliances of steam and electricity, the utmost of financial, social, moral, and personal force is brought to bear directly upon an intrenched evil, such as the alcohol power, the debasing practices of oriental paganism, the

social system of India. Is it too optimistic to hope that the child is born who will see at least the first of these hoary iniquities outlawed and to some evident degree abolished?

The exposure of children in waste places to become a prey to wild or famished beasts—a common practice in civilized nations prior to the Christian era and practiced also in Scandinavia down to the eighth century—has disappeared as a custom, and, together with other methods of infanticide, is a criminal act, punishable in every Christianized country. It is related in the Yunglinga Saga of Aun the Aged, of Upsala, that to prolong his life from decade to decade he sacrificed to Odin nine of his sons consecutively. At the age of a hundred and ninety—so runs the tale—he would have put to death his tenth and only remaining son, but “the Swedes withheld him.” So effective has been Christian teaching that hardly could a series of filicides, such as this instance of a once prevalent practice, be perpetrated even in realms unreclaimed at present; and, if it were, the report and the abhorrence of it would be heard around the globe. Human bondage, aforetime one of the foundations of the social structure, so inherent, as was supposed, to that structure that its removal was unimaginable, has disappeared, leaving only some vestiges of its ancient legalized forms in localities just opening to the entering wedges of civilization. Methods theoretically humane are also used in the treatment of the insane. Such methods adopted in asylums—first at the Salpêtrière, Paris, at the close of the last century, by Philippe Pinel, and by Dr. William Tuke, a Friend, at York, England, a few years later—were diffused by the establishment of twenty such institutions in as many States of our Union; were advanced by the founding of one or more in Canada; and were rendered well-nigh world-wide by Dorothea Dix, whose powerful personality and limitless sympathy were expended on more than one class and condition of sufferers. Under this later treatment the curable patients are restored to soundness, and the incurable are rendered as normal and comfortable as possible. Some phases of this most grievous calamity show the effect of the teaching of Jesus objectively, in the silent patience and fortitude of the afflicted ones. Not inappropriately did Ary Scheffer

delineate such a one in the group which is seen gathered around his "Christus Consolator."

It has been affirmed that the Latin Church in the period of its largest power completed the periphery of philanthropic relation and enterprise. If this be true of a force now largely spent, what shall be said of the later company of those who, led in diverse directions by Christ's redemptive purpose, extend protection around the lower orders, our earth-born kinsfolk, shielding from wantonness the domestic creatures who serve and entertain us; of those who provide *crèches* for infants, kindergartens for the children of the poor and of the rich, houses of rest and relief for the maimed, the halt, the aged, the sin-stricken, and houses of delight for those who have not known delight? If we examine a directory of the charities of any one of our large cities, and inform ourselves of this one division of Christ's progressive work, we learn that among the deprived classes no want exists for whose supply some degree of Christian endeavor is not made.

A second noticeable fact is the enunciation of a great number of sociological theories and the organization of as many sociological experiments. Never in the history of mankind have they been so rife and so full of happy promise as in the present. Whatever militates against the welfare of mankind comes under the repressive action of committees and commissions; and whatever impedes the normal advance of the race, as considered in collective sections, must go down before the militant energy of these Christianized associations. It is hardly possible to keep pace with the advance of sociology, the youngest of the sciences, and one chiefly notable in that it obtains facts and conducts experiments along the lines of practical Christianity, or, we may say, adjusts such lines to scientific data. So completely has it drawn to itself the earnest thought of the present that certain of its experiments—the colony of Ruskin, for example—have attained to a theoretical, and to the promise of a relatively actual, perfection. By it we have given a city so thorough a system of drainage that it is redeemed for an indefinite time to come from the misery of an annual fever. By it we have enlarged another city with many miles of streets, bordered with neat and convenient

homes for artisans. By it the exertions of Captain Alexander Maconochie, carried on through a series of years in the neighborhood of Van Dieman's Land, sixty years ago, have been lifted into the science of penal discipline and creating anew—no lesser word defines the change—a science which has demonstrated beyond dispute that a considerable portion—it is rated as high as sixty per cent—of criminal character can be eliminated, much as a field can be cleared of weeds. Every influence of stimulus, persuasion, and compulsion, as we know, is brought to bear on the disciplined offender. He is compelled to earn for himself the necessities of life, and he purchases his liberty in due time by attainment to the standard of conduct prescribed for him. On his release he gives guarantees for his obedience to the laws; he remains under surveillance, and, should he slip from his obligations, he is remanded to restraint and discipline till, in the judgment of those in authority over him, his self-control may bear another experiment of self-maintenance and proof is given that a working force of integrity is implanted within the once imperfect or neglected organisms.

The English Chartism of the earlier part of the present century; the contemporaneous socialistic studies of St. Simon and Fourier; the foundation of sociology laid by Comte, a few years later; the peaceful progress of the Swiss, and the extraordinary growth of the North American republic; the widening, liberal tendencies of the west European monarchies—all indicate the advances made in privilege for the people during the last three centuries, from the period of the Reformation, when the overthrow of an overgrown, outworn ecclesiastical power opened the way for independence of thought and of action. This movement toward a free democracy containing Christian elements has evident connections with the teaching and life of Jesus, who, while he came in touch with all classes of men, from the high priest, rulers, and councilors to the wayside beggar, was himself an artisan, and who, as a man, seems to have had a close affiliation for those with whom he belonged by birth and rearing. To an audience of plain people he delivered his first recorded discourse, the Sermon on the Mount; to a lowly woman he first declared himself as

the Messiah; for such was wrought the greater number of his deeds of healing and of blessing. Then he served for the asking—not waiting for them to seek him, as did Nicodemus, or to present petitions, such as those of Jairus and the centurion. What has been named the “condition of the people question” is of remote antiquity. The middle and lower classes early obtained a degree of place and recognition. In Egypt, under the more powerful dynasties, many a man of mark—like the prime minister who rose from the prison and the slave pit—were sons of the people, and were accredited as such in the memorial inscriptions graven on their tombs. The States of Greece were turbulent with the energy of their proletariat, who, in the popular assemblies, colored the politics and had a part in directing the destinies of the republics. Rome had her tribunes, her social wars, her citizen suffrage; and during the period of decadence her system of militarism, worked by men of the people, elected and deposed the emperors. The peasant wars of the medieval centuries; the overthrow of the kingdom of Poland, due in part to the political elimination of its middle and lower classes; the erection of the Russian, Cossack, Swiss, and Italian republics; the privileges and prosperity of the Hanseatic cities; the *débacle* of Italy, sequent to the autocracies of dukes, princes, kings, emperors, popes; the English, American, and French Revolutions—all bear witness to the necessity of an enduring recognition of the people, unregenerate as they are and will be for much time to come, as a prime source of power in the modern body politic.

The antagonisms between capital and labor are of ancient date, manifesting themselves from age to age in various forms. Primarily they indicate, among other things, the conflict between a large intelligence and self-control on the one hand, and a cramped intelligence, a recklessness that casts about for relief from irksome conditions, on the other. There are few laboring men who would object to making a fortune of fifty thousand dollars for themselves; and there are not a few who, with advantages of natural aptitude, special training, and favoring circumstances, have made larger fortunes. But there are no millionaires who have made their money simultaneously with a self-surrender to appetites that impair one's

capacity for affairs. The capitalist, as a rule, is a man possessed of a given degree of power for the gaining and garnering of material substance; and, as statistics of intemperance and other data prove, the average workingman spends relatively more on his appetites and pleasures than the capitalist spends on his luxuries. Persuade and compel the average laborer out of his contentment with his irreligion, his low indulgences, and you put him in the way of possessing money laid by for use; he is started as an incipient capitalist. A company of Swede artisans in Minnesota own their iron mines, forges, and factories, and control their trade. The cooperative organizations of Great Britain and of this country have demonstrated what workingmen can do for themselves when they combine for self-advancement; and if, as we must hope, the mass of them will gradually come to accept other pleasures than their present ones, there is no purchasable possession, comfort, or delight that they may not make their own abundantly. In view of their urgency for material advancement this phase of the subject presents itself with insistence to those who will consider it with an objective interest.

By a natural process it has come about that, while the labor parties and the socialists are devising for the material advancement of the artisan and lower classes, Christians and humanitarians banded in a dozen organizations are experimenting with not less energy for their mental and moral improvement. We have prospectively solved the educational problem. By enactment the juvenile world of Christendom now goes to school and acquires the rudiments of knowledge. Those who serve their kind in the department of education, from the kindergarten to the post-graduate course of the university, are more in number than all the armies led by all the generals in the late civil war, between Canada and the Gulf. And, what is a harder task, the moral redemption of the class historically lowest in moral and spiritual capacity seems at present to be a forecast possibility. In course of time, if the successes of London and Glasgow count for anything, the stews and slums of cities will become relics of the past—relics of which we may retain some few specimens in our cabinets, as we retain an instrument of the Inquisition, a skull of the prehistoric

man. Improved homes for the laborer, with surroundings sanitary and agreeable to the senses; the privileged brother and sister maintaining a sympathetic intercourse with the less privileged; the anticipation of Octavia Hill realized, that "some of us may see the day in which a steady, outgoing influence, a current of imparting and receiving, both being currents of happiness, shall proceed from our homes of plenty to the homes of those poor in mind and estate"—these are the *stadia* in sight and prospective on the roadway of the royal progress of the King.

A third noteworthy fact is the growth of international relations. How excellent are the bonds of brotherhood established for the most part within the present century, bonds whereby men of once alien races are enabled to transact affairs of common interest in unity. Sanitary, Christian, and Red Cross commissions in time of battle minister to both belligerent parties as to friends and brethren. A semibarbarian, massacring his Christian subjects after the manner of his predecessors for six centuries, hears the outcry of the Christian world against him; and the secular powers who hesitate to put a check on him are disturbed, let us hope, by the reproaches of their own and of all other humane peoples. The miseries of a people struggling in the bonds of a hoary oppression are heard around the world. To their ports and for their rescue sail the fleets of the strong, the armies of those whose ancestors redeemed themselves from a similar thrall. A man from Ohio, in constant peril of his life, by journeyings long and dreary obtains personal testimony as to the cruelties of Siberian exile, and delivers his report to the reading constituency of western Europe and America. Everywhere Christians and the Christianized extend aid to one another, be the emergency fire, flood, famine, pestilence, or war. All conduct is subjected, in a sense, to the judgment of the Christians of the world, the voice of the conscience of humanity. What, in truth, is international law, if not a present-day manifestation of Christian amity wrought into the thought and feeling of the lawmakers? The once formidable walls of separation built about the Greek, the Persian, the barbarian, have been leveled by twelve workmen cooperating with a Carpenter,

who have substituted within certain limits concord and open intercourse for exclusiveness and what seemed to be an inveterate instinct of hostility. The degradation of a stranger entering a country to the condition of a serf, or, as in Russia three centuries ago, to that of a prisoner, has given place to a welcome and an assurance of safety among most of the nations east and west of Asia. Savagery is soon to disappear. Cannibalism, as nearly as we know, is extant at present only in the Solomon Islands, whose male population of some seventy thousand is so mentally well endowed, so skilled in certain handicrafts, especially in the construction of canoes—theirs being the swiftest and finest in finish afloat in Pacific waters—that when the missionary and teacher shall reach this people, as will happen shortly, there is no doubt that they will rise to the moral plane reached years ago by the Fijis and the peoples of South Africa.

The fellowship of mankind in affiliating ties renders certain at no far future time some form of international federation. What was the late Parliament of Religions; what are the numerous international expositions, the scientific and philanthropic congresses, the Universal Postal Union, including within its limits every organized nation, but expressions of such a growing unity? "Dear brotherhood of all the world" is the greeting of the missionaries in all the lands beneath the skies. This greeting may not be immediately understood, but it returns not void to those who voice it. Fifty years ago a disciple of Jesus landed on a Polynesian island, and, in the native speech of the people, greeted the chief, who had come down to the shore armed and doubtful, with the words, "I bring my love to you." To-day every native-born adult of the island is a Christian, and does a disciple's duty in maintaining the Christian system in his own land and in the contiguous isles. This gift-laden zeal for human welfare has penetrated the heart of Africa; it is traversing the northern forest of Europe and Siberia; it is opening a way across the deserts of Central Asia, and it has its stations in the restless republics of South America.

It has been pertinently affirmed that no one can acquaint himself with the provision of the Treaty of Geneva without

perceiving that therein lies the beginning of the end of war, if the processes indicated by that treaty shall be carried forward "from precedent to precedent." Arbitration, based on the precepts of Jesus (Matt. xviii, 15-17) and of the apostles, (1 Cor. vi, 2, 7) took distinct form—though not the first form—in Germany about the middle of the thirteenth century as an *Austrag*, or court for the settling of differences between knights, cities, and provinces; and from this early institution it has extended itself to pacts, or bonds of agreement of various kinds, among forty of the nations of our time. The teaching of Jesus is molding the spirit of governments, and is being inwrought with the institutions of States. Said a member of the Peace Congress of Chicago:

When one reads the orders of ministers of state for rifled cannon, Krupp guns, dynamite, and simultaneously, from the same hand, orders for couches, pillows, balms, cordials for wounded enemies; when one finds included in the national war expenses a costly equipment and outlay, a service for disabled enemies equally with that for the nation's soldiery, one perceives that among Christian nations the spirit of war has essentially changed.

Anciently war was an honorable trade, a means of support for arms-bearing men, who shared with their fellows at home the profits of their trade. The fighting was hand to hand, beak and talon, tooth and claw—much the same as that of the geologic period when "dragons tore each other in their slime." The rule was no quarter. The mutilations of captives were as horrible as can be conceived. In the present, a resort to arms is for the sustaining of the balance of power, in pursuance of the judgment of the Areopagite court of the European great nations; or, for the preservation of order, the exercise of a sort of international policemenmanship, as was, on the face of it, our late war with Spain; or, for the maintaining of a collective honor which, in the opinion of the governing parties, cannot be otherwise maintained. Though war is still, in the estimate of the common crowds, an expression of rage and destruction, and entails saddest immediate sequences; though it be actuated apparently by covetousness and perversion of principle, none the less it rests *au fond* on an element which is constructive and preservative. Hundreds of thoughtful minds, as we

know, deprecate it as an unworthy method for the settlement of differences between the more advanced nations; and especially to such minds the Treaty of Geneva is as an arch of triumph erected on the highway of the royal progress. Nor do such forget that each successive anniversary of the peace societies, whose cordon stretches from Philadelphia to Saint Petersburg, reports gains in the number and character of their adherents. Meanwhile, much as we may deplore the brutal assertion of the force of the stronger and wiser over the weaker and untutored, we are led to perceive that He who controls the agencies of evil bears a half revealed relation to all wars. That relation was traceable in the Franco-Prussian and Austro-Prussian wars of this century. It seems to be traceable in the latest clash of arms between a moribund monarchy, that starved its subjects, and a people whose aspiration is for the best that can be got out of life for the lowliest of its number. His spirit is not in the sword, nor in the flash of the cannon. Yet these, like the leopards that were fabled to draw the chariot of an ancient demigod, move in his advance; and the unreason of man against man levels a highway for his progress.

It is a fact of importance and of satisfaction that the direct appliances for the introduction of an era of wide—it is hardly too much to say, of world-wide—peace and happiness are already set in motion. In summary, some of these may be enumerated. The elimination of superstitions and severities which once marred the aspect of society—as the disinvestiture of witchcraft, the abandonment of trial by ordeal and of judicial torture, and the passing of the duel in more Christian countries; the evolution of the concept and practice of liberty; the admittance of woman into the larger realms of mental, moral, and spiritual activity; the establishment of stringent laws of personal purity; the opening of roadways through the mountains and the linking of the nations with swift currents of thought and speech; the multifarious inventions which facilitate the tasks of daily life; the destruction of the germs of disease in the laboratory; the transformation of the deserts by irrigation, the plow, and the spade into a garden, and the consequent increase of the supply of nutrition; the cleansing of

the plague spots of the globe by sanitary knowledge; the mental nurture of children up to their adolescence; the alleviation of pain by anæsthetics; the direction of the moral energy of the century to the home interests, with guarding, purifying power, and the setting of safeguards about the young far into their second decade, when character is finally crystallized—it would seem that such forces must make a way for themselves. The intrenched vices which militate against the happiness of the race are beleaguered by hosts that are resolute for the rebuilding of the human structure, with the rejection of every substance wrought in it for impairment and decay. The ultimate flowering of time, though it still may be “very far off,” is taking visible form in gardens of industry and *ateliers* of beauty. Its glow shines forth between anvils and hammers, and is reflected from numberless appointments of convenience and beauty in happy homes and from works of art in places of public resort. The scattered, varied elements preparing for this efflorescence of beauty and purity, no longer concealed in Egyptian deserts nor walled within monasteries away from the collective life, make themselves manifest in the varied life and activities of the world at large.

Thus does Jesus reign, by these and many other tokens equally visible and potent. Every year concludes a *stadium* of his imperial progress. This progress is a balm for grief, an antidote for discouragement, an incitement to duty and to hope. So manifest, so convincing is it in its transcendence that an atheistic poet is constrained to declare, after the manner of the Mesopotamian seer of old, “Christ leads the generations on”—generations that, to our forecasting vision, shall have surmounted our sorrows and have passed beyond our perplexities:

For all we thought and loved and did
And hoped and suffered, is but seed
Of what in them is flower and fruit.

Mary S. Robinson.

ART. VII.—THE PROLEGOMENA OF CRITICISM—I.

IT seems undoubted that we are not far from a scientific *a posteriori* criticism. The literary signs of the times are unequivocal and gratifying. But we shall not have an *a posteriori* and confident criticism until we are better persuaded upon some fundamental matters. For example, many people believe that there is one direct, plain way to say things, whether in prose or poetry; and that there is an indirect, and perhaps an ornate way, but that these are not legitimate or strong. Again, there is apparently a common belief that there is no determinate difference between poetry and verse. It is the purpose of this paper to bring to light, if possible, the rhetorical and psychological principles that govern choice in the author and compel the judgments of the approving reader.

There are two ways of saying common things. One is the matter-of-fact way, in which they are told in all literalness, and without reference to results or reasons; the other is the philosophic or sympathetic way, in which the plain fact is often obscured, or implied, or even omitted altogether. If we were to watch the unconsidered conversation going on around us, we should better realize the significance of this truth. There is a rumor abroad, let us suppose, that some townsman has made a business failure. Certain acquaintances of his, walking down town together, the morning after, as they pass in front of his closed warehouse, exchange comments. "What does this mean?" asks one. "He made an assignment last night," is the answer. That is surely as straightforward and prosaic as one could wish. But, a moment later, the chief speaker of another lot of advancing talkers, being asked the same question, and aiming to make the same response, remarks, "A man cannot make bricks without clay or straw." Here the real significance of the ambitious tradesman's attempt to do business on insufficient capital is set forth as including potentially the fact of his present distress. In other words, the ultimate principle that has brought about the result in question is made to do duty for the result itself. The next man whose words we overhear will be prob-

ably facetious. He puts it that the sheriff has gone into partnership with the house—in fact, has become business manager—and so forth. This statement, of course, carries not so much as one syllable of literalness, yet is acceptable and pleasing enough, not because it is an evasion, but because, like the myth of Santa Claus, it is truth allegorized. And though the inquirer is answered in this case, not by a fact, but an enigma, he will catch the sense which is intended by the speaker as effectually and almost as immediately as if, like the first man, he has been replied to, with all soberness and literalness, in the matter-of-fact way.

We recognize thus two generic modes of saying common things. We may assert them in literal and individual utterances, or merge them in the respective principles which they illustrate or evince. It has been customary to consider the longer and more indirect locutions as mere variants, and as indulged in to avoid triteness. We shall pretty soon discover that this is not all true or all the truth. There are forces in the mind that cannot be kept in exercise by facts, but must often, if not prevailingly, recognize the principles that make the facts significant. We see some friend fail of success because of inconstancy, and remark upon the case. One of the persons present affirms that the man has never stayed by anything long enough to allow himself a chance. Another of us, feeling that the vital meaning has been left unsaid, ventures a trial of his own. "We must stick to a thing," he says, "until we can control the conditions of success." "That is the theory," he adds, after a moment of further thought, "of what we call specialization." A third member of the group extends the discussion by quoting the aphorism, "A rolling stone gathers no moss." The interpretation of the ultimate meaning implied in our friend's unsucccess is now completely evolved. The first speaker treated the case as an individual happening, and recognized the cause as operating in it alone. The second contributor brought to view a wider application of the principle. The last man universalized the law, and covered it with a formula long since approved by the general spiritual sense of mankind and similarly applied to myriads of instances throughout the English-speaking world.

More frequently, however, in unconsidered parlance, there is no such contributory evolution of the interpretative aspects of common things. Generally the one or the other of two ordinary minds will go straight to the hidden principle, especially when some stupid or matter-of-fact remark precedes; for while dullness, like a whetstone, scorns to carry or take an edge, nothing helps produce one quite so quickly. Once a certain lady conspicuous for plainness of face and manners, and always unpretentiously dressed, appeared in public very much arrayed. The circumstance elicited many comments, two of which the writer heard. One acquaintance exclaimed, "There's a transformation! Did you ever see anything to equal it? She is positively beautiful." Another person, who witnessed the same marvel and experienced a like surprise, remarked simply, "Fine feathers make fine birds." Both these women bystanders gave expression to a fact which, as they felt, needed to be said, one by way of the fact itself as such, the other by way of the principle included in it. We get a more complete experience from the second utterance, because we secure through it not only an effect, but also its ultimate reason brought to mind in a single view. Constituted as we are, we cannot help preferring the longer and the larger look. Our minds could not be held to fact-meanings solely for so long a period as a day, scarcely, indeed, an hour. Half the comfort of living comes from the contemplation, along with ordinary mundane aspects and happenings, of higher knowings. The philosophic mind thinks always of the principle, and will prevailingly employ the principle to express the fact. The mind least awakened to the hidden verities will use the principle for the fact least often, but all kinds and conditions of intellect will do it more or less. In its jocular moments the mind will go through the same movements unseriously. The writer went down town the other morning in a driving rain. It was the third day of the storm, and the city was all agog over its continuance and severity. A dozen of our friends, encountered at one point or another on the way, hazarded remarks. One said, "Well, this *is* a storm"—a proposition to which we assented heartily. The next man averred as his belief that the lake would be soon

enlarged to its original limits. Another's reason was that the tank overhead had certainly sprung a leak or the bottom dropped out; and another had it that it was a pity that the ark had been allowed to get out of repair. We remained the respondent interlocutor throughout these bits of dialogue that we might watch the tenor of the comments which were made. Nine out of eleven were express statements of principles or causes—five of these mock-philosophic, like the last three utterances quoted—while but two were plain observations of the fact sort.

But we are tarrying too long from the purpose of discussing the fundamental principles of literary diction. We have, of course, larger matters on hand than inquiring into the origin or the evolution of oral proverbs. We pause but to remind ourselves that the foundations of literature must be looked for in the inner type forces governing the spiritual life of the race, and hasten on. Of course, utterances other than of the fact kind are by no means always "philosophic," but may be very often "sympathetic," or, as we usually say, "poetic." This, however, will appear more plainly in connection with main arguments soon to follow. It will be well to proceed by means of axiomatic observations, watching closely for new paths to which, or into which, these steps shall lead.

1. It is possible to cast common prose meanings into perfect metric form. The product in each case will not be poetry in the true sense, but versified prose, prose poetry merely. We have known men assert that there is nothing at all in poetry except the form. This is, of course, tantamount to saying that, where the form is perfect, the poetry must be perfect. It will take but a moment to demonstrate by instances whether this is so. Among a great variety of possible examples the following might be ventured:

It rained this afternoon for quite a while.

I have not seen him since he was a boy.

The days have grown so very long of late,
Street lamps are lighted now at half past eight.

The first test to which verse of high pretensions should be subjected is, to determine whether the major rhythm is pro-

nounced and strong. We find that such is the case in each example, as also that the organic structure is, in other respects, complete. But we nevertheless doubt whether lines so barren of æsthetic quality could ever find their way into permanent literature. However, a little inspection will show that Chaucer abounds in them. Milton, with all his dignity, is not above admitting them upon occasion. Shakespeare indubitably writes lines here and there not more select. Wordsworth tolerates them in practice and theory alike. Even Tennyson, pronounced by some critics finical and effeminate for nicety of diction, has many prosaic lines, and even passages, as these examples show:

I waited for the train at Coventry.

We will be liberal since our rights are won.

But, as for her, she stayed at home,
And on the roof she went,
And down the way you used to come
She look't with discontent.

She left the novel half-uncut
Upon the rosewood shelf;
She left the new piano shut;
She could not please herself.

Well, you shall have that song which Leonard wrote.

It was last summer on a tour in Wales.

Old James was with me.

Very evidently the critics who are sticklers for a poetry of mere form mean "form" as we here understand it, plus a certain something else quite different; and we can pretty nearly guess what that increment is. But we shall be content to wait till the principle, two or three topics further on, has been developed in due course.

2. There are no meanings so prosaic as not to admit of being couched poetically, or in such a way as to address imagination and give some degree of pleasure. Perhaps this seems something more, to some of us, than an axiomatic principle. We will consider some very evident examples first. Tennyson opens the first canto of "*The Princess*" with a brief paragraph, which, with the last line altered, runs as follows:

A prince I was, blue-eyed, and fair of face,
Of temper amorous as the first of May,
With lengths of yellow ringlet, like a girl,
For I had had my birthplace in the North.

The plain, prose meaning to be told in the fourth line is, simply, "I was born in the North." This has been extended to the prose-poetic line just substituted. Tennyson, evidently wishing to occasion some incidental delight to the reader's mind, gives the thought quite an imaginative turn, namely,

For on my cradle shone the Northern star.

A little later he makes the prince tell of setting out secretly, within a fortnight of his repulse, for the home of the princess. This allusion to the small interval of time might, one would think, have been well enough cast in this way,

Then, ere two weeks were spent, I stole from court.

But what Tennyson really makes his lovesick hero say, to express that baldest of prose facts, is nothing less than this:

Then, ere the silver sickle of that month
Became her golden shield, I stole from court.

In Canto IV, where the narrative reaches the collapse of the prince's scheme, another notable illustration occurs. The prince, having rescued the princess from drowning and scaled the palace gates, walks up and down the esplanade some two hours or more. Tennyson makes him measure to us this lapse of time, not in denominations of chronometry, but of imagination and of the feelings, thus:

I paced the terrace, till the bear had wheel'd
Through a great arc his seven slow suns.

There are numberless examples of the same thing, in lines and parts of lines, throughout "The Princess" and other specimens of Tennyson's most careful work. There are illustrations rather neater and perhaps more numerous in Mrs. Browning. Shakespeare and Milton and Dante and Vergil, as we well remember, are adepts in the same craftsmanship. As for more thoroughgoing evincements of the proposition with which we began this topic, it will be enough to try some rhetorical experiments with the prose-poetic examples ventured under the last head. If a way can be found to cast such expressions edifyingly, the utmost consequences of the principle named

must be allowed. Nothing seems more hopelessly unæsthetic or barren of spiritual meaning than an utterance like,

It rained this afternoon for quite a while.

But, assuming the line to have had reference, as is true, to a shower in a certain city, where the storm sewers drain all the surface water of twenty-four square miles, and bring the river in such a case more inflow than any half dozen of its head streams, we get a hint of sufficient dignity to rewrite thus:

The river sources shifted to our roofs
For thrice an hour.

The second line,

I have not seen him since he was a boy,

though even more devoid of justifying sense, may be effectually rounded out and dignified after this fashion:

Enhancing years have lifted up the child,
Through some six feet of stature, to bold looks
And virile beard, since last we met.

Finally, we come to the rhymed couplet, cast, as we shall scarcely have forgotten, in the fullest Popean manner:

The days have grown so very long of late,
Street lamps are lighted now at half past eight.

Even this, in its turn, may be reinforced by larger suggestiveness of its ultimate and involved meanings, although the rhyme, which will be little missed, must be foregone:

At summer solstice now the sunsets lag,
And streets are twilight-lit till curfew time.

Imagination may be engaged by truths, as well as aspects of beauty, as these examples show. How this may be, and the law of its double activity, must be next inquired.

3. There are but three things upon which literature may be founded, or of which constructed—facts, truths, and aspects or experiences of beauty. Perhaps it has never occurred to us that literature cannot be compiled or composed of facts as such. For, were that possible, then would a book of logarithms or *The Nautical Almanac* be literature preeminently. The daily newspaper is made up largely of public happenings told as annals, and never rises to the rank of literature because of this fact-preponderance of material. In the editorial and corre-

spondence columns there is matter of a different sort, which sometimes mounts to the dignity and value of true literature. What must editorial writers and correspondents do to impart this permanent quality to their work? "They must write with curious care," says one. But what is it to write with curious care? The critic who is responsible for the answer just quoted is, to be sure, a producer of literature, yet does himself scant justice in professing to be merely an ingenious maker of phrases. Vergil, we may say, wrought literature according to Stopford Brooke's theory, as did also Dante and Milton and Gray and Rogers and Tennyson, and as also Burke and Macaulay and Walter Pater. But Shakespeare and Bunyan and Browning and Carlyle have been literature makers not less, yet cannot be said to have written with much curious care. If it were insisted that even Browning and Carlyle are no exception, then let us take **Walt Whitman**. Here is a man that will be admitted to have made some literature, but with curious carelessness, rather than curious care. Few, we suppose, will insist that the carelessness is more than incidental, or deny that his success has been due to his message, all in spite, rather than in consequence, of the formlessness of form. In like manner must it be finally agreed that even curious care never constitutes in itself the message, but is only an incident or ornament of the vehicle bringing it. There are men, it will be granted, who have written with very much of carefulness indeed—our college students sometimes do that—yet have not in the least succeeded in making literature or in discovering the secret of its power.

The thing that newspaper editors and correspondents must do to write what shall be worth reprinting and making permanent in books is precisely what everybody else must do to gain admittance to the noble throng who are making the literature of the world. They must use facts as the foundation, but do something more than tell the news brilliantly and glibly. They must achieve what historians do when they transform annals into history—bring to the surface the underlying significance of the facts. This is nothing less than what is often called interpretation, which is really the process of bringing to consciousness the spiritual type qualities involved

in any given happening or object. Facts address the intellect, and are of small significance until interpreted. To interpret facts, to identify the spiritual principles which they evince and for which they stand, calls into exercise the soul, the essence of one's being, and exalts consciousness to the realm of the real and permanent and satisfying. The quantum of life that men actually live is registered in the sum of their experiences upon this plane. It is only when men find truth or beauty, or facts potential of either, that they are inspired to write. If one draws a triangle, and by nice mechanical measurements ascertains that the sum of its angles equals two right angles, he establishes a fact which he is prompted to tell, perhaps, but not to write a book about, or send report of to the newspapers. But if he chances to discover that the angles of every triangle are always equal to two right angles, he has achieved a truth, and if it be new—no matter were he Euclid and publishing were as difficult and costly as in his day—he cannot but give it to the world. The impulse would be the same if he had discovered a new principle in education or economics or sociology. The case or fact by way of which the discovery was made would be interesting historically, as would be the apple that Newton saw fall, had it been preserved, but would otherwise be quickly dropped from mind.

The same is true in the sphere of beauty. If one encounters a lank, awkward, bucolic lawyer, and observes nothing in him different from others of his type, he has before his mind simply a human fact which he will perhaps straightway ignore. It is everybody's habit to ignore things that do not carry any ultimate or proximate spiritual significance. But if the observer finally interprets out of this lawyer's speech and behavior the character of a Lincoln, he has discovered principles of nobility and heroism that he is moved to set forth. Others, more moved and having ampler means or opportunity of interpretation, will put together books about him. But he may be minded to write at least a sketch, an essay, or an oration, to make his individual feelings known. The same is true of whatsoever other principle or aspect of beauty shall have been discerned in God or man or nature.

We are again reminded of the imperious control exercised

over us by the type forces enthroned within. These are what make typic things typical to us; they seek for the spiritual aspects, the final meanings of all things met with, and will not be denied gratification in some degree. It thus becomes apparent that the remarks quoted earlier in this paper, from the conversation about the persistent rainstorm, were but crude attempts to give play to type senses or type energies in the mind. These seize at once upon a fact, dissect it, and appropriate its heart of nobleness and worth, and if that seem wanting, feign oftentimes to have found it nevertheless. So the last, or "ultimate," are really the first and nearest, truths. That the three angles of every triangle equal two right angles is an "abstract" truth, last reached but existent before our triangle or anybody's triangle was ever drawn. Similarly, the manliness, sympathy, and altruism discerned in a Lincoln are "abstract" principles of beauty, tardily interpreted and appropriated by the developing soul, yet existent before human character or society began.

Truths and aspects or qualities of the beautiful alone engage and satisfy the soul; that is, if we accept that the good is but a manifestation of the beautiful and merged in it as the generic whole. Facts have no power except as they evince a truth or involve an experience of beauty. A triangle has no spiritual significance as such; but, as an exhibition of the "law" that its angles must always equal two right angles, it has power with the soul. That power is evinced by the "high seriousness" which the soul experiences in presence or on recognition of such truth. Greater truths induce the selfsame sentiment in a higher degree. This high seriousness involves or occasions a recognition of truth as one and unconditioned in a widened spiritual view which has been styled the "mathematical" and the "scientific" imagination, but belongs to all departments in the domain of truth alike. Again, aspects and manifestations of beauty occasion subjective experiences of enthusiasm generally known as idealization. There is always recognition of unconditioned beauty, and some subjective uplifting of the beauty discerned to or toward the unconditioned plane. This is the æsthetic imagination, or "imagination," as usually understood. Imagination is, however, a generalized or

abstract idea, and is properly only a name of the soul in the act of appropriating ultimate truth or beauty.

4. There are three modes of presenting meaning, answering to the three distinct kinds of meaning to be expressed—the fact way, the truth way, and the idealizing or beauty way. Let us take, as the simplest of possible examples under the first head, the sentence, "It was spring again." In this there is no hint of "truths" or "reasons," except in "again," which to most readers will not suggest much of natural law. There is also no hint of any effect from the sentence-meaning that should engage the feelings. This is the fact or prose way. The same idea may be communicated in such a way as not to declare, but merely to imply, the fact through the laws or reasons that compel the fact: "The sun climbed north from the solstice, the earth and the air grew warm, and nature opened again her breasts to flocks and men." In other words, the underlying principles of truth are brought to mind as causes and left to suggest the fact as their proper and necessary effect. Since the sensibilities are somewhat aroused, and in the direction of the sublime, and since the emotion produced is high seriousness, we recognize the mode of presentation as interpretative, and in the truth way. The sublime seems but a name of certain experiences of the truth kind. The same idea may be expressed in such a way as not to declare, but merely to imply, the fact through sentiments of beauty that the fact occasions: "The swallows came back from the south, the wild geese flew, screaming, northward, and the grass broke green again from the sere fields." In other words, the underlying principles of beauty in nature are brought to mind as causes and left to suggest the fact as their proper and necessary effect. Since the sensibilities are aroused, and the emotion produced is one of idealization or delight, the mode of presentation is interpretative, but in the beauty way.

It is now clear how Tennyson succeeded so easily in keeping the lines lately quoted from "The Princess" above the plane of prose. In the first example the real sense to be expressed is, "I was of the northern temperament and type." Hence the sentence, "For I was born in the North," and its prose-poetic paraphrase, "For I had had my birthplace in the

North," are really interpretative in the truth way, since they each make a cause do duty for one of its effects. But a principle so trite and familiar as this has little potency in arousing imagination, and might almost be mistaken for a statement of plain fact. Evidently the author, if he contemplated such an expression—as he certainly did not consciously—was dissatisfied, and sought further. If his mind, like Matthew Arnold's, had inclined to truth, rather than beauty, aspects, he would likely have soon discerned or devised something more potential of "high seriousness"—perhaps like this,

For Northern blood and fancies ruled my brain.

But Tennyson is not a truth-poet like Arnold; most of his interpretative lines and phrases are couched in the beauty way. So, here, he communicates his meaning by making us realize how it would feel to lie in a cradle with the north star shining almost directly overhead. Similarly, the other examples given are of the beauty or idealizing kind.

It has now become clear also how the recasting of the prose-poetic lines, attempted a few pages back, was so effective. They were retold in such a way as to bring to view, quite palpably, certain significant and edifying type qualities. If we can achieve type views of a fresh sort we can make literature by occasion of common things—as Lamb and De Quincey and so many others do. The famous *Essays of Elia* consist but of the simplest meanings, told in an interpretative vein. Each of the prose-poetic lines recast a few paragraphs back, it will have perhaps been noticed, was made over into a paraphrase of the truth kind. It would have been just as easy to change them to lines of the beauty sort, and so have recouched the examples in the third way, if that had been our mood.

5. In prose, typically, the thing to be known is made to do duty for that which is to be felt; in poetry, typically, the thing to be felt is made to do duty for that which is to be known. In prose, typically, all meanings, even emotional ones, are intellectually discerned; in poetry, typically, all meanings, even prosaic, are spiritually discerned. In poetry, spiritual discernment merges the literal; in prose, intellectual discernment is used in place of the spiritual. The character of each spoken or written utterance is not to be sought for

alone in the ideas and language composing it, but likewise in the mood and motives of the speaker or writer. When an author has emotion rather than knowledge to express he will try to make his audience feel instead of know; he will aim to enforce upon them some share in his emotion rather than to give them information. When we hear a cry of "murder" we know the object of the person in distress is not so much to declare a fact as to stir feelings of concern. When we have gone to the rescue we shall most likely find that it is not at all a case of murdering, but of wife-beating or abuse of children. We are made to feel first and get definitive knowledge later. So far as he may the poet does the same. He would make us feel, and is not much concerned, if he succeed, about what happens after.

It is as necessary to know what prose is typically, and what it is not, as to be definitely advised as to what is properly poetry and what is not poetry at all. One of our earliest notions is that whatever is not expressed in verse is prose, and that any one composition cast in unmetric and unrhymed forms is as prosaic as any other lacking the same embellishments. This theory is pretty certain, in due time, to be much shaken. Consciously or unconsciously we become persuaded of an essential difference between the language of the almanac or the market place and such utterances as we find, for instance, in the one-hundred-and-fourth psalm: "Thou art clothed with honor and majesty: who coverest thyself with light as with a garment: who stretchest out the heavens like a curtain: who layeth the beams of his chambers in the waters: who maketh the clouds his chariot: who walketh upon the wings of the wind." These sentences are manifestly nowhere in the least a record of facts. They are nothing, barring the solemn style, but plain prose in respect to form, but are unmistakably something vastly beyond plain prose in respect to meaning. A little reflection will discover to us that by no conceivable rhetorical industry could they be reduced to prose, because in this case the overpowering and all-possessing sentiment cannot be made to descend to items or instances of intellectual knowledge. The thing to be felt is made to do duty for what is to be known, and, since it cannot be merged in

more definite knowledge, remains till the end of the experience wholly unexpanded into knowing. The same must be largely true of all examples in which a seer or poet attempts to impart an experience of the unconditioned. The sentences just quoted are interpretative, as all efforts to give expression to the sublime are interpretative, in the second or truth way. The opening utterance of the Hebrew Scriptures is a yet more potent and significant example: "In the beginning God brought into existence the heavens and the earth." This was originally the product of the most tremendous seership, and must have been indited by its pre-Mosaic author, and discerned for many generations by all truly spiritually minded readers, in a surpassing experience of mystic awe. Now that experience rounds out for us, or the most of us, with the revelations of the telescope and the spectroscope, and with our nebular and monistic theories, into somewhat of intellectual cognition. The language of interpreted truth and beauty is always lofty, but not always versified. Yet sometimes the mind that declares such meanings is not content unless there is added the minor rhythm that we call "meter," but that is native neither to the Hebrew nor the Anglo-Saxon race.

Interpretation is, then, the poet's secret—a secret he has himself not always consciously known. "The greatest thing a human soul ever does in this world," says Ruskin, "is to see something, and tell what it saw in a plain way. . . . To see clearly is poetry, prophecy, and religion all in one." Browning recognizes the same truth, we think, in a better view, by his division of poets into "seers" and "makers-see." It is not difficult for such, or even their humblest disciples, to recast the baldest prose meanings into poetic form. They need but to spiritualize the fact aspects, to transfigure the material and outward with light from the inner principles that they postulate or evince. We can always find some influence or element of the good, the beautiful, or the true, or of their antitypes, in every common thing. For one may make poetry, as is evident, from antitypal feeling. Milton does that, as did Dante long before, and as Goethe has done since.

S. A. Sherman.

ART. VIII.—THE KENOSIS.

THE principal Scripture touching this question, and the one chiefly discussed, is Phil. ii, 5-8. There is considerable diversity in the rendering of the passage, and still more in regard to the meaning of the terms employed. It is, therefore, difficult to secure a perfectly satisfactory and decisive interpretation of it. But a close attention to the literal sense of the terms and phrases of the text will greatly assist us in our efforts to understand the passage.

The title "Jesus Christ" occurs about seventy times in the New Testament. It generally, if not always, refers to him in his incarnate state; for it is by no means clear that in this passage it is properly applied to him in his preincarnate existence. If only a few texts out of a large number can be so construed as to favor this theory, then the case seems quite doubtful. For it is not probable that a matter of so much importance would be left to depend upon a slender and inadequate foundation. When the proof texts are few they ought to be lucid and explicit. If their teaching is not clear and positive, but simply constructive, then an opposite deduction may be equally logical and conclusive.

The word "form" must be taken in the sense of likeness. The phrase "the form of God" is placed in antithesis with "the form of a servant;" and hence this term "form" is employed in the same signification in both instances. To assume the form or likeness of a servant was to take the place or condition of a servant, for that is just what Christ did. So, likewise, to be in the form or likeness of God, was to be in the state or condition of supreme Deity, and that is precisely the character ascribed to him. His Godlikeness consisted in the possession of the divine nature, attributes, and personality, and the consequent majesty and glory of the Godhead. "He thought it not robbery to be equal with God." He considered it no unlawful undertaking to grasp and retain equality with God; that is, to possess, exercise, and exhibit divine majesty and glory to their fullest extent in his incarnate personality. And it would have been no injustice if he had done

so, because "God was in Christ;" "in him dwelleth all the fullness of the Godhead bodily."

"He emptied himself." This is a literal translation, but its application is in controversy. It is generally referred to the deity of Christ; but that is evidently a misapprehension. Of what did he divest himself? Not of his divinity, nor indeed of anything essential to it, for such an emptying must be utterly and forever impossible. He certainly possessed a theistic personality, and exercised divine prerogatives in his incarnate state. Where then is the evidence of self-abasement in the divinity of Christ? The incarnation of Deity was a marvelous condescension, but not necessarily a humiliation or self-abasement. The embodiment of the Deity was simply a modification in his condition, and by no means of his essential personality. It is true that the deity in Christ was enswathed in his humanity, the glory of his Godhead was obscured by his personal environments, and the divine prerogatives were exercised by his subordination to the will of the Father. But that was not a *kenosis* of his deity, nor an elimination of his glory, nor a taking away of his authority. This was simply an official subordinacy, and perfectly consistent with his divine character.

And here the question recurs, What then was the *kenosis* of Christ? It was confined chiefly, if not entirely, to his human personality and to his Messianic offices. The phrase "he emptied himself" is a general statement of the case, and this is sustained by three distinct specifications:

1. "Taking the form of a servant," literally, "a bond servant"—the lowest social position. Not simply did he become a servant of God and of the Church, but a bond servant of the human race. He bound himself to make any sacrifice and to render every service for the ransom and restoration of sin-ruined souls. In himself, as divine, "he was rich," his resources were unlimited. Nature was subject to his will, and the universe was at his command. By his volition water was changed into wine, and the loaves and fishes multiplied into an ample repast for thousands. And yet he went down into the depths of poverty and suffered want. He subsisted by the charity of friends, and was buried in a borrowed tomb.

He "made himself of no reputation." He mingled with the poor, the oppressed, the outcast, and the guilty. He submitted to insult and injury, to reproach and slander, and maltreatment of the grossest kind. All this he endured in order that he might reach the lowest man, lift him up into the light of a new life, into conscious favor and fellowship with God, and ultimately into everlasting glory and bliss.

2. "Being made in the likeness of men"—"in the likeness of sinful flesh" (Rom. viii, 3). This refers to the moral elements of his nature and the probationary conflicts involved. He was a real man, and just as much like other men as he could be, without sin. He endured the trials and afflictions incident to human experience—"a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief." His sensibilities were acute; hence he could not fail to be deeply grieved by unkindness, injustice, cruelty, and moral wrong. His suffering life was also burdened with our great load of sadness and sin. "Surely he hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows."

Again, he underwent the severest moral conflicts. Some of his disciples were weak and vacillating; others betrayed his confidence. His enemies were numerous, powerful, cruel, and unprincipled. A generation of vipers swarmed and hissed in his pathway; and that old serpent, the devil, challenged his supremacy and endeavored to destroy his kingdom. "Then was Jesus led up of the Spirit into the wilderness to be tempted of the devil." The name "Jesus" indicates the human personality. Deity cannot be tempted. "Led up of the Spirit." Not by the Paraclete, for he was not yet given. But the divine Spirit or essential Deity, who dwelt in him bodily—divinity incarnate—led him to the battlefield. "To be tempted of the devil." This was the chief of the fallen angels—the most desperately wicked being in all the universe. It was, indeed, a great self-abasement for Christ to meet Satan in such a combat. But it was intimately related to his great mission as our Saviour. "In that he himself hath suffered being tempted, he is able to succor them that are tempted." His temptation was severe, persistent, and repeated. Doubtless Christ felt the force of his temptations; otherwise they would have been no trial at all, and he would

not have been "tempted like as we are." But our divine champion wielded the sword of the Spirit with such masterly skill that the great adversary was compelled to retreat before the invincible and victorious Son of God. The devil "departed from him for a season."

3. "And being found in fashion as a man." Christ had the physical constitution of man, its liability to suffering and death. If he had been physically immortal, he could not have died at all. But if he was to atone for our sins by the sacrifice of his own life, then he must be mortal like other men. It is evident that he was mortal, for he actually died upon the cross. "He humbled himself." His whole life was a continuous and increasing humiliation, at last "becoming obedient even unto death."

And here is the tragic consummation of this wonderful *kenosis*—"even the death of the cross"—the most ignominious death, the punishment given to the worst of felons. Jesus was crucified between two thieves, as if he were the chief criminal of them all. Wicked men and fallen angels triumphed over him. In the hour of his final agony the Father veiled his face. Then his glory was totally eclipsed, his majesty was buried in Joseph's tomb, and his soul went down into Hades. Such was the profound self-abasement of Jesus Christ.

The Major

ART. IX.—GOETHE.

EMERSON, describing his visit to Wordsworth, in 1833, says: "He proceeded to abuse Goethe's *Wilhelm Meister* heartily. It was full of all manner of fornication. . . . He had never gone farther than the first part; so disgusted was he that he threw the book across the room." * Wordsworth is by no means the only judge who has "never gone farther than the first part," and it is doubtful whether any great writer has ever been approached with more prejudice. In more recent years some of the blame may perhaps be laid upon the Germans themselves, who, especially since the Franco-Prussian War, have often taken on an air as though Goethe had exhausted poetry, and as though the English-speaking world must look to Germany for all literary ideals; whereas, every great literary and intellectual uplift in Germany, and by no means least in the case of Goethe himself, goes back directly to England. The depreciators of Goethe are not usually those who have come to know him at first hand, and they are responsible for much suffering from that chief of all earthly trials, the dogmatism of the uninstructed. He never condescended to charlatanism in order to attract the masses, and he made use of difficult allegory in conveying recondite truths.

We must follow Goethe historically, remembering that his youth was stormy and unclarified; we must take into account the most varied and apparently contradictory manifestations, and deduce our result from the sum total. † The purpose must be separated from the subject-matter; the works were written boldly and freely, and must be received and interpreted in the same spirit which attended their birth. Problematical natures are often delineated, as in the dramas of Shakespeare, who gives us the best key to the interpretation of our poet. Nor must we forget his own desire:

Whom do I wish for my reader? The one most candid, forgetting
Me, himself, and the world; wholly absorbed in my work. ‡

Certain it is that the mighty personality of Goethe is one of

* *Works*, v, 24.

† Comp. Harnack, *Goethe in der Epoche seiner Vollendung*, p. 201.

‡ *Vier Jahreszeiten*, No. 62.

the great possessions of our race, and not yet to be dispensed with. The more important men who have devoted themselves to German literary studies—such as Carlyle, Wilhelm Scherer, Herman Grimm, and Erich Schmidt—have been attracted irresistibly and more and more exclusively to Goethe as the central fact, just as every sincere student of art becomes more and more subject to the influence of the Greeks. While it is a most costly thing to attempt to maintain decaying relics of bygone ages, there are heritages the loss of which would sensibly impoverish mankind.

Goethe's genius is, before all, a poetic and artistic one. "It was for æsthetic ends that I was created," he said in a conversation with Friedrich von Müller.* From his works alone may be deduced a firmly grounded system of normal æsthetics. The pure beauty of his art is perennial, and

Still will keep

A bower quiet for us, and a sleep

Full of sweet dreams, and health, and quiet breathing.

How immense his literary debt to England, even in the so-called "German" element of *Gemütlichkeit*, need not be discussed here. In the period of his creative maturity he is particularly the prophet of Hellenism in art and letters.† After the most varied attempts and studies his artistic theories became settled into a firm conviction that Greek art embodies the noblest simplicity and quiet greatness, and gives permanent and absolute canons of literary excellence, combining naturalness and high culture, freedom and law. He says:

Clearness of vision, cheerfulness of acceptance, easy grace of expression, are the qualities which delight us; and now, when we affirm that we find all these in the genuine Grecian works, achieved in the noblest material, the best-proportioned form, with certainty and completeness of execution, we shall always be understood if we refer to them as a basis and a standard. Let each one be a Grecian in his own way; but let him be one. ‡

A concise putting of his final creed is contained in the little poetical dedications—a feature borrowed by Emerson

* January 20, 1824.

† Michaelis, *Goethe und die Antike*, Strassburger Goethevorträge, 115 ff.

‡ Quoted by Professor Jebb in the *Atlantic Monthly*, lxxii, 552.

for his essays—prefixed to his treatise on *Art and Antiquity*, 1821:

Homer has long been named with praise,
And Phidias in these later days.
Against the two none may contend;
This truth no mortal should offend.

Be ye welcomed, noble strangers,
By each truly German mind:
Only in the Best and Highest
Can the soul true profit find.

This gospel of Greek art was preached with a call for enthusiasm and devotion, but with a demand for severe disciplinary preparation and slow training, as in the days of art under Pericles or the Medici. This element preserved Goethe from the unsound tendencies of the most modern "return to nature." He seeks nature where it is most healthy and beautiful; the crying evil of the present naturalistic movement is that it chooses the vile and the unlovely as an end to its efforts, and art thereby defeats its own chief purpose. Goethe's feeling for the wholesomeness, vigor, and moderation of the Greeks protected him from sickly pessimism and brutal naturalism.

For Goethe's great service to the national literature lay chiefly in the fact that he did return to nature. He holds the mirror up in a way that only Shakespeare has surpassed, and of all natural phenomena the soul of man claims his chief interest, as is especially shown in his dramatic characters. From the *Heath-rose* and *Werther*, both created for an age that needed "heart" above all things, to the end of his life his works come forth from a full, warm feeling; they are strong, genuine impressions, put into symmetrical form. He often emphasizes the preeminence of truth in art: "The inner content of the object to be elaborated is the beginning and end of art;" * "I do all honor to rhyme and rhythm, but the really deep and effective, the truly formative and inspiring part of a poet's work, is that which still remains after it has been translated into prose;" † "All talent is wasted if it be spent upon an unworthy object." ‡ Those who see in our

* *Dichtung und Wahrheit*, vii.

† *Id.*, xi.

‡ *Conversations with Eckermann*, i, 55.

artist one who sacrificed content and purpose to æsthetic beauty err grievously. "Art for art's sake" in its narrower sense had for him no meaning. With all the joyousness and grace and charm of his art, he wrought his apparently most casual work with an underlying purpose of "asserting eternal Providence and justifying the ways of God to men." He well terms his "epigrammatic" poems "the sportive embodiment of profound thought." The artistic clearness, serenity, and repose are so perfect that we can easily forget that the artist uses all these qualities as the expression of a deep intent. From the simplest love motive to the profoundest speculations in philosophy all is breathed into matchless form, symmetrical, melodious, and pure; largely on this account is it true of his works that "the human race takes charge of them that they shall not perish." The realism which sees clearly the facts of life is joined to the idealism which transmutes facts into the higher truth. Goethe's sonnet "Nature and Art" (1802) sums up definitively the poet's æsthetic theory:

Nature and art seem oftimes to be foes,
But, ere we know it, join in making peace;
My own repugnance, too, has come to cease,*
And each an equal power attractive shows.

Let us but make an end to dull repose:
When art we serve in toil without release,
Through stated hours, absolved from vain caprice,
Nature once more within us freely glows.

All culture, as I hold, must take this course:
Unbridled spirits ever strive in vain
Perfection's radiant summit to attain.

Who seeks great ends must straitly curb his force;
In narrow bounds the master's skill shall show,
And only law true freedom can bestow.

Even Professor du Bois-Reymond, in his trenchant attack upon the influence of Goethe, † calls him "the chief lyric poet of all time." Goethe emancipated Germany from bondage to the "correct"—of which he said, "Correctness is not worth sixpence if it has nothing more to offer"—by showing the

* We have in *Werther* (Am 25. Mai) a strong expression of his youthful antipathy to rules in matters of art.

† *Goethe und kein Ende*, 1883, p. 13.

poetic value of the common, natural occurrences of life. His poems are to be referred to definite personal experiences, and come from the depths of the heart; they are the necessary outlet of suppressed emotions; individual experiences are expressed in so vigorous and effective a way that they become typical of a whole range of related psychological phenomena. He finds in the phases of nature and in the simple figures of daily life the adequate poetic interpretation of the moods of the soul. His poems, "woven from sunbeams and odors of morning," have a musical fullness and melody, a grace and breeziness, an elfin lightness and airiness, an irresistible dramatic power, or at times the sweet pathos of mournful elegiac cadence. They refresh, soothe, charm, alleviate, stimulate, and dissolve. This many-sidedness belongs, as well, to the dramatic and prose works, reflecting, as they do, the different periods of the poet's life, but each genuine and true to itself, and each at the summit of its own class, whether romantic, classic, or oriental, contemporary or mediæval. It is a tableau of human experience, subject-matter for the study of mankind. His prose style is clear and luminous, serene in its harmony, strong and uninterrupted in its flow.

Goethe was an interpreter of human life in the fullest sense. We confess to a certain charity toward those champions of Christian morals who discard Goethe altogether, because he did not at all times practically embody the principles of Christian ethics. Such a standpoint is heroic, in being willing to sacrifice any advantage rather than give up the one thing needful; but the alternative seems unnecessary, and is based, perhaps, on too narrow an interpretation of 1 Cor. ii, 2. St. Paul himself made much use of worldly learning, and had a wide knowledge of human experience which particularly fitted him to be "all things to all men;" he confessed himself "debtor both to the Greeks, and to the Barbarians," and commended "whatsoever things are true." There is danger of obscurantism in dispensing with the study of human history as a whole, a danger into which Luther sometimes fell, as when he denounced Aristotle as a "damned, insolent, treacherous heathen." The sanest truth is contained in the words of Professor Dowden:

Such an oceanic writer as Schiller or Goethe may contain within his vastness some things that belong to the rankness and garbage of the earth; but so antiseptic is his large and free vitality, played upon by the sun and breeze, so wholesome is his invigorating saltness, that we may dash fearlessly across the breakers, and quit his sands and shallows for a gleeful adventure in the deep.*

Psychological knowledge is a chief aim of Goethe-studies; he was both universal and impressionable. Applicable are his own youthful words in regard to Shakespeare: †

That which is termed evil is often another phase of good, is as necessary to its existence, and belongs as much to the whole scheme of things, as that the tropics should blaze and Lapland should freeze in order that there may be a temperate zone. He conducts us through the whole world, but we tender, inexperienced souls scream out at every strange grasshopper that jumps across our path, "O, good sir, the monster will swallow us!"

He grasped life as a whole, not in things or parts, and found everywhere in this complex drama sources of enlightenment, entertainment, and elevation. From the manifold world which he presents to us we may get that which we are fitted to appropriate; he does not give us a ready-made product. His own life was most typical of what humanity may accomplish. He founded no school, but liberated his age by giving it inward freedom through truth. Says Carlyle:

And knowest thou no Prophet, even in the vesture, environment, and dialect of this age? None to whom the Godlike had revealed itself, through all meanest and highest forms of the Common; and by him been again prophetically revealed: in whose inspired melody, even in these rag-gathering and rag-burning days, Man's Life again begins, were it but afar off, to be divine? Knowest thou none such? I know him, and name him—Goethe.‡

It must not be forgotten that Goethe was opposed to a false liberalism: "All that sets free the soul, without at the same time giving us self-mastery, is destructive."§ In his scheme of life he demanded full scope for faith and will.

Goethe is a great observer and recorder of the facts of life, rather than the dogmatic exponent of a rigid systematic

* *Transcripts and Studies*, p. 252.

† *Zum Shakespeares Tag*, 1771.

‡ *Sartor Resartus*, book III, ch. VII.

§ Quoted by Harnack, p. 202.

philosophy. He drew wealth from all systems, but was subject to none. While there are apparent contradictions there is a consistent tendency. "I never imagine," he says, "that I have compassed the truth, but one thing I know, I am headed toward the truth." * Says Professor Münsterberg: "God and man, nature and the mind, law and freedom, science and art, religion and history, social questions and ethics, were within the range of his earnest study." Although his interest was directed more toward life and action than toward speculation, he gathered a rich store of golden fruits of knowledge of human nature, society, and thought, and a body of practical synthetic philosophy which he honors his reader by imparting with utter sincerity. Many a youth who is paralyzed by coming gradually or suddenly to perceive that he possesses only an empirical grasp upon the problem of life might have been saved this most bitter experience had Goethe been his schoolmaster. Especially in our country, where sophistry so often passes for demonstration; where tumid rhetoric is substituted for reasoning; where romantic sentimentality, emotional appeals, and crude generalizations often serve for facts; where the radical delusion so often prevails that any man can be anything he elects to be or gets others to elect him to be—there is wholesome instruction to be gained from this superbly endowed student of life; and it is significant for us that his final theoretical result so closely approaches the one to which we are also tending, namely, that the æsthetic ideal is to be postponed to the practical, that the welfare of society is not to be reached through abstract speculation but by labor and accomplishment. Goethe admitted that there were certain insoluble problems, but held that there must be a practical decision in regard to laws of conduct, and the sum of his ethics is, Do faithfully and enthusiastically your own duty to society each day. The perception of truth is not enough; it must be embodied, acted out, applied. The highest work of art is the individual life. Truth can be reached only by the most conscientious endeavor in practice, and the restless striving and yearning of the individual must be brought to a steady, purposeful activity for the good of all men, and not for oneself.

* *An Schultz*, Oct. 25, 1820.

The law of unselfish love to one's fellow-men is the cornerstone of Goethe's philosophy of life. This self-surrender and self-limitation is the release from the feverish quest after all knowledge and all enjoyment; it is the practical philosophy which Goethe preached most insistently.*

How noble is Goethe's counsel to young poets † (contrasted, for instance, with Heine's melodious wails of the spoiled child over certain forms of happiness that he has missed):

When, on entering into active, vigorous, and, at times, disagreeable life, where we must all feel that we are in fact but dependent parts of a great whole, we clamor for all the earlier dreams, wishes, hopes, and good things of our youthful fairy tales, then the Muse takes her leave and seeks the companionship of the one who cheerfully practices resignation and who easily recovers his serenity; who knows how to get some good gain from every season of the year; who concedes its advantages to the skating rink, as well as to the garden of roses; who quiets his own sorrows and looks resolutely about him to find an opportunity of alleviating another's pain or promoting another's joy.

Utterly misleading is Professor Dowden's charge that Goethe "neither taught nor practiced the surrender of one's inmost personality to something higher than the Ego," ‡ for this is precisely what the lesson of existence did teach him, and which he proclaims as the first rule for the conduct of life. § He enjoins resignation, submission, and surrender, not as leading to quietism or the extirpation of one's powers, but that one may give himself to new and better activities; not prohibition and omission for their own sake, but as clearing the way for continuous, positive action. This ideal of devoted labor and service "he taughte, and first he folwed it himselfe."

As a young man he writes to his mother from Weimar, || "I have all that a man can wish, a life in which I daily exercise my powers, and daily make some growth." And in his diary of about the same time he says, ¶ "The pressure of practical duties is most excellent for the soul; when it lays

* Windelband, *Strassburger Goethevorträge*, p. 103.

† In *Kunst und Altertum*.

‡ *The Case against Goethe, Cosmopolis*, II, 641.

§ Comp. *Marlenbad Elegy*.

|| August 9, 1779.

¶ January 13, 1779.

them aside it refreshes itself more freely, and really enjoys life." Step by step throughout his long life he strove upward in action, enthusiasm, and accomplished duty. He welcomed all that could help his growth, even harsh and bitter criticism. He was a model, self-sacrificing servant of the commonwealth. In his latest estimate Herman Grimm says of him, "He always considered his civic duties as the highest and most binding, and unreservedly put all other subjects of thought and action into a secondary place." * "Who bade Goethe superintend buildings, control the military chest, regulate public roads?" asks Professor Dowden, sneeringly. There is probably no other explanation than in the high demands of Goethe's own noble nature, comparable in this to Milton's, whose unselfishness called forth Wordsworth's tribute:

And yet thy heart
The lowliest duties on herself did lay.

His theory of the welfare of the State demanded the faithful performance of the special duty of each man, from the sovereign to the day laborer.† He had, to be sure, a mistrust of the ability of the masses to conduct personally the functions of government in a scientific way; and there are not wanting later observers who, like Amiel,‡ suspect that "the modern zeal for equality is a disguised hatred which tries to pass itself off as love." He demanded, however, the association of all men for the common good, and in *Wilhelm Meisters Wanderjahre* he forecast theoretically, and with profound political sagacity, a new socialistic era in which every individual shall be educated for the service of the State.

A word as to his ethics of the sexes, a matter in which we must not be misunderstood as tolerating for a single instant loose laws of conduct. Absolute purity is the fundamental safeguard of humanity's highest interests, and laxity here is the most fatal of all destructive social errors. But let us not lose all sense of proportion or justice in dealing with the individual Goethe. Luther, in criticising the style of certain fathers of the Church, says, "The good fathers lived better

* *Das XIX Jahrhundert in Bildnissen*, ii, 317.

† Harnack, p. 201.

‡ *Journal*, December 4, 1863.

than they wrote." * But it is, alas! even more true that many of the world's most cherished benefactors have written better than they lived. We do not ban all the works of Shakespeare or Burns or Solomon, or altogether repudiate the high civic services of some of the most efficient statesmen, because of their personal ethical defects; nor do we utterly execrate the memory of Milton because his theories of divorce were loose and destructive. Loquacious critics forget that the adored Schiller, who found in happy marriage with a noble woman a full solution of his moral difficulties, exhibited a vehement advocacy of beastliness in his earlier poems which finds no parallel in Goethe. The latter's Leipzig and Roman periods, especially, countenanced a destructive social order, and this fact cannot be too strongly condemned and deplored; on the other hand, no man has done more to glorify the highest bond of social order, a great pure passionate love—a love which leads to self-sacrifice and disciplinary development, a love unspeakably sacred to every man who

Remembers how his father's eyes
Once on his mother used to brood.

For this reason Goethe's teachings in regard to the relations of the sexes are, in the main, wholesome and commendable. Humanity, in its lower stages, has required much emphasis of checks and safeguards. The fire, which warms and cheers and enlivens, contains the possibilities of the most fearful disaster. No house was ever swept from its foundations by a feeble rill, but shall this be preferred to the powerful stream, able to bear along the freights of a nation? There is a distrust of the stronger human emotions, not entirely unknown in America, which impoverishes life and countenances much misery; which everlastingly preaches repression, instead of going on to perfection; which advocates the false and morbid thought that all sensuous love is sinful; and which makes one believe that there may be even a need, in some places, of reviving the doctrine of the *r habilitation de la chair*, not in the devilish and degrading sense of "Young Germany," of Walt Whitman and Le Gallienne, but in the spirit of Martin Luther or of Goethe in *Hermann und Dorothea*, to

* *Tischreden*, iv, 373.

which work we refer critics for a German picture of normal social life.

Professor Windelband declares that no one can estimate Goethe who fails to recognize how essential an element of his character was his religious feeling.* It was this feeling which brought him into opposition to the absolute individualism of the Storm and Stress period. There had been a potent atmosphere of religious influence in Goethe's intimate surroundings from youth up. His strong friendship for such persons as Jung-Stilling, Fräulein von Klettenberg, and Lavater illustrates these tendencies. His religion settled into a conviction that man is shut in and determined by a higher, purer, unfathomable, eternal power, and that he must gladly and reverently surrender himself to its will. Prayer should chiefly be for lofty thoughts and a pure heart, and its result should be submission and gratitude. His belief in God was more directed toward the manifestations of his power in goodness, reason, and love than toward formal abstract theories as to his existence and personal nature. He believed in a deep religious reverence as the foundation of all character and usefulness. A dominating consciousness of union with God is taught by him to be indispensable for peace and successful activity. He believed in immortality as the logical continuance of the exercise of powers that had been developed by strenuous fidelity through life. "Those who have no hope of a future life," he said to Eckermann, "are already dead for this one."† His reverence for the Bible made him distinctly averse to the higher criticism. He called himself a Christian, and maintained a worshipful reverence toward Christ as the divine manifestation of the highest principle of virtue. "Let intellectual culture," he said, "advance as much as it may, it will not get beyond the loftiness and moral culture of Christianity."‡

His immense services to the intellectual life of Europe cannot be recounted here. He called German poetry into being; his diction supplied his nation with an art-implement such as it had vainly been striving to acquire since the days of the

* *Strassburger Goethevorträge*, p. 96.

† *Conversations*, I, 85.

‡ *Conversations with Müller*, April 7, 1830.

Reformation; the magic inspiration which he gave to the whole tribe of younger poets, such as Rückert, Geibel, Platen, and Heine, can never be measured. In an entirely different field he gave a great widening to the scope and method of the study of the natural sciences. Despite his unfortunate contest with Sir Isaac Newton in the field of physics, modern thought concedes that he laid for all time the foundations for the physiological and psychological study of color.* He is the transmitter of Germany's contribution to the common wealth of modern civilization, representing its "prophetic foresight, its clear-eyed perception of things as they are, its mathematical profundity, physical accuracy, philosophical elevation, keenness of intellect, mobility of poetic imagination, and harmless enjoyment of nature."† He is a colossal manifestation of creative power. Napoleon, after looking at him attentively, said, "*Vous êtes un homme ;*" and it is chiefly this fact that renders Goethe worthy of the earnest study of mankind.

* Jacob Stilling, *Strassburger Goethevorträge*, 147, ff.

† Goethe, in *Farbenlehre*, *historischer Teil*.

James Taft Hatfield

ART. X.—INFLUENCE OF JAMES ARMINIUS ON MODERN RELIGIOUS THOUGHT.

A GIFTED young Dutchman—who had passed through a long and varied curriculum of theological and philosophical study; who, in his progress through the intellectual *stadium*, had won golden opinions from the most learned, judicious, and distinguished men of his age, had excited the loftiest hopes of his most intimate and discerning friends, and had left the echoes of his academic fame resounding in three of the most celebrated universities in Europe—settles, in 1588, as pastor over one of the leading churches of the city of Amsterdam, at that time entitled on account of its close commercial relations with the great trading centers of Europe and the Orient to be called the hub of the mercantile universe. Handsome in person and aspect, graceful and dignified in manner, gifted with a melodious and admirably managed voice, eloquent, powerful, persuasive in speech, and exhibiting withal a ripeness of erudition, a maturity of judgment, a calmness and devoutness of temper, a power of self-command, and a mastery of all the principles of logical disputation quite beyond his years, the young clergyman soon becomes immensely popular in the great Dutch city.

In addition to his renown as a scholar, theologian, preacher, and disputant there attaches to his personal history a certain element of pathos and romance which appeals powerfully to all noble and chivalrous natures. In 1555, only five years before his birth, in the old town of Oudewater, Charles V, with trembling hand resting on the shoulder of the tall and stately form of the young Prince of Orange, had tearfully handed over the government of his vast dominions in Europe and South America, including his rich Burgundian inheritance of the Low Countries, to his son, Philip, in the great hall of the palace of the Dukes of Brabant in Brussels, in presence of the knights of the order of the Golden Fleece and the lords and grandees of Belgium, Holland, and Spain.* Already the population of the country had been decimated by the

* Motley, *The Rise of the Dutch Republic*, vol. I, p. 107.

wasting but unwearied policy of the persecutor. Motley observes:

The execution of the system was never permitted to languish. The number of Netherlanders who were burned, strangled, beheaded, or buried alive, in obedience to his [Charles V's] edicts, and for the offenses of reading the Scriptures, of looking askance at a graven image, or of ridiculing the actual presence of the body and blood of Christ in a wafer, have been placed as high as one hundred thousand, and have never been put at a lower mark than fifty thousand.*

Already the Inquisition and its ruthless agents had goaded a noble and intelligent people to madness. But the little finger of the Spanish Rehoboam is to be thicker than his father's loins. Philip II is yet to develop that character for cruelty and treachery which is to place him in an order by himself, even among the greatest monsters of history. The merciless tyranny of his tool, the Duke of Alva, and the struggle of the Netherlands for civil and religious freedom under the leadership of that wary diplomat and indomitable patriot, William of Orange—doomed at last to die by the hand of the assassin—are yet to come. Lovers of their native land are to be moved to tears as they contemplate the decline of trade, the decay of once prosperous communities, and the impoverishment of the national resources to relieve the chronic impetuosity of a monarch to whom they owe no obligations of gratitude or affection, and as they look upon the growing terror and desolation brought about by war, wholesale judicial murder, and voluntary exile; and yet the cause of freedom is at length to triumph, and Spain is to be compelled to relinquish forever the fairest and most valuable of her possessions in either hemisphere, and to witness the beginning of that disintegration of her vast empire which is still progressing in our own day.

But, if the period of twenty-eight years through which Arminius had already lived may be considered one of the most eventful and most disastrous of his country's annals, the story of his personal life during that same interval makes a recital equally pathetic and impressive. From the moment of his birth to the hour of his appearance in the strenuous public life

* Motley, *The Rise of the Dutch Republic*, vol. i, p. 114.

of the populous and busy emporium of western Europe the ordinary lights and shadows of human experience have checked his path in forms the most extreme and striking. The death of his father leaves him, while yet a mere infant, together with two other small children, to the care of a widowed mother; and the tears of his childhood, during those years of domestic anxiety and hardship and national disquietude and conflict, are often mingled with hers. At fifteen years of age his noble-hearted friend, Theodore Æmilius—an ex-priest of Utrecht—who has generously undertaken the charge of his education, dies, leaving him without friend or resources. And, although the sleepless Providence which molds our lives provides in the most unexpected manner another benefactor on the very spot where the first had fallen, in the person of the noble and learned Rudolph Snellius, who is at the moment in Utrecht on a visit to his native land, the timely gleam of good fortune proves to be immediately prelusive of one of the deepest sorrows that a young and tender heart can ever know. For, no sooner has the talented and aspiring youth reached the home of Snellius in Marpurgh, Hesse, than he hears of the total destruction of his native town, Oudewater, by the Spaniards. For fourteen days he nurses his sorrow without intermission, shedding tears almost hourly.* At length, impelled by eager desire to know something definite as to the fate of his widowed mother, sister, and brother, he suddenly leaves Marpurgh afoot, only to find on reaching the still burning ruins of the town that his worst fears are realized. The fate of Haarlem and Naarden † has been repeated. The Spaniard has once more been true to his instincts, and men, women, and children have been indiscriminately slaughtered. Nothing remains except "the lovely plain on which his Ilion once had stood." Returning to the far-away Marpurgh, burdened with grief, as he came, except that the little spark of hope he had been cherishing as to his family and kindred has died, he at once prepares himself with characteristic resolution to enter the new University of Leyden erected by the Prince of

* "*Hic sane nuncius juvenilem ipsius animum adeo adstirxit, ut totos dies quatuordecim ejulatibus perpetuis et lacrymis consumserit.*"—Caspar Brandt, *Vita Jacobi Armini*, p. 13.

† Motley, *The Rise of the Dutch Republic*, vol. II, chap. VIII.

Orange to commemorate the invincible valor of the citizens of Leyden, who—though reduced to a precarious diet of starved rats and mice, the leaves of the trees growing in the streets, and other unmentionable items of subsistence—held out against the enemy till he was compelled by the flooding of the country and the arrival of the brave mariners of Zealand to retire from the siege. Here, where in other days he is to occupy and exercise the important function of professor of theology and be the recipient—at the hands of his colaborer in sacred studies and relentless antagonist in theological dispute, Gomarus—of its first divinity degree; where through six troubled years he is to contend for nobler and worthier views of God and better hopes for man; where he is doomed to die—the victim of *odium theologicum* in its worst form, and where his name and memory are to be forever honorably associated with the history of the city and university, Arminius at once distinguishes himself, winning in an equal degree the confidence of his instructors and the admiration of his fellow-students. His six years' residence at Leyden only serve still further to exalt the hopes of his growing circle of friends, who at length succeed in inducing the burgomasters of Amsterdam to recommend him to the master and officers of the wealthy Merchants' Guild of the city, by whom he is maintained for four additional years of study in the two most distinguished universities in Europe favorable to the doctrine and discipline of the Reformed Churches, namely, Basle and Geneva.

Thus equipped by a thorough intellectual discipline, by travel in Italy, by wide intercourse with the leaders of thought in many lands, by a comprehensive acquaintance with the science, philosophy, and theology of his day, Arminius is welcomed to the city of Amsterdam. He is regarded as the rising hope, the coming champion of a mailed and militant Calvinism. He is understood to accept and defend it in its most rigid form, as Supralapsarianism. The venerable and renowned Beza—who, by his remarkable energy, erudition, and eloquence, had widened the domain of Calvinism, extended the fame of Geneva,* and elaborated the doctrine of

* Brandt in speaking of the University of Geneva says: "*Illustrissimorum Ingeniorum feracissima mater et palæstra id temporis habebatur.*"—*Vita Jacobi Armini*, p. 19.

the divine decrees to a degree of rigidity far beyond anything Calvin himself, in his later life, at any rate, ever dreamed of —indorses the brilliant young theologian and recommends him to the confidence and affection of the Dutch churches. The scholarly Grynæus publicly applauds him at Basle, and induces the university to offer him at the public expense the highest academical honor it could confer—an honor which his good sense and rare modesty refused. At Padua he attracts the notice of the most celebrated professor of philosophy of his day, Jacobus Zarbarella. In the peculiar phraseology of the time he is "the file of truth," "the touchstone of trial for men of genius," "the razor of budding errors." * No young theologian has fairer prospects before him, if he will only continue to swear in things theological by Calvin and Beza. "He is borne along to fame and glory," to use the language of Peter Bertius, Regent of the College of Divinity at Leyden, in his funeral oration, "with sails full-stretched, prosperous gales, and with his company of rowers in a complete state of efficiency; he has gained the approbation and favor of all who know him." † But God in his providence has equipped and disciplined him for something worthier than to lisp the erroneous or meaningless dogmatic lingo of his age, to rest upon his oars and glide downward with the theological current at his ease. William Farel had solemnly adjured young Calvin, as he was passing through Geneva in 1535, to turn his face at once to the enemy and throw himself into the fight for truth and righteousness against the organized error and corruption of Rome; and he had done so, thus affording another illustration of the truth that only those who know how to obey ever develop any striking capacity for command. Now, half a century later, a similar, though perhaps higher and more authoritative, mandate is to test the young Hollander's loyalty to truth and rouse the latent heroism of his nature.

Very curiously the great problem of his life at last confronted Arminius. But, to understand it fully, it will be necessary to sketch briefly the state of theological opinion in his time. Whatever may have been the private sentiments of Ar-

* "*Alii ipsum limam veritatis, alii ingeniorum cotem, alii novaculam succrescentium errorum appellabant.*"—Brandt, *Vita Jacobi Arminii*, p. 36.

† *Works of Arminius*, Nichols Edition, vol. i, p. 29.

minius concerning the abject enslavement of religious thought within the Reformed Churches to the theological system-builders of Geneva, it is probable that his inborn love of peace and his instinctive shrinking from public prominence, which at times seemed to closely border on timidity, would have withheld him from attacking, of his own initiative, the errors he secretly detested and deplored. It is certain he would have restrained himself in any case if Calvinism had been bringing forth fruits meet for repentance, and had been generally succeeding in molding manly natures for the citizenship of earth and for the inheritance of the life everlasting. But circumstances now transpired which openly challenged the sincerity and courage of his convictions, and made silence or evasion impossible. The Supralapsarianism of Beza, which was a distinct advance on the already sufficiently rigorous system of Calvin, was a comparatively new thing in the Netherlands, whose churches and theologians during the early decades of the Reformation had leaned toward Sublapsarianism—holding the reputedly milder view of St. Augustine, of Sohnius, a distinguished professor of divinity in the University of Heidelberg, of Calvin himself, of Zanchius, and, later, of Cardinal Bellarmine. Besides these two chief schools of Calvinism there had always been in the Reformed Churches able and learned individuals who sympathized with the doctrine of general redemption as held by the pre-Augustinian fathers, east and west; as expounded by Melancthon in the Augsburg Confession; and as maintained by his distinguished disciple, Nicolas Hemmingius, and by the friend of the latter, Peter Baro, who held the Lady Margaret Chair of Divinity in Cambridge University—rendered increasingly renowned by its distinguished occupants of recent years, such as the late Bishop Lightfoot and his lifelong friend and successor in the see of Durham, Bishop Westcott, and the present incumbent. The Supralapsarians held the following view :

God decreed from all eternity to create mankind for this express purpose—to choose or elect certain persons, and to reject or reprobate all the remainder, to illustrate and display his mercy in the former, his justice in the latter, and his glory in both of them. In making this decree God had no regard either to the prospective faith of the elect or to the

foreseen sin, original or actual, of the reprobate; but he determined absolutely to elect the one and to reprobate the other, without respect to anything out of himself, but solely because thus it pleased him to display his own glory. To carry out this determination he decreed also from all eternity that the first man should fall before he begat a child, that by his sin the whole of the human race might be corrupted and rendered obnoxious to condemnation; that the elect few should be adopted to himself in Christ, and finally saved regardless of their personal faith, character, or conduct; but that the mass of mankind, left to themselves, destitute of Christ the deliverer and of every aid to salvation, should at last miserably perish on account of their sins, although those sins have been committed in consequence of God's own inevitable decree. *

It was also held that this decree, as containing "the energetic and sufficient principle of all things, is that by which God resolved that all affairs and actions should certainly and necessarily be done and take place, as well as their circumstances, place, time, means—whether they be of a good description by which the elect are saved, or of a bad kind by which the reprobate perish." † The sublapsarian view is fairly represented in the following words of Sohnus of Heidelberg:

The predestination of men is an eternal and immutable decree of God by which, according to his own good pleasure, he has preordained to eternal life or eternal death the whole of the human race, foreknown by him and considered in the state and circumstances in which they would be after the creation and the fall—that is, as corrupt and called to Christ by the Gospel—for an eternal declaration and expression of his transcendent mercy and justice, and therefore of his glory.

The decree of election and reprobation is in all its essential features the same in both schools, the only difference being that in the one this odious and purely imaginary divine ordinance has reference to mankind thought of prior to creation, while in the other it regards them as created and fallen. Both represent God as purposing from all eternity to elect a portion of the race, and reprobate or pass by the rest, without any regard to the faith and obedience of the one or the sin and unbelief of the other. They are also agreed in teaching that "certain individuals can by no means avoid believing or fail

* Peter Baro's "Summary of Three Opinions Concerning Predestination," in Nichols, *Works of Arminius*, vol. 1, p. 93.

† *Ibid.*, vol. 1, p. 93.

of being saved, while the rest are not able to believe or to be saved." The verdict of the more sincere and less sophisticated mind of our day is that between these two positions there is nothing to choose. But the whole effort of Calvinism was then, as it has often been since to justify itself against the protest of the outraged instincts of man's moral and intelligent nature, and to escape the charge of impugning the equity and justice of God's moral government and of making him the author of sin; and the sublapsarian theory of predestination seemed, in the view of many, to provide the necessary vindication.

This charge and the effort to answer or evade it had been causing anxiety for some time among the younger generation of Calvinists, when, about three years after Arminius had settled at Amsterdam, two Delft ministers—Donteklok and Cornelison—undertook to purge the theology of the Reformed Churches in Holland of the stain that disfigured it, and to rid it of the special difficulties supposed to attach to Supralapsarianism. They had challenged Richard Folkerston Coornhert, an able anti-Calvinist controversialist of the time, to public debate, and had been badly worsted in the contest, but had subsequently published a pamphlet in vindication of their views, which were distinctly sublapsarian. This pamphlet was industriously sown among the people, and at length attracted the notice of Dr. Martin Lydius, at one time minister of Amsterdam, but now professor of divinity at Franeker, in Friesland. Already the ecclesiastical senate of Amsterdam had requested Arminius to answer Coornhert's work, published in 1578. Now, at the instance of Lydius, who had watched his academical career with more than paternal solicitude, he is asked to refute also the errors of the Delft brethren. Taking a high view of the coincidence, the able editor and translator of Arminius's works, Dr. James Nichols, observes:

The providence of God, under whose control are all the affairs of his Church, seems for the wisest and most beneficent purposes to have brought into immediate contact, at a remarkable crisis, two clashing propositions involving an important verity of Christian doctrine, that they might arouse the attention and excite the energies of a mortal who

had been highly gifted of God, and upon whom had been bestowed an enlarged and most capacious understanding and a mind so peculiarly trained to close thought and logical deductions as if it had been educated with the sole intent of skillfully eliciting the portion of conflicting truth contained in each of these propositions and of framing from them a grand and scriptural system which most signally "justifies the ways of God to man." *

From a purely human point of sight, however, it is hardly possible to imagine a position presenting greater difficulties to an ingenuous and candid mind. Bayle, in his *General Dictionary*, insinuates that if the great leader of the Remonstrants had not carried into the theological lists so keen a lance he would have been a happier man. For then he would have escaped the temptation to challenge in the Reformed Churches the almost universally acknowledged supremacy of Geneva. Calvin and Beza were the Jachin and Boaz of the temple of reformed theology. The memory of the one and the name of the other were worshiped by thousands in Holland, Switzerland, Savoy, England, Scotland, and France. When Coornhert, in the debate above mentioned, begun at Delft and afterward continued under the auspices of duly appointed commissioners of their high mightinesses, the States General, at Leyden, had reduced his clerical opponents to confusion and triumphantly demanded in one of their moments of stammering embarrassment, "What! is this the doctrine of Calvin and Beza?" the commissioners "reprimanded him severely for having mentioned the names of these two venerable reformers." To which Coornhert replied, "We are permitted to repeat the name both of God and the devil without being called to account for such words; why then ought we to be blamed for speaking of two mortal men who were liable to error?" Hooker, at a later day, observes in his *Ecclesiastical Polity*, with an allusion to Aquinas:

Of what account the Master of the Sentences was in the Church of Rome, the same and more amongst the preachers of the Reformed Churches Calvin had purchased, so that the perfectest divines were judged they who were skillfullest in Calvin's writings, his books almost the very canon by which to judge of doctrine and discipline. The French Churches, both under others abroad or at home in their own

* *Works of Arminius*, vol. i, p. 63.

country, were all cast according to that mold which Calvin had made. The Church of Scotland in erecting the fabric of their Reformation took the selfsame pattern.*

To question such widely established ascendancy in theological thought, more especially in Amsterdam, one of the chief strongholds of Calvinism outside Geneva, was not a thing to be rashly undertaken by anyone, and Arminius, though intellectually courageous, was hampered with what some might consider an excess of moral caution. His large acquaintance with theological lore, his preeminent ability, the enviable position he had already won for himself in one of the world's greatest cities, together with his keen insight into truth and his incorruptible honesty of mind, were, however, to prove fatal to his peace. For no sooner had he begun to consider the position and the arguments of Coornhert and the answer of his antagonists than he was obliged to admit that the former contained an important element of truth which the latter had entirely missed. To his surprise he found, as his investigations proceeded, that, liberal and comprehensive as his theological researches and studies had been,† there was still a large realm of thought and opinion outside the limited world of Augustine, Calvin, and Beza into which he had as yet never penetrated. To the anthropological and soteriological position of the Greek and many of the Latin fathers he had not given much attention. To the value and importance of the nobly rational and scriptural views of Melancthon and the Augsburg Confession he had been equally indifferent. He had subscribed to the Belgic Confession of Faith and the catechism of the Palatine Churches without noting at first the scope they afforded for variant interpretation, and without remembering that before the comparatively recent domination of Calvinism in the Netherlands milder views of divine predestination had been held and taught by the leading theologians of the country. In the new light which had come the difficulties of Calvinism began to assume a magnitude and a character of which hitherto he had been but dimly conscious, or to which he had been wholly inattentive. Awaking at last as from a dream, he

* *Ecclesiastical Polity*, p. 9.

† Brandt, *Vita Jacobi Arminii*, p. 15.

shrank instinctively from offering further homage to "the bad-principled God," to use the striking language of the sainted John Fletcher, "which had before been quietly worshiped all over Holland."

In its inception Arminianism, unlike Calvinism, was not a thoroughly articulated and scientific system of theology, but simply a principle of loyalty to truth leading ultimately to the adoption of a rule of interpretation in dealing with the great facts of history, providence, and the human soul—with the constitution and principles of God's moral government over men, with the truths of revelation, and with man's relation to God and to the work of redemption—demanded alike by the character and purpose of God, by the general tenor and scope of sacred Scripture, and by the intuitions of the reason and the conscience. Applying this principle of interpretation independently of the postulates or opinions of any school of theologians, and yet with a full knowledge of all that had been advanced and a cordial recognition of its claims to respect, Arminius began, in 1591, to expound the ninth chapter of Romans, which was considered the impregnable citadel of Calvinism, to large and interested audiences in the great church of Amsterdam. The dogmatic views of Calvin and Beza were not directly and specifically assailed. They were quietly cross-plowed or ignored. The universal love and benevolence of God were insisted on, the freedom of the human will vindicated, the predestination to eternal salvation of all who choose to believe in Christ proclaimed. It was shown that men are chosen in Christ before the foundation of the world, not that they might believe under pressure of some irresistible compulsion and so become the subjects of salvation independently of their personal volition and choice, but simply on the ground of their faith and obedience as foreseen by the all-seeing eye; that, on the other hand, men are eternally reprobated and cast off, not on account of some inscrutable and unalterable decree, but because of their personal rejection of Christ, the Redeemer, persisted in, in spite of all the aids and privileges of the Gospel and the free and *bona fide* offer of salvation. To make sure of his ground the preacher, naturally diffident of his own conclusions, untested by competent adverse criticism,

sought quiet and friendly conferences with the ablest exponents and advocates of Calvinism. The letters that passed between himself and Dr. Francis Junius, the distinguished professor of theology in Leyden University, whose chair Arminius was destined subsequently to fill, reflect great credit on the learning, logic, and fine Christian temper of both disputants. A nobler example of skillful theological fencing, inspired by the entirely serious purpose of discovering the hiding place of sacred truth, can hardly be met with in that or any other age. The effort of Arminius to open a correspondence with William Perkins, the great English supralapsarian and professor of theology in the University of Cambridge prior to his examination of Perkins's *Armilla Aurea*, failed through the death of the latter. Pacific conference on great theological questions was, however, generally speaking, impossible in that learned and litigious age. The result of these overtures was interminable disputation in the ecclesiastical senate of Amsterdam, which continued in spite of several attempts to secure peace, until Arminius's election in 1603 to the chair of divinity in Leyden, where the conflict, after a brief and illusive truce between himself and Gomarus, was renewed and continued till the death of Arminius, in 1609.

Even during the brief public life of this remarkable man the great principles of reason and equity on which he laid stress in interpreting the great verities of religion—the character, mind, and purpose of God, and the nature and destiny of man—had made a powerful impression on some of the greatest intellects of his day. “The Remonstrants thank God,” exclaimed his friend John Uitenbogaert, three years after his decease, “that they have been permitted to know, to hear, and to see such a man as Arminius and to enjoy the benefit of his great abilities. They look upon this church as happy in having had such a light, and unhappy in having lost it so soon; but still more unhappy are those who when they might did not learn of him.” In the noble band of men who joined his standard during his lifetime and espoused the cause of general redemption may be named Huig Groot (Grotius); John Oldenbarneveldt, the renowned advocate of Holland, with whom Motley's glowing pages have made us familiar; John Uiten-

bogaert, his fellow-student at Geneva; Simon Episcopius (Bisschop), his young pupil and successor in the chair of theology at Leyden; and Dr. John Drusius, professor of Hebrew in the University of Franeker, all of whom exerted a more or less powerful influence on the fortunes of Arminianism and the cause of the Remonstrants. Of De Groot, Bowring observes in his *Batavian Anthology*: "The very name of Grotius calls up all that the imagination can conceive of greatness and true fame. . . . The authority of his great name, always associated with Christianity, with peace, with literature, with freedom and suffering and virtue, has ever been a bulwark of truth and morals." The sad fate of Oldenbarnevelt—who, at seventy-three years of age, after a long life of splendid public service, was condemned by the Synod of Dort, in 1619, and beheaded at The Hague in August of that year for his attachment to the cause and doctrines of the Remonstrants—is an eternal stigma on the memory of Prince Maurice, and a perpetual reproach to the Calvinistic party. John Uitenbogaert occupied the pulpit of the leading church at The Hague for more than a generation, and was considered one of the most able and eloquent preachers and most judicious ecclesiastical counselors in the Netherlands. The brilliant and learned young Episcopius became, after the death of his great teacher, the leader of the Remonstrant body and its first systematic theologian. His magnificent defense—two hours long—of the Remonstrant cause, delivered in Latin before the Synod of Dort, drew tears from the eyes of nearly all but the haughty and irascible president of the Synod, Bogerman, and was long remembered in other lands by members of the foreign delegations there present, several of the most distinguished of whom became converts to Arminianism on their return to their native countries. Among these may be mentioned Dr. Thomas Goad, vice chancellor of Oxford—"a great and general scholar, exact critic, and historian, a poet, orator, schoolman, and divine" *—and Mr. Hales, secretary to the English ambassador, Sir Dudley Carleton, at The Hague. When the latter heard Episcopius in the Synod expound verse 16 of John iii, "God so loved the world," he said, "There I bid John Calvin

* Echard, *History of England*, vol. ii, p. 122.

good night.”* Among other distinguished theologians of that and the succeeding age who avowed their acceptance of the leading positions of Arminius were Daniel Tilenus, professor of divinity at Sedan; Dr. Christopher Potter; Dr. Thomas Jackson, president of Corpus Christi College, Oxford;† Bishop Andrews;‡ Bishop Davenant; Archbishop Usher;§ Bishop Womack; Dr. Robert Sanderson, professor of divinity at Oxford, and afterward Bishop of Lincoln;|| Dr. Thomas Pierce;¶ and Dr. John Goodwin.** The *Theological Institutes* of Episcopius, seldom read to-day, attracted wide attention in the seventeenth century. The celebrated Benedictine, Father Mabillon, borrowed the work from the library of the Archbishop of Rheims, studied it exhaustively for two months, and recommended it strongly to the monasteries of his order, observing of the author, “His style is beautiful, and his manner of treating his subject answers his style perfectly well.”††

While at first somewhat unfortunate in some of its early friends and advocates, such as Archbishop Laud, the Earl of Stafford, and Charles I.—whose wretched policy of suppression alienated the Puritans from their theology, just as a similar policy banished the Remonstrants in Holland *ex aris et focis*, from 1619 to 1626—the Arminian theology was destined to take firm root in England, and exert a profound and enduring influence on the religious life and thought of the English-speaking peoples on both sides of the ocean. It is no exaggeration to say that the great revival which began in the earlier half of the eighteenth century and has continued to our own day—whose least result, as a distinguished modern historian has reminded us, was the origination of Methodism—would have been impossible under the domination of Calvinism. Whitefield succeeded in reaching the people, and so did Edwards and Tennant, but only because their practical and popular theology was in flat contradiction to their theoretic and speculative

* Nichol, *Works of Arminius*, vol. i. p. 417.

† Flynne, *Anti-Arminianism*, p. 270.

‡ Pierce, *Divine Purity Defended*, p. 125.

§ *Life of Dr. John Goodwin*, by Thomas Jackson.

|| Hammond, *Pacific Discourse Concerning God's Grace and Decrees*, p. 8.

¶ *Divine Philanthropy Defended*, p. 15.

** Jackson, *Life of Goodwin*.

†† *Treatise On the Studies which are Proper for Those Who Live in Monasteries*.

views. And it is undeniable that a distinctly Arminian soteriology lies at the basis of every successful evangelistic movement of our own day. In securing the homage and allegiance of such intellects as that of John and Thomas Goodwin, Arminianism dropped its seed in a deep and rich soil. For, though John Wesley and his most scholarly preachers, such as Coke, Fletcher, Asbury, Clarke, and Watson, were not unacquainted with the *Disputationes Publicæ et Privatæ* and other works of Arminius, and with the Latin treatises of the ablest of the Remonstrants, such as Episcopius, Limborch, the elder and younger Brandts, it was mainly through the noble works of the Goodwins that they came to know Arminianism in its best form. Fletcher, in preparing his *Cheeks*, made a careful study of the works of the Remonstrants; and Wesley's indorsement of the great Dutchman was characteristically cordial and complete. He called his first popular serial *The Arminian Magazine*, and says of Arminius:

The declaration of his opinions, which he spoke in an assembly of the States, serves at once by facts to evidence the unfair usage he met with, and to proclaim to the world as manly and rational a system of divinity as any age or nation has produced. His uncommon mildness and forbearance, rendered still more extraordinary by the age in which he lived, is apparent in every page of his writings; and his disputes with the celebrated Junius and our English Perkins on the subject of predestination are, for the polite and generous manner in which he has conducted them, an honor to human nature.*

**Arminian Magazine*, 1778.

Hosea Hewitt

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENTS.

NOTES AND DISCUSSIONS.

"THE belief that all things are working together for some good end is the most essential expression of religious faith; of all intellectual propositions it is the one most closely related to that emotional yearning for a higher and better life (for oneself and for mankind) which is the sum and substance of religion. . . . Only admit that the divine attributes are (as they must be) incommensurably greater than human attributes, and our faith that all things are working together for good may remain unimpugned." So writes the earliest American interpreter of Darwinism, basing this optimistic belief on the teachings of modern science as a thoroughgoing theistic evolutionist understands them.

RELIGION and theology are not identical, nor even inseparable. Genuine religion may exist without formal theology, and theology without religion. The essence of religion lies rather in moral submission to the divine rule of life than in mental subscription or consent to any number of fixed dogmatic formulas. Religion means, according to the Christian understanding, obedience to the great twofold commandment given and exemplified by the divine Founder of our holy religion. To love God and man, to "move upward working out the beast," to "let the ape and tiger die," is the test and essence of true religion. Thus defined, it is within a child's apprehension; while the freshest and deepest philosophy declares to-day that the rank of individuals and communities in the scale of civilization is determined and marked by the degree of their conformity to Christ's great commandment. Twenty-five years ago the author of *Ecce Homo* described the nature of the essential faith, which is the pith and core of true religion, with rare ethical and spiritual penetration, as follows:

He who, when goodness is impressively put before him, exhibits an instinctive loyalty to it, starts forward to take its side, trusts himself to it—such a man has

faith, and the root of the matter is in such a man. He may have habits of vice, but the loyal and faithful instinct in him will place him above many that practice virtue. He may be rude in thought and character, but he will unconsciously gravitate toward what is right. Other virtues can scarcely thrive without a fine natural organization and a happy training. But the most neglected and ungifted of men may make a beginning with faith. Other virtues want civilization, a certain amount of knowledge, a few books; but in half-brutal countenances faith will light up a glimmer of nobleness. The savage, who can do little else, can wonder and worship and enthusiastically obey. He that cannot know what is right can know that some one else knows; he who has no law may still have a master; he who is incapable of justice may still be capable of fidelity; he who understands little may have his sins forgiven because he loves much.

THE PHYSICAL EFFECTS OF ALCOHOL.

In a church prayer meeting, where the subject for the evening was "Temperance," a physician of high repute, member of the medical staff of a large hospital, contributed to the interest and profit of the occasion a lucid, concise, and comprehensive statement of the nature and effects of alcohol from the medical point of view and as ascertained by scientific investigation. We here present a condensed but faithfully accurate report of the substance of his address.

The appetite for stimulants of some kind is almost universal among the nations and tribes of men. The distinguishing and intoxicating element in the stimulants most in use—in malt and spirituous liquors—is alcohol. The great majority of the thoroughly educated members of the medical profession are agreed on two conclusions, which have been verified by critical observation and experience :

FIRST. *To the human system in health alcohol is unnecessary and injurious*; unnecessary because it does nothing which the healthy body cannot better do for itself; injurious because it introduces into the system a superfluous element, a drug which the physical economy knows not what to do with; injurious also and especially because of its dangerous tendency to inflame the appetite rapidly and fasten the drink habit upon the man or woman. (Etymology drives home a sharp truth; literally, intoxication is poisoning.)

SECOND. *In some kinds of sickness alcohol has its proper use as a medicine.* Administered in *small quantities* it is observed to have a beneficial effect on some abnormal conditions. Its definite effect when thus administered is to stimulate the action

of the brain and heart. In certain emergencies it is medically useful. In cases of faintness a *small quantity* will revive the sufferer by quickening the heart action; and in cases of chill, when the surface of the body has become cold, a *little* alcohol will help to restore normal temperature by sending the warm blood to the surface again. Occasionally, also, in cases of surgical wounds, in erysipelas and in similar conditions, it gives favorable results. In certain kinds of poisoning, moreover, as from bites of venomous reptiles and insects, alcohol, itself essentially a poison, seems to neutralize or antidote in a degree the effect of the venom, a different kind of poison, which has been injected into the circulation by the bite. And, again, in some chronic diseases the symptoms are moderated and the distress is mitigated by the judiciously prescribed use of alcohol in some form. These facts the medical faculty are familiar with and substantially agreed upon.

But it is urgently necessary to emphasize the yet more undeniable fact that the miscellaneous, indiscriminating, or excessive use of stimulants in any and every sort of sickness, or when one is not "feeling very well," can do nothing but damage and is certain to work immeasurable and irretrievable harm. No one but a capable physician knows the specific conditions in which the use of alcohol is justified or called for and what quantity ought to be given, or is competent to decide whether these conditions exist in the particular case. The taking of medicines, except on the advice of a qualified physician, is at all times hazardous, and especially is this true with reference to alcoholic stimulants, unless in some simple and well-understood emergency like chill or certain conditions of faintness.

To recapitulate and reiterate, the two conclusions clearly established by medical science in relation to alcohol are:

1. To the healthy body it is in all its forms and combinations entirely unnecessary and positively injurious.
2. In sickness it is of use only in particular conditions which cannot be judged of and decided to exist except by medical skill, and it should be taken like arsenic, strychnia, or aconite, or any other poison used as medicine, only on the definite prescription of the physician.

On the authority, therefore, of practical and experimental medical science, as stated by an eminent physician, claiming to speak for the bulk of the intelligence of his profession, the ideal

community, the community properly instructed and regulated by science, would be one in which alcoholic liquors were nowhere sold as a beverage and could be procured only on the written prescription of a regular medical practitioner. To produce such a community instruction of the youth in all schools as to the baleful, poisonous, and malignant effects of alcohol is a necessity.

This ideal would satisfy the Church. And if the day ever comes when the scientific forces and the religious forces are solidly united in the purpose and effort to actualize this ideal it will be done; for nothing can withstand such a union. That such a day is sure to come we firmly believe. "We see the triumph from afar; by faith we bring it nigh." Not until that day comes can this land be really Christian.

However baffled and delayed by contradictions, disagreements, and confusions,

'Tis coming up the steep of time,
And this old world is growing brighter;
We may not see its dawn sublime,
But high hopes make the heart beat lighter.
We may be sleeping in the ground
When it awakes the world in wonder,
But we have felt it gathering round
And heard its voice of living thunder.
'Tis coming! Yes, 'tis coming!

OTHER PEOPLE IN MRS. BROWNING'S LETTERS.

MR. RUSKIN once wrote: "Mrs. Browning's '*Aurora Leigh*' is, as far as I know, the greatest poem which the century has produced in any language." Without agreeing in the least with this opinion, it seems fair to say that views and criticisms on the characters, actions, and productions of numerous notable persons from a woman whose work John Ruskin in his prime could so eulogize are likely to be interesting and valuable, especially when found scattered about in private letters—frank, impromptu expressions given in the freedom and candor of friendly correspondence. No small part of the teeming and palpitant life of Mrs. Browning's letters* consists in the impressions made upon this acutely sensitive, utterly sincere, and intensely

* *Letters of Elizabeth Barrett Browning*. 2 vols., crown, 8vo. New York: The Macmillan Company. Price, cloth, \$4.

earnest woman by the various celebrities, mostly though not exclusively literary people, whom she knew by personal intercourse or by correspondence or by trustworthy report. Because of her native country and native tongue the greater part are English; by reason of her long residence and interest in Italy some are Italians; by reason of the warm and early welcome given in America to her poetry a number are Americans; while by reason of her occasional periods of residence in Paris a few are French. Probably no objection will be made to our exhibiting and advertising here the richness of the volumes which hold the confidential thoughts of one of the most gifted of women as she poured them out freely through thirty years of letters.

She was thirty years old when she had her first sight of Wordsworth and several other notables and wrote:

I was not at all disappointed in Wordsworth, although perhaps I should not have singled him from the multitude as a great man. There is a *reserve* even in his countenance which does not lighten as Landor's does, whom I saw the same evening. His eyes have more meekness than brilliancy, and in his slow, even articulation there is rather the solemnity of *truth* itself than the animation and energy of those who seek for it. As to my being quite at ease when I spoke to him, how could you ask such a question? I trembled in both soul and body. But he was very kind and sat near me and talked to me and recited a translation by Carey of a sonnet of Dante's—and altogether it was quite a dream! Landor, too—Walter Savage—in whose hands the ashes of antiquity burn again, gave me two Greek epigrams he had lately written, and talked brilliantly and prominently until my brother abused him afterward for *ambitious* singularity and affectation. But it was very interesting. And dear Miss Mitford too! And Mr. Raymond, a great Hebraist and the author of *A Cure for a Heartache*. I never walked in the skies before, and perhaps never shall again when so many stars are out!

Mrs. Browning made frequent efforts to convert her friend Mr. H. S. Boyd to something like her own admiration of Wordsworth's poetry. Thus she writes:

As to your "words of fire" about Wordsworth, if I had but a cataract at command I would try to quench them. Do you remember his grand ode upon "Childhood"—worth, to my apprehension, just twenty of Dryden's "St. Cecilia's Day"—his sonnet upon Westminster Bridge, his lyric on a lark in which the lark swells and exults, and the many noble and glorious passages of his "Excursion"? You must not blame me for estimating Wordsworth *at his height*, and on the other hand I confess to you that he is frequently heavy and dull. "Wordsworth's spirit has worked a good work, and has freed into the capacity of work other noble spirits. He took the initiative in a great poetic movement, and is to be praised, not only for what he has done, but for what he has enabled his age to do. For the rest, Byron has more passion and intensity, Shelley more fancy and

music, Coleridge could see further into the unseen and was the grander genius, and not one of those poets has insulted his own genius by the production of whole poems such as I could name of Wordsworth's, the vulgarity of which is childish and the childishness vulgar. Still, the wings of his genius are wide enough to cover its feet with their shadow, and our gratitude should be stronger than our critical acumen. Yes, I will be "a blind admirer of Wordsworth." He was a great poet to me always; and always, while I have a soul for poetry, will be so. I do not understand the Greek meters as well as you do, but I understand Wordsworth's genius better. He is a philosophical and Christian poet, with depths in his soul to which poor Byron could never reach. Do be candid.

Remarking that she does not know where Wordsworth was educated, she expresses her opinion that "Apollo taught him under the laurels, while all the Muses looked through the boughs."

Carlyle pleased the Brownings by a letter which said, "Not for years has a marriage occurred in my private circle in which I so heartily rejoice as in yours." After he had journeyed with them from England to Paris she writes:

He left a deep impression on me. It is difficult to conceive of a more interesting human soul. All the bitterness is love with the point reversed. He seems to me to have a profound sensibility—so profound and turbulent that it unsettles his general sympathies. Do you guess what I mean, or is it as dark as my writings are said to be? We met Carlyle once at Mr. Forster's in London, and found him in great force, particularly in the damnatory clauses.

Tennyson, who was not redundantly magnanimous and gracious toward the Brownings, received from them unaffected admiration and generous offers of affection. Her letters hold such recognitions as these:

Tennyson is a great poet. He can think, he can feel, and his language is highly expressive, characteristic, and harmonious. He thrills me sometimes to the end of my fingers, as only a true great poet can. . . . With all my admiration of him I would gladly find in him more exaltation and a broader clasp of truth. Still, it is not possible to have so much beauty without a certain portion of truth, the position of the Utilitarians being true in the inverse. But I think as I did of "uses" and "responsibilities," and do hold that the poet is a preacher and must look to his doctrine. Perhaps Tennyson will grow more solemn, like the sun, as his day goes on. In the meantime we have the noble "Two Voices" and, among other grand intimations of a teaching power, certain stanzas "To J. S." which very deeply affected me; the lines beginning,

"The wind that beats the mountain blows
More softly round the open world."

Take away the last stanzas, which should be applied more definitely to the *body*, or else be cut away altogether as a lie against eternal verity, and the poem stands as one of the finest of monodies. The nature of human grief never surely was

more tenderly intimated or touched—it brought tears to my eyes. Tennyson is not a Christian poet, up to this time, but let us listen and hear his next songs. He is one of God's singers, whether he knows it or not. We have read Tennyson's "Princess," and I am disappointed. What woman will tell the great poet that Mary Wollstonecraft herself never dreamt of setting up collegiate states, proctordoms, and the rest, which is a worn-out plaything in the hands of one sex already, and need not be *transferred* in order to be proved ridiculous? As for the poetry, beautiful in parts, he never seems to me to come up to his own highest mark, in the rhythm especially. The old blank verse of Tennyson was a divine thing, but this new—mounted for certain critics—may please *them* better than it pleases *me*. Still, the man is Tennyson, take him for all and all, and I never shall forgive whatever princesses of my sex may have ill treated him. What you tell me interests me as everything about him must. I like to think of him digging gardens—cabbages and all. At the same time, what he says about the public "*hating* poetry" is certainly not a fit word for Tennyson. Perhaps no true poet, having claims upon attention *solely* through his poetry, has attained so certain a success with such short delay. Instead of being pelted (as nearly every true poet has been) he stands already on a pedestal, and is recognized as a master spirit not by a coterie, but by the great public. If he isn't satisfied, I think he is wrong. Divine poet as he is, and no laurel being too leafy for him, yet he must be an unreasonable man, and not an understander of the growth of laurel trees and the nature of a reading public. I have read "In Memoriam." It is full of pathos and beauty and has gone to my heart and soul. All I wish away is the marriage hymn at the end, and *that* for every reason I wish away—it's a discord in the music. The monotony is a part of the position—the sea is monotonous and so is lasting grief. Who that has suffered has not felt wave after wave break dully against one rock, till brain and heart, with all their radiances, seemed lost in a single shadow? Tennyson stands higher by reason of this book. What he lacked, in the opinion of many, was an earnest personality and direct purpose. In this last poem he appeals direct from heart to heart, as from his own to the universal heart, and we all feel him nearer to us. The winding up of "Maud" is magnificent, full of power, and there are beautiful, thrilling bits before you get so far. Still, there is an appearance of labor in the early part; the language is rather incrustured by skill than spontaneously blossoming, and the rhythm is not always happy. The poet seems to aim at more breadth and freedom, which he attains, but at the expense of his characteristic delicious music. The Laureate, being in London for three or four days from the Isle of Wight, spent two of them with us, dined with us, smoked with us, opened his heart to us, and ended by reading "Maud" to us from beginning to end and going away at half past two in the morning. If I had had a heart to spare, certainly he would have won mine. He is captivating with his frankness, confidingness, and unexampled *naïveté*. Think of his stopping in "Maud" every now and then, exclaiming, "There's a wonderful touch! That's very tender! How beautiful that is!" Yes, and it *was* wonderful, tender, beautiful, and he read exquisitely in a voice like an organ, rather music than speech.

Of a precocious poet who made a brief sensation the letters have such notice as the following:

Alexander Smith has noble stuff in him; a true poet in opulence of imagery,

more imagery than verity, more color than form; defective so far (he is said to be very young) in the intellectual part of poetry. His images are flowers thrown to him by the gods, beautiful and fragrant, but having no root either in Enna or Olympus. There is no unity, and holding together, no reality properly so called, no thinking of any kind. Tennyson says of him, "He has fancy without imagination." Still, it is difficult to say at the dawn what may be written at noon. He may attain, as he ripens, more clearness of outline and depth of intention. Certainly he is very rich and full of color.

Of Charles Kingsley there is this brief mention :

Mr. Kingsley, the "Christian Socialist," author of "Alton Locke," "Yeast," etc., impressed me most agreeably. I like and admire him. He is original and earnest, full of a genial and almost tender kindliness which is delightful. Wild and theoretical in many ways he is of course, but I believe he could not be otherwise than good and noble, let him say or dream what he will. "Manly," do you say? But I am not fond of praising men by calling them *manly*. I hate and detest a masculine man. *Humanly* bold, brave, true, direct, Mr. Kingsley is—a moral cordiality and an original intellect uniting in him.

Ruskin's *Modern Painters* evokes such comments as these :

A gifted but eccentric writer! Very eloquent he is, and true views he takes of art in the abstract, true and elevating. It is in the application of connective logic that he breaks away from one violently. Very vivid, graphic, full of sensibility, but inconsequent in some of the reasoning, and rather flashy than full in the metaphysics. Robert, who knows a good deal about art, could agree with him only by snatches, and we, both of us, standing before a very expressive picture of Domenichino's, wondered how he could blaspheme against so great an artist. Still, he is no ordinary man, and for a critic to be so much a poet is a great thing.

To Ruskin, when he had lauded, extravagantly as she thought, her poems, she wrote :

Not being a mere critic, but half critic and half poet, you may be encumbered sometimes by the burning imagination in you, may be apt, when you turn the light of your countenance on a thing, to see the thing lighted up as a matter of course, just as we, when we carried torches into the Vatican, were not perfectly clear how much we brought to that wonderful Demosthenes, folding the marble round him in its thousand folds—how much we brought and how much we received. Was it the sculptor or the torchbearer who most produced the effect? And like doubts I have had of you, I confess. . . . You don't mistake by your heart, through loving, but you exaggerate by your imagination, through glorifying.

Mrs. Browning once characterized Harriet Martineau as "the most manlike woman in the three kingdoms—in the best sense of man—a woman gifted with admirable fortitude, as well as exercised in high logic, a woman of sensibility and of imagination certainly, but apt to carry her reason unbent wherever she sets her foot, given to utilitarian philosophy and the habit of logical analysis;" and yet strangely, though not to our surprise, these

letters show us Miss Martineau, at intervals through the years, as dying at one time of cancer, then claiming to be cured of this by mesmerism, then carried away completely as a believer in clairvoyance and spiritualism, then repudiating mesmerism, and falling at times into loudly declared atheism, which again she several times renounced. Little did Harriet Martineau's boasted "logic," "reason," and "manlike mind" avail to give intellectual dignity, consistency, poise, or reasonableness to her life. A not inappropriate place for her statue would be in a museum of classical art along with the marble figures of Juno, Diana, Minerva, and other goddesses of polytheism, although she was rather too vacillating to stand safely steady on a pagan pedestal or any other.

Vanity Fair makes this impression:

Very clever, very effective, but cruel to human nature; a painful book, and not the pain that purifies and exalts! Partial truths, after all, and those not wholesome. But I had no idea that Thackeray had intellectual force for such a book; the power is considerable.

Of Samuel Rogers, young and bold, light-hearted and witty, at eighty-three, this is written:

It is a fine thing when the light burns so clear, away down in the socket. I, who am not an admirer of his *Pleasures of Memory*, do admire this perpetual youth and untired energy. Then there are other noble characteristics about this Rogers. A man said the other day: "Rogers hates me, I know; he is always making bitter speeches about me, and yesterday he said so and so. But, if I were in distress, there is one man in the world to whom I would go without hesitation, at once and as to a brother, and that man is Rogers." If he is harsh sometimes in his words, he is always generous in his deeds. He makes an epigram on a man and then gives him a thousand pounds.

After hearing Chalmers, Mrs. Browning wrote:

His sermon was on a text whose extreme beauty would diffuse itself into any sermon preached upon it—"God is love." His eloquence was very great, and his views noble and grasping. I expected much from his imagination, but not so much from his knowledge. It was truer to Scripture than I was prepared for, although there seemed to me some *want* on the subject of the work of the Holy Spirit on the heart, which work we cannot dwell upon too emphatically. He "worketh in us to will and to do."

A few Americans appear in Mrs. Browning's Italian letters:

Mrs. Stowe has just arrived and called this morning. I like her better than I thought I should—that is, I find more refinement in voice and manner—no rampant Americanisms. Very simple and gentle, with a sweet voice; undesirous of shining or posing as it seemed to me. Never did lioness roar more softly; and the temptations of a sudden enormous popularity should be estimated, in doing her full

justice. She is nice-looking, too; and there's something strong and copious and characteristic in her dusky, wavy hair. For the rest, the brow has not very large capacity; and the mouth wants something both in frankness and sensitiveness, I should say. Her books are not so much to me, I confess, as is the fact that she above all women (yes, and men) of the age has moved the world—and *for good*. We were both of us charmed with her simplicity and earnestness, and I who had looked for what one usually finds in women was startled into much admiration and sympathy by finding in her a largeness and fearlessness of thought which, coming out of a clerical and Puritan *cul-de-sac*, and combined with the most devout and reverent emotions, is really fine. In Florence, Mr. Powers, the sculptor, is our chief friend and favorite, a most charming, straightforward, genial American, as simple as the man of genius he has proved himself needs to be. O, those great burning eyes of his, eyes like a wild Indian's, so black and full of light. You would scarcely wonder if they clave the marble without the help of his hands. Miss Hosmer, the young American sculptress, is a great pet of mine and of Robert's. She emancipates the eccentric life of a perfectly "emancipated female" from all shadow of blame by the purity of hers. She lives here all alone (at twenty-two); dines and breakfasts at the *cafés* precisely as a young man would; works from six o'clock in the morning till night, as a great artist must, and this with an absence of pretension and a simplicity of manners which accord rather with the childish dimples in her rosy cheeks than with her broad forehead and high aims. . . . She is a daring horsewoman and has been thrown thirty times. Mr. Story, the sculptor and poet, represents Hawthorne as not silent only by shyness, but by inaptitude; a man, it seems, who does not open out socially with his most intimate any more than with strangers. It isn't his *way* to converse. That has been characteristic of some men of genius before him. As for getting anything from him on the subject of spiritualist manifestations, his opinions are expressed in the *Blithedale Romance*. He evidently thinks them a sort of scurvy spirits, good to be slighted because of their disreputableness. Theodore Parker removed from Rome to Florence in an extremity of ill health, and died there. There was something high and noble about the man—though he was not deep in proportion.

Mrs. Browning was an intense democrat, in keen sympathy with struggling peoples everywhere, loving liberty and hating slavery of every sort. In revolutionists and patriots she had an earnest interest.

Mazzini came to see us the other day, with that pale, spiritual face of his and those intense eyes full of melancholy. I was thinking, while he sat there, on what Italian turf he would lie at last with a bullet in his heart, or perhaps with a knife in his back, for to one of those ends it will surely come. . . . He is a noble and unwise man. Unfortunately the epithets are compatible. Kossuth is neither very noble nor very wise. I have heard and *felt* a great deal of harm of him. The truth is not in him. And when a patriot lies like a Jesuit what are we to say or do?

Eight years later she had an altered opinion of Mazzini:

He deserves what I should be sorry to inflict. He is a man without conscience.

Great was her love for Italy and her admiration of Louis Napoleon for the aid he lent to the Italian cause. Of that strug-

gle the chief hero was Garibaldi, especially in his Neapolitan campaign. In 1860,

We are all talking and dreaming Garibaldi just now in great anxiety. Scarcely since the world was a world has there been such a feat of arms. All modern heroes grow pale before him. It was necessary, however, for us all even here, and at Turin just as in Paris, to be ready to disavow him. The whole good of central Italy was hazarded by it. If it had not been success it would have been an evil beyond failure. The enterprise was forlornier than a forlorn hope. The hero, if he had perished, would scarcely have been sure of his epitaph even.

But a little later,

Our poor Garibaldi, hero as he is, and an honest hero, is in truth the weakest and most malleable of men, and has become at last the mere mouthpiece of the Mazzinians. If the Bourbons' fall had not been a little delayed North and South Italy would have broken in two.

The day after Cavour's death, in 1861:

I can scarcely command voice to name Cavour. That great soul which meditated and made Italy has gone to the diviner country. If tears or blood could have saved him to us, he should have had mine. A hundred Garibaldis for such a man! May God save Italy!

Concerning an Irish leader, one letter to friends in England contains this:

You are very vainglorious, I suppose, about O'Connell; but although I was delighted at the reversal by the House of Lords of his conviction for conspiracy, a victory for justice and constitutional law, yet he never was a hero of mine; if he had been, I should have been quite ashamed of him for being so unequal to his grand position as was demonstrated by the speech from the balcony. Such poetic sublimity in the position, and such prose in the speech! He has not the stuff in him of which heroes are made. There is a thread of cotton everywhere crossing the silk.

In Paris, in 1858, she saw Charles Sumner, who, for cure of the effects of Bully Brooks's bludgeon, was passing through the burning torture under the hands of French surgeons.

Do you remember the Jesuit's agony in *The Wandering Jew*? It is practically that. Exposed to the living coal for seven weeks and the burns taking six weeks to heal. Mr. Sumner refused chloroform and suffered intensely. Of course, he is not able to stir for some time after the operation, and can't read or sleep for the pain. Now he is just "healed," and is allowed to travel for two months, after which he is to return and be burned again. Isn't it a true martyrdom? What is feared is paralysis, or at best nervous infirmity for life, as the result of the blows of that savage.

Not overpatriotic as an English woman was Mrs. Browning, but often deeply displeased with England's attitude and action in matters at home and abroad.

Charles Tennyson married an Italian, but is intensely English, nevertheless, as expatriated Englishmen generally are. Robert's patriotism grows and deepens in exact proportion to the distance he goes away from England. It is not so with me; I am very cosmopolitan, and am tired of the self-deification of the English nation at the expense of all others. We have some noble advantages over the rest of the world, but it is not all advantage. Our "representative system" is nonrepresentative, and socially we are much behind most foreign peoples. And of continental affairs we understand nothing in England. As Cousin said, long ago, we are "insular" of understanding.

In 1855 she writes:

O, the Crimea! How full of despair and horror! The results, however, will be good if we are induced to come down from the English pedestal of self-glorification and learn that our close, stifling, corrupt system gives no scope for healthy and effective organization anywhere. We are oligarchic in all things from our Parliament to our army. According to the last marriage statistics thirty per cent of the male population signed with the *mark* only. London is at once the largest and ugliest city in Europe. If we cannot fight righteous and necessary battles we must leave our place as a nation, and be satisfied with making pins. . . . I begin to think that nothing will do for England but a good revolution, and a "besom of destruction" used dauntlessly. We are getting up our vainglories again, smoothing and spreading our peacock's plumes. . . . The English are a peculiar people. They think that their worst is better than the best of exterior nations, that God made only the English, that over the rest of the world he has cast out his shoe. Truth, generosity, nobleness of mind and will, these things are imagined not to exist beyond the influence of the *Times* newspaper and the *Saturday Review*. . . . A clever English woman (married to a Frenchman) told Robert the other day that she believed in "a special hell for the Anglo-Saxon race on account of its hypocrisy."

In January, 1861, Mrs. Hooker, an American, gave a great ball at her house in Rome, and Mrs. Browning wrote:

So you see our Americans can dance even while their republic goes to pieces. I think I would not do so. Not that I despair of America—God forbid! If the North will be faithful to its conscience there will be only an increase of greatness after a few years, even though it may rain blood betwixt then and now. Mr. Story, the sculptor, takes it all very quietly. He would be content to let the South go and to accept the isolation of the North as final. "We would be better off without the South," says he. I don't agree with him; I think the unity of the State should be asserted with a strong hand, and the South be forced to pay taxes and submit to law.

Such are some of the opinions concerning men and women, peoples, policies, and events, held by the greatest of poetesses, foremost of English women in her day and dearest of women to the Italy where she lived her best years, died, and lies buried; and such the varied interest of her letters lately issued by the Macmillan Company.

THE ARENA.

"RECENT PHASES OF THOUGHT IN APOLOGETICS."

THE valuable and timely article by Professor Rice on this subject, in the *January Review*, reaches the conclusion that the real evidence for Christianity "is not found in any one line of argument, but in the convergence of all lines. The dome rests, not on one pillar, but on many pillars." It is to be found, however, that the article tends to weaken some of these converging lines.

First the author attacks the argument from design. After showing, properly enough, that the principle of causality compels us to believe in an eternal and self-existent ground of all other existence, and that the design argument is of value only in helping to determine whether that ground is something intelligent or unintelligent, he proceeds to question the value of the ordinary design argument—at least to the man who believes that the process of evolution, carried on mainly under the guidance of the principles of natural selection and the survival of the fittest, has caused the eye or any other complex organ, or combination of organs, to become what it is. On the other hand, some writers maintain that the theory of evolution strengthens the design argument and enlarges its scope. Doubtless, if one thinks of natural selection and the survival of the fittest as blind principles of guidance, he will find no intelligence manifested in any result to which they may lead. The product results from the process, and the process is without intelligence; therefore the result shows none. But that is plainly a begging of the question. If one leaves the question of the blindness of the guiding principles undecided until the process is completed, and then examines the product to see if it could have been produced without intelligence, he will be in precisely the same logical relation to the question that he would be if he had never heard of evolution. If he finds evidence of intelligence in the product he will need to infer intelligence in connection with the guiding principles of the process.

The professor uses an illustration to make clear the weakness of the ordinary design argument. He finds a vessel packed solidly with various objects, so that practically all the space is occupied. One exceedingly complicated object has salient angles which exactly correspond with the reentrant angles in adjacent objects, and *vice versa*. There seems to be ground here for two inferences: first, that some one intended the vessel to be full; second, that the complicated object was specially designed for the particular space which it was to fill. The vessel, however, "had reached its present condition by a process of shaking [accidental], wherein the small objects had gradually rattled into the chinks between the large ones and the hard objects had impressed their form upon the

soft ones." Now, if the argument for design drawn from the consideration of the eye rested solely upon the fact that it fits into its socket nicely, that illustration would be in point. From the time of Anaxagoras and Socrates, however, "order" and "adaptation" have been the watch-words of the writers on this controversy. Order is a mark of intelligence. The adjustment of the parts of an organ so as to secure its functional perfection indicates intelligence. These are the forms of the design argument. The professor's vessel of objects and his complicated object with salient angles would show little or no order and no adaptation to the performance of any function. His illustration, therefore, throws no light upon the argument from design in nature. I conclude that the argument is not weakened by Darwinism. Butler's *Analogy* is not a suitable reply to modern agnosticism, to be sure; but agnostics are not the only rejecters of Christianity in our day. To the class for whom it was intended, those who believe in God but reject Christianity, Butler's great work is still of value. While not the only pillar, it is one of the pillars on which the dome of Christian truth rests.

Is there not also something of value in another line of argument upon which the professor heaps ridicule? "Proposition 1. There is a God, because the religious intuitions of humanity affirm that there is a God. Proposition 2. There is need of revelation, because the religious intuitions of humanity are so conflicting and uncertain that they are good for nothing. Proposition 3. Christianity is a revelation from God, because the religious intuitions of humanity approve it." Concerning this it is well to observe:

1. These propositions are not affected by modern thought, and are as true now as they ever were.

2. Most, if not all, of the defenders of Proposition 1 present additional arguments for their belief in God.

3. Proposition 2 is stated more strongly than the case demands. It is not necessary to state that the religious intuitions are good for nothing, but simply that they were not adequate to lead man into all the religious truth that he needs.

4. Defenders of Proposition 3 do not rely entirely upon the competency of men to pass judgment upon the content of a supposed revelation, but very largely upon the competency of the human reason to pass judgment upon the validity of the evidence that the revelation is supported by divine sanction in the form of miracle and prophecy.

5. The best book reviewers are not always the best writers of books. Ability to appreciate Shakespeare does not presuppose ability to write Shakespeare's plays. Ability to understand the demonstrations in Newton's *Principia* does not presuppose the ability to discover the truths there demonstrated. Ability to appreciate any mental product does not presuppose ability to create it. Ability to pass judgment upon a divine revelation does not presuppose ability to have discovered the truths revealed.

6. The professor himself doubtless believes that God has revealed himself to man, either in Christ or in the Bible, or both. That revelation doubtless gives us truths which we needed but could not discover, and upon which we pass favorable judgment. If so, the argument which he ridicules is valid.

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WAS THE FAMILY AT BETHANY JEW OR GENTILE?

In an article on "Martha and Mary," by Dr. Walsh, in the *May Review*, the novel theory is advanced that the family at Bethany with whom Jesus was so familiar were Gentile. We wish to briefly examine the grounds upon which the writer of the article bases his theory:

1. Dr. Walsh argues: "This repeated statement that many of the visitors were Jews seems superfluous on the supposition that Martha's house was Jewish, for the place was nigh to Jerusalem, and one would not think of the friends being Gentiles unless it were so mentioned. But it is not stated that the sisters were Jews." Whatever force there is in this argument disappears when we reflect that the frequent use of the word "Jew" is a characteristic of John's gospel as a whole. It is used more than eleven times oftener than in any of the other gospels, and sixty-eight times in all. The word is used more frequently, in both the eighteenth and nineteenth chapters, than in the eleventh, and just as often in our Lord's conversation with the Jews in the eighth chapter as in the narrative we are considering. It is constantly used where no one would think of the persons "being Gentiles unless it were so mentioned." For example, "The Jews sent priests and Levites from Jerusalem to ask him, Who art thou?" No sane man would think of Gentiles sending priests and Levites to John the Baptist, if it had not been stated that they were Jews.

As for the omission to state "that the sisters were Jews," John does not tell us that the man born blind was a Jew. It is said of him that "the Jews did not believe concerning him that he had been blind;" and that his parents "feared the Jews, for the Jews had agreed already," etc. Can we conclude that this man and his parents were Gentiles?

Concerning the reasons for the frequent use of the word "Jew" in John's gospel, the late period at which John's gospel was written may partly account for it. Canon Westcott says that the title "Jew" in this gospel "is perhaps used exclusive of those who lived in the limited region of Judea." Also, that "from first to last they appear as the representatives of the narrow finality of Judaism."

2. Dr. Walsh says, "Luke tells us that the woman who anointed Jesus was a Gentile, for that is the meaning of the word 'sinner' in Simon's thought." Respecting the identification of the two anointings as one—which appears to be Dr. Walsh's only purpose for putting forth his theory of the Gentile nationality of Martha and Mary—we say nothing.

ing, although persuaded that one took place in Galilee about the middle of Christ's ministry, and that the other happened at Bethany just before the crucifixion.

As regards the word "sinner," meaning "Gentile," it was undoubtedly so used sometimes by the Pharisees. Let it be noticed, however, that Luke also calls the woman a sinner. It is hardly possible that Luke, who was probably a Gentile himself, would mean Gentile when he said "sinner." Our Lord also speaks of her as one who had deeply sinned, saying, "Her sins, which are many, are forgiven." The Pharisees did not invariably mean Gentile when they called a man a sinner; for, when Jesus went to dine with Zaccheus, they said he was "gone to be a guest with a man that is a sinner." So, also, they even called our Lord a sinner. They said to the man born blind, "Give God the praise; we know that this man is a sinner." But, admitting that Simon meant "Gentile," upon what possible principle could Simon, the host, object to a Gentile anointing the feet of his guest, while at the same time her sister was intrusted with the management of the feast, and was serving in order that Simon—as Dr. Walsh suggests—"by this arrangement would be somewhat relieved from the duties of host, so that he could show the scant courtesy to Jesus which Christ points out?"

3. Again, the article continues, "Martha's faith is very like that of the centurion of which Jesus said, 'I have not found so great faith, no, not in Israel.'" This reason is remarkable. Until seeing it we had never imagined that ethnic fruits could be discovered in faith. We also fail to see any special likeness in the two expressions of faith. The centurion's faith was perfect of its kind—"Speak the word only, and my servant shall be healed." Martha's faith does not appear to have had the sturdy confidence of the Roman soldiers, during her brother's sickness. Witness her plaint, "Lord, if thou hadst been here, my brother had not died." But her trust nevertheless soared into higher regions than the centurion's. It is doubtful whether he had Martha's unwavering confidence in the resurrection at the last day, for this was a Jewish belief. Therefore Martha's confession of faith in Jesus as the Messiah and the Son of God places her faith side by side with that of the foremost apostles, rather than that of the centurion. Taking her faith as a whole, it is seen to be based upon Jewish beliefs, and in no particular betrays her Gentile origin.

4. Dr. Walsh further says, "Making himself so intimate with the Gentile family would not be a strange thing for Jesus to do." It would certainly be strange, in the sense of being uncommon, for where is there a similar instance of such intimacy? But such a thing would not be an unaccountable thing for Jesus to do. However, such close intimacy was not probable, for his earthly mission was especially to his own people. The scruples of Peter in after years are difficult of explanation, if he had been accustomed to be entertained by a Gentile family along with his Master. And Dr. Walsh says, "It would seem . . . that many,

perhaps all, of his disciples were entertained in Martha's house." One thing the narrative makes clear—it could not be thought strange that Jesus should be intimate with the family at Bethany. The fact that many Jews from Jerusalem were also intimately acquainted with them, and were consoling them in their home, and weeping with them at the grave, frees our Lord's intimacy with this family from any suspicions of strangeness. The strange thing that needs explanation is the close intimacy of so many Jews with Martha and Mary, if they were Gentiles.

We are forced to the conclusion that this large and intimate Jewish acquaintanceship, the fact that Martha managed the feast at Simon's house, the Jewish belief that underlay Martha's creed, and, especially, our Lord's intimacy with them and his acceptance with his disciples of their frequent hospitality all point to the Jewish nationality of the family at Bethany.

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"THE CUP OF SORROW."

In steering clear of Scylla, Dr. Robert Watt, in his article on the above subject, found in the *March Review*, runs dangerously near Charybdis, when he says: "Death in the garden, with longed-for Calvary in the near future, would indeed be a bitter cup. . . . Death in the garden would have robbed him of one cherished boon of his earthly life." This sounds more like the voice of extemporaneous oratory than the thought of deliberate writing. Did Christ really long for Calvary? Was the cross the one cherished boon of his earthly life? Would a mode of death which did not in some way involve wicked hands in its accomplishment and imbrue them in his own precious blood have snatched from his grasp the only prize he had coveted? How then shall we reckon with Paul when he says, "Had they [the princes of this world] known it, they would not have crucified the Lord of glory?"

Without taking issue with the really essential features of this delightful exposition of "The Cup of Sorrow," it nevertheless seems to me that it puts more stress upon the literal cross, in these two passages, than it can safely bear, and more than its own argument requires. On this point Dr. Pope (*Theology*, ii, 161) justly remarks: "As entering into the fulfillment of the determinate counsel and foreknowledge of God, the crucifixion may be said to have been an accident of the Passion. . . . It was the death [of Christ] that was predestined; the cross was only foreknown." This harmonizes with Paul, and properly guards Dr. Watt's main position. The language of breaking hearts ignores the demands of logical consistency, and the attempt to analyze the consciousness that is suffused with sorrow, and to define the emotions of unutterable grief which struggle for expression in prayer, are always perilous undertakings. But Dr. Watt has done his work well.

WILLIAM POWICK.

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THE ITINERANTS' CLUB.**INTERPRETATION BY PARAPHRASE.**

MANY years ago Dr. James Strong published a *Harmony of the Gospels* in English as also in Greek. He resorted to a paraphrase on points needing special explanation, as a clear and concise method of interpretation. This method is quite in order at the present time, one of the great commentators prefixing a paraphrase to each section before entering upon a critical examination of the words and sentences. Such a practice is quite in harmony with present methods of instruction, and deserves consideration on the part of biblical students. There are a number of advantages in this form of exposition, and some dangers. One advantage is that it enables the reader to note at a glance the meaning of obscure phrases or sentences. In other words, it places before the eye, without effort, that rendering which would otherwise require a note of explanation. There are many passages of Scripture which are from their nature obscure to an untrained reader, and yet all interpreters are agreed as to their meaning. On all such passages a paraphrase may render great service.

A paraphrase may be of value, also, in the interpretation of passages on which there are differences of opinion as to the meaning. In the latter case, however, we should accept the paraphrase as merely the opinion of an individual writer, and as having only the authority of his name. In this regard it may render important service, for it shows the differences of opinion as to the meaning of a passage. It also gives to the Scripture a literary form, after the modern method, and is thus especially attractive to the young. The old discussions clothed in literary form are thus adapted to the thought of our time, and reveal beauties both in sense and expression which are not ordinarily perceived by the untrained reader.

Further, a paraphrase compels precision of statement on the part of the one who attempts it. When one is obliged to express a meaning in a few words there is no chance for circumlocution, or even for the indirectness which characterizes the extended discussions that are to be found in many of the commentaries. Brevity has been found to be a great help to clearness of style. A paraphrase which is not clear is not acceptable to the careful reader, for the paraphrase becomes helpful only in the proportion in which it expresses concisely and yet fully the mind of the writer.

We submit some illustrations of a paraphrase of difficult passages of Scripture which show the excellence of this method. We place side by side the paraphrase of Rom. i, 1-5, as found in Stevens's *Epistles of Paul in Modern English* and in Sanday's commentary:

STEVENS.

I, Paul, address you Romans as one obligated to the will of Christ, commissioned by a divine call and specially set apart to the work of spreading the Gospel which God has given to man—a message whose truths were heralded in advance by divinely inspired men in writings which, by reason of their origin and contents, are sacred, because they bear witness to the Messiah, who was, indeed, in his earthly manifestation a descendant of David, but who, in his spiritual and essential life, was proven to be God's son by a glorious act of power, even an act of resurrection. Such is the divine attestation of Jesus, who has applied God's grace to me and made me a messenger to secure, for his glory, that obedience to him which springs from faith, among the heathen peoples.

SANDAY.

Paul, a devoted servant of Jesus Christ, an apostle called by divine summons as much as any member of the original twelve, solemnly set apart for the work of delivering God's message of salvation. The message which I am commissioned to proclaim is no startling novelty, launched upon the world without preparation, but rather the direct fulfillment of promises which God had inspired the prophets of Israel to set down in holy writ. It relates to none other than his son, whom it presents in a twofold aspect: on the one hand, by physical descent tracing his lineage to David, as the Messiah was to do, and on the other hand, in virtue of the holiness inherent in his spirit, visibly designated or declared to be son of God by the miracle of the resurrection. He, I say, is the sum and substance of my message, Jesus, the Jew's Messiah and the Christian's Lord.

A comparison of these two instances of paraphrase with the versions of 1611 and 1881 will give to the student a very clear perception of the train of thought of the apostle, as it is found in the opening verses of his great epistle.

There are dangers, however, as well as excellencies. The above passage forms an illustration. There is danger lest the reader shall feel satisfied with the paraphrase, and not look beneath it to ascertain how far it represents the original Scriptures. He must not be led to think that the paraphrase is always expressive of the meaning of the Scripture, but must remember that it is the meaning which the author attaches to the Scriptures. It will be necessary, therefore, for the critical student to examine the whole passage with a careful commentary, in addition to the paraphrase. For example, in our ordinary versions there is the phrase "Spirit of holiness" (verse 4). By Stevens it is rendered, "who, in his spiritual and essential life." By Sanday it is translated, "In virtue of the holiness inherent in his spirit." There can be no substitutes, it is therefore evident, for the study of the word, either in its original languages or in the versions made by scholars which represent its exact form. If the paraphrase tends to make the reader feel that it is his guide, without seeking the foundations on which it rests, it will have done an injury rather than have proved a help. If one turns to Sanday's commentary he will find that other renderings of this passage

have been held by eminent scholars. One is that the "Spirit of holiness" is the Holy Spirit, "the third Person in the Trinity." Another is that it means the divine nature of Christ, as distinguished from his human nature. The third is the rendering given in the paraphrase. So that at every point of a paraphrase it is necessary for the critical student to consult a careful commentary before reaching a decision, as the paraphrase is merely the expression of the view of the author consulted, while opportunity does not permit him to give in detail his reason for the opinion that he holds.

The inadequacy of the paraphrase, which is therefore evident at this point of the discussion, may be shown by reference to Stevens's and Sanday's rendering of another passage, Rom. viii, 18-20:

STEVENS.

Of this coming blessedness we find everywhere an eager expectation. Even inanimate nature seems to be awaiting it. The reason is that God, in subjecting nature to the law of decay and death, mingled an element of hope with this condition, which leads her to expect deliverance from this law and participation in the freedom from sin's curse which awaits God's children. Such a prospect for nature seems suggested by the condition of eager yearnings and intense dissatisfaction which she shows with her present condition.

SANDAY.

What of that? For the sufferings which we have to undergo in this phase of our career I count not worth a thought, in view of that dazzling splendor which will one day break through the clouds and dawn upon us. For the sons of God will stand forth revealed in the glories of their bright inheritance. And for that consummation not they alone but the whole irrational creation, both animate and inanimate, waits with eager longing, like spectators straining over the ropes to catch the first glimpse of some triumphal pageant. The future, and not the present, must satisfy its aspirations. For, ages ago, creation was condemned to have its energies marred and frustrated. And that by no act of its own; it was God who fixed this doom upon it, but with the hope, etc.

In this passage, whose rendering has just been given, the nineteenth verse, which the Authorized Version renders "earnest expectation of the creature," is interpreted by Stevens as "inanimate nature," and in Sanday's paraphrase is rendered, "the whole irrational creation, both animate and inanimate." Here is a manifest difference in the interpretation of the verse, to which the careful student cannot be indifferent as he reads the two renderings.

It is still an open question whether "the earnest expectation of the creature" is not to be rendered "the expectation of created human intelligences." Long ago MacKnight rendered Paul's epistles in the form of a paraphrase in a way which has scarcely been surpassed. Some of his translations have become obsolete through the advance of scholarship, but for clearness of expression he may well be studied by the student of to-day. He rendered the nineteenth verse in the passage

under consideration in paraphrase, thus: "What a blessing to resurrection immortality is may be understood by this, that the earnest desire of mankind hath ever been to obtain that glorious endless life in the body by which the sons of God may be made known." Here the phrase which has been differently rendered "inanimate nature" and "the whole irrational creation, both animate and inanimate" is translated by the word "mankind," and herein MacKnight differs with both Stevens and Sanday.

This is, however, apart from our present discussion. What we desire to emphasize is that interpretation by paraphrase is of great utility in enabling the reader to get a general concept of the passage or of the book, as expressed in the current thought of our own time. There has been in the past too little attention paid to the general scope and relations of a book, while perhaps too much notice has been given to minute details occurring in special passages. And yet it will not be well to go too far in the other direction. No paraphrase which is expressive of the original in modern literary form, however able the author who makes the rendering, can be a substitute for the careful study of the separate words of the sacred Scriptures in their grammatical relations, as well as in their important historical bearings. The latter is a feature of all true biblical scholarship.

It follows from the above illustrations that a paraphrase by any individual author can only represent the general bearing of passages, cannot be relied upon for minute discussion of crucial texts, and should always be supplemented by the study of one or more other authors, or by some careful commentary which reviews the entire field. Nor is it intended in this discussion to minimize the value of this method of making the Scriptures known to the people; but the purpose is rather to define the limits of the paraphrase and to show that any merely human method when it is carried to excess may be subversive of the very truth which it aims to declare.

In this connection we may further note a tendency to a disuse of the archaic forms of our language—those forms which have come down to us sanctioned by the usage of preceding generations and to which our ears have become accustomed through the sacred Scriptures. It does not seem wise to clothe all spiritual truths in modern garb. As there are modes of artistic conception and poetic expression which have become endeared to men through the influence they have exerted on many previous generations, so we would say that, while the putting of the Scriptures in modern English has many points of decided advantage, we may well pause before we let go of our hold on the familiar and rich expressions employed in our English Bible which have done so much to preserve our language in its purity. Their use through centuries has made their peculiarities of phraseology exceedingly precious to the Christian world, while their very quaintness of diction has kept us in close union with the great masters of early English.

ARCHÆOLOGY AND BIBLICAL RESEARCH

AMOS AND CRITICISM.

OLD TESTAMENT scholars of almost every shade of belief are virtually agreed that the book of the prophet Amos was written sometime between 850 and 750 B. C. We know no critic, no matter how distinctive or radical, who is not willing to admit that Amos is a product of that century. Not only are scholars in substantial harmony regarding the date of the book, but there is also a marked agreement as to its authenticity and integrity. Even Cheyne says, in speaking of the prophecies of Amos, "There has never been a doubt of their genuineness." There are, however, some extreme men, like Wellhausen, Stade, and Duhm, who object to isolated passages here and there in Amos, such as i, 1, 2; ii, 4, 5; iv, 13; v, 8, 9; vi, 2; ix, 5, 8-15. These objections, however, rest upon such unscientific basis as to render them worthy only of a passing notice. For instance, chap. ii, 4, 5, contains an allusion to the kingdom of Judah; therefore, the critics say, these verses must be a later insertion. The passages in Hosea and Amos which seem to give "a certain preeminence to Judah" must, according to these objectors, be late, because the early prophets regarded Israel, and not Judah, as the more influential power. There are other passages, we are told, which "reflect a stage of history later than that in which Amos worked," and which must also be rejected. These critics have thus mapped out a history of Israel, not from historical documents, but in a purely subjective manner. Having, according to the law of development, decided the exact mental condition and religious state of Israel, from the beginning to the close of its existence, they arrange the ideas of Old Testament writers much as a dealer in antique objects arranges his wares, or the curator of a museum his specimens, with this important difference, that the critic often proceeds on much less scientific grounds than the uneducated dealer in antiques or the curator of a museum.

But granting—which we do not—that there are a score or more interpolations or later insertions in Amos, there remains, even then, all that we need for our argument. It shall be our first effort to prove that Amos is one of the oldest prophetic writers. All schools will admit this. Kautsch says, in his *Literature of the Old Testament*, "The first literary prophet whose date we can fix with any certainty is Amos." Then, having discussed several points regarding the prophet and the book, he adds, "According to all this, we must place the appearance of Amos about 760 B. C." Professor Driver, in his *Introduction*, bears similar testimony. His words are, "Amos is the earliest of the prophets whose writings are extant and of undisputed date." He places Amos in the

later part of the reign of Jeroboam II, or between 760 and 746 B. C. George Adam Smith does not fix upon a definite date, yet says that Amos was written toward the middle of the eighth century before Christ. Professor Cornill and the author of the article on Amos in Hastings's *Bible Dictionary* very closely agree with the above. The importance of the time cannot be overestimated. For, if all critics are agreed as to the date of the prophecies and activities of Amos, we have here a basis of operation from which all may proceed to an intelligent discussion of Hebrew literature and religion. Professor Robertson, of Glasgow, in the Baird Lecture of 1889 has emphasized this fact.

Taking it, therefore, for granted that Amos was written in the first half of the eighth century before our era, we shall first of all examine the vocabulary and style of the book. There is a remarkable unanimity of opinion among all biblical scholars in regard to the fine literary style of Amos. Few, if any, modern critics—we know of none—agree with Jerome, who in his Commentary on Amos says, "*Imperitus sermone, sed non scientia*;" for now the critics know full well that Amos was neither deficient nor unskilled in either style or knowledge. Driver very justly protests against the custom once prevalent of attributing rusticity of style to this prophet, and says: "His language, with three or four insignificant exceptions, is pure, his style classical and refined. His literary power is shown in the regularity of structure which characterizes his periods, . . . in the balanced clauses, the well-chosen images, the effective contrasts, as well as in the ease with which he evidently writes." Says another late writer of the radical school, "In point of fact, he is very little inferior to the best Old Testament writers; his language is clear and vigorous, his sentences are well rounded"—and much more to the same effect. Indeed, no careful reader of the book, even in an English translation, will care to deny that Amos possesses a remarkable flow of language, a forcible and pleasing phraseology. This shows that the Hebrew language had reached a high degree of development at the time Amos wrote. How unreasonable, therefore, for radical critics to maintain that Israel had next to no written literature previous to the century of Amos, Hosea, and Isaiah.

There is another very important factor of which we must not lose sight. Amos was not a professional writer, nor did he, as far as we can gather, belong to any literary guild of his age. But, on the other hand, he was a plain, simple peasant, from the country district some twelve miles south of Jerusalem, in what was called the "Wilderness of Judea." He himself tells us, "I was no prophet, neither was I a prophet's son; but I was an herdman, and a dresser of sycamore trees." He neither belonged to the cultured families of Jerusalem or Samaria, nor to the schools of the prophets so celebrated during the lifetime of Elijah and Elisha, but was nothing more than a plain, common farmer. The fact, therefore, that a man of Amos's rank could be master of such an elegant and vigorous style proves most conclusively that the Israelites of his age

were far from being uneducated. There must have been a reading public more or less numerous in the time of Amos; otherwise the book would not have been written. If, therefore, it has a finish and a purity of diction not surpassed in any portion of the Old Testament, we are forced to the conclusion that the art of writing was no new thing in Amos's time. Admitting that he is a product of the first part of the eighth century B. C., we are logically forced to the conclusion that writing had been practiced many ages before Amos saw daylight.

But the book of Amos testifies no more clearly to the developed literary culture than to an advanced stage of religious thought. There is not a passage in Amos which does not bear witness to his lofty moral ideas, his mature theology, and his correct conception of Jehovah's government. His monotheism is pronounced. Jehovah was the God of Israel; nay, more, all the nations are controlled by him. He reigns supreme, everywhere and at all times. The destinies of the heathen world, no less than of Israel, are in his hands. The supremacy of Jehovah is beautifully portrayed in chap. ix, 2-4, where we read: "Though they dig into Sheol, thence shall mine hand take them; and though they climb up to heaven, thence will I bring them down. And though they hide themselves in the top of Carmel, I will search and take them out thence." It is Jehovah, not Moloch or any other heathen God, who rules Caphtor and Kir, Edom and Tyre, no less than Jerusalem.

It has been usual for critics to picture early Israel as polytheistic, not only Israel of the wilderness and of the times of the judges, but also of the ages immediately preceding the age of Amos. The sudden change in the history of religious thought at this time must therefore be a puzzle to those who believe the doctrine of development. Cornill feels the force of this, and frankly says, "Amos is one of the most marvelous and incomprehensible figures in the history of the human mind, the pioneer of a process of evolution from which a new epoch of humanity dates." Yet we doubt whether many readers have thought of Amos in this light, and, had Cornill and Wellhausen no theory to maintain, possibly Amos would not have been regarded as the originator of such remarkably new ideas. The critics assert that, up to the time of Amos, the Israelites regarded Jehovah as a local god and only one of the many gods. "The religion of David and Solomon," says Renan, "did not differ appreciably from that of the neighboring people of Palestine." Kuenen goes further, and says: "At first the religion of Israel was polytheism. During the eighth century B. C. the great majority of the people still acknowledged the existence of many gods, and, what is more, they worshiped them." If these statements are true, the question very naturally arises, Are we to regard Amos as a reformer calling man back to the ancient landmarks, or as the preacher of a new religion? Or, as Professor Robertson puts it, "Was the popular religion with which they were in conflict the only accepted and recognized religion of the nation up to their time, or was it a declension from it or a perversion of it?"

The critics claim that Mosaism differs essentially from the religion of Amos and his successors. They, like Duhm, boldly assert that the religion of Jehovah as taught by the priests in the temple of Solomon was at variance with that of the prophets on the most vital points. Indeed, we are confidently assured not only that Solomon himself was a polytheist, but also that the priests of Jehovah and the most religious element of that period found no fault with him for his polytheism.

If we understand the prophecies of Amos we find in them the preaching of an ardent soul calling men back to their God; not the proclaiming of new truths, but the emphasizing of truths previously known. The entire book is a clear proof that Amos was a Luther or a Wesley, whose great work was to awaken the careless, the indifferent, those at ease in Zion, men who were not living up to the light they possessed. The burden of his preaching was based upon the text, "They have rejected the law of Jehovah, and have not kept his statutes" (ii, 4). The language of Amos is a clear proof that he was talking to hearers whose deeds were not those of ignorant but of sinful, backslidden men. The prophet, no doubt, had a deeper grasp of the truth than most of his contemporaries, but there is no evidence that he had absolutely new truths which pious Hebrews did not have in the time of David and Solomon, of Samuel and Nathan, or, indeed, centuries before David.

The reader of Amos will notice the constant references to preexisting institutions and events spoken of in the first five books of the Bible. Dr. Leathes, in his book, *The Law and the Prophets*, gives several pages of such references. A comparison of these passages in Amos with those in the Pentateuch show not simply a similarity of sentiment but also of phraseology. True, the critics admit that a portion of the Pentateuch was written in Amos's time; but the same critics say that Deuteronomy was not composed till nearly a century and a half after his death. What then of the many unmistakable references in Amos to passages in Deuteronomy? The critics admit the existence of such passages in Amos and other early prophets, but unceremoniously brand whatever has a Deuteronomic flavor as a "later insertion." This is a convenient way to get rid of difficulties, but more convenient than scientific.

The early prophets abound in allusions to the history and institutions of Israel. Either Amos copied from the written documents extant in his age or borrowed from the unwritten traditions of his people. Which did he do? All the nations around Israel had written documents centuries before his time. Why then should he—a common man of the common people—be the first to write a religious book? The language of Amos proves positively that his religious ideas were very advanced. How then can we conceive that such mature religious thoughts should spring into existence suddenly, like the gourd of Jonah? Is it not more reasonable to say that the Jews had a well-digested code of written laws from the days of Moses, and that they had written historical records more or less complete ages before Amos?

MISSIONARY REVIEW.

AMONG WESLEYAN MISSIONS.

ALL have rejoiced during the few years past over the great turning of the lower class peoples in northern India and in the Nerbudda Valley to Christianity. It is cheering to cast our eyes afield elsewhere and to find other great masses astir with the same impulse. Noticeable among these encouraging movements is the development of the Wesleyan Mission in southeastern Africa, in the Transvaal and Swaziland—a district as large as all of France, in which there is a sprinkling of Methodists on trial numbering over three thousand, with forty-six thousand persons meeting in Methodist congregations, the increase of the past two years being the greatest in the Wesleyan missionary world. The Church membership there has quadrupled within nine years, and the probationers have increased more than five hundred per cent. This district extends from Delagoa Bay, on the Indian Ocean side of Africa, halfway across the continent into Bechuanaland; from east to west it measures seven hundred miles, and from north to south at least five hundred.

It is rather remarkable that we should find, keeping company with this great work in the Transvaal, a drift away from the mummeries and tyranny of Romanism in France which is marked by some noteworthy peculiarities. The Rev. Hugh Price Hughes, late president of the Wesleyan Conference, expresses his belief that "the greatest religious movement in France since the sixteenth century is now spreading in all directions." One of its unique features is the invention of a new designation for Romanists who turn Protestants or become evangelicals. This term is designed to spare these converts the obloquy heaped by Rome upon all heretics who abandon the fold of St. Peter. The title seems to imply a congratulation, also, upon the reaching of a measure of religious liberty unattainable till one breaks with Rome. The origin of the term is not given, nor do we know with what portion of the community it started. It may have grown out of the semi-infidel conditions which superinduced hatred to the papal Church as an astute inquisitor extorting the secrets of the most sacred domestic relations, and binding men and women, hand and foot, as with graveclothes. At any rate, it is a designation which carries with it no dishonor, but rather congratulation. These men who turn from Romanism are no longer denounced as Protestants, but are called "*Escapés*," or "the escaped ones." And the majority of the newspapers of France, whatever the inspiration may have been, have exhibited positive delight over the desertion from the folds of the Church of some most distinguished prelates of the French Roman Catholic communion, such as Abbé Bourrier, Abbé Philipot, and Abbé Charbonnet. There was no secrecy about the defection from Rome of these persons.

They published letters in the secular press announcing their position; and Mr. Hughes says, "For the first time in modern history, the retirement of a Roman Catholic priest and his acceptance of evangelical Protestantism was not received with contempt or ridicule."

The British Wesleyans have long been on the alert to use all possible opportunities to advance Protestantism in France. They also record an increase in all their Asiatic fields; and they note—what cannot be put into figures—the great diffusion of Christian thought and sentiment over widening areas, the affection evoked among thousands of young people for their Christian teachers, the moral impression made by good men and women on the heathen community, and—what is found in all quarters—such a feeling after the person of Jesus Christ as there never was before in the history of the world.

The Wesleyan Missionary Society is to be congratulated on being out of debt and on paying its way in its advancing work. It has sent out within the year sixteen new men, not to substitute for returning or retiring missionaries, nor to open new missions, but to strengthen and extend work already in existence. The appeal of the British missionary secretaries merits transferring to these columns. "On the threshold of a new century," they say, "the scale of prayer, of thought, and of effort must be enlarged to meet the larger scale of opportunity which God is setting before us. . . . Associations formed by business, by travel, or by intellectual interests may well lead to special contributions toward particular ends. One who is linked with India or China by commercial or social ties might undertake the support of a missionary or a dozen native evangelists, or build a church, or plant a modest hospital." The force of this part of the appeal lies in the recognition of what it calls "individualism" in giving—a policy which is growing in favor with the people, and which missionary administrators would do well not to repress, but wisely guard and guide.

THE PRESENT CONDITION OF ARMENIANS.

A GERMAN writer in setting forth the present status of Armenians in Turkey makes a pitiable showing. The slaughter of a hundred thousand Armenians stirred the people of this country and England to indignation; but we overlook the fact that tens of thousands of Armenian wives and maidens yet languish in Turkish harems while thousands of Armenians more are dying by murder and starvation. Other thousands have contrived to get away to Persian and Russian Armenia, despite the Turkish government. When a Christian was formerly compelled to flee from the Mohammedans he found everywhere in the country districts a large Christian population that helped him on. Now he finds desolation. Among Mohammedans he obtains no bread and no cooling drink, for he is regarded as unclean. He can drink from no spring, and cannot wash without exposure to the danger of being killed by the Mohammedans

whose spring he has polluted. One often sees in the mountains the bodies of Christians the Koords have disemboweled to learn the food on which they had fed, finding frequently only lumps of withered grass.

The Christian artisan now finds no work in Armenia. For whom should the shoemaker make shoes; the tailor, clothes; the blacksmith, the lockmaker, the cartwright, implements? For the Christian? But the latter is glad if he can only live without shoes, without new clothes, without tools. And as for the Mohammedan, he will certainly buy nothing of the unclean "Giaour;" he prefers to steal it.

If the peasant is fleeced by Turkish officials and completely plundered by the Koords he must actually starve to death, for there are no longer any Christians in ancient Armenia who have anything to spare for others. Even should a farmer at any time have a surplus to sell, and wish to get in return something much needed, he can find no market. The Christian can buy nothing of him; the Mohammedan practically will not, because, forsooth, the Christian is "unclean," and the "pious" Mohammedan still believes in this uncleanness. Centuries of observance have taught him that the only time when the effects of Christians are not "unclean" is when they are secured by theft or murder.

Therefore countless persons wander still further to Russian Armenia. Here also they must get over the frontier by stealth, for this accession of hungering, desperate people is not desired. There, too, especially around Erivan, every place is already overflowing with refugees. The native Armenian population are at a loss where to prepare quarters for the new arrivals, since the houses are already filled up to the roof. So all the stables are packed. The rest camp in the streets or on the fields in front of the villages; and all practice the art, which by long exercise they have brought to astonishing perfection, the bitter art of starvation. And now Russia proposes to force these fugitives to return to their desolated homes, in villages taken possession of by bloodthirsty Koords.

CONVERSION AS A SAFEGUARD AGAINST HEATHENISM.

It would seem that the success of missions in this practical age leaves quite too little room for the study of the facts and tendencies out of which a proper philosophy of evangelical advance may be constructed. This is especially true of a comparative survey of the early, the middle, and the later periods of missionary progress. We are just now considering as a denomination the reaction in Christian practices which has been developed in India by what is known as "quick baptisms." The existence of idolatrous practices, secretly observed among some of those simple village converts, is to be deplored, but cannot be admitted to be surprising. Superstition is not yet eradicated from the Church in our own land, and its tenacity among these poorly cultured people will render necessary the perpetual presence of a greater force of intelligent teachers than is in prospective command.

A similar state of things is reported from New Zealand, where an outburst of superstition among the Maori Christians is taking place, consisting of the practice of a sort of witchcraft and spiritualism by a set of men called "Tohungas." Those in our India Mission are chiefly the first generation of converts; those in New Zealand are of the second and third generations. Now, this return to heathen customs does not weigh so much against the thoroughness of the original work wrought by the missionaries as it does against the misapprehension which exists as to the necessary inheritance of Christian virtues. The truth remains that these children of converted heathen must themselves be individually converted—if not from heathenism—that they may be kept from relapsing into heathenism, which, after all, is the nature-state of mankind. It is those Maori who know least of the converting grace of God in their own souls that have fallen under the influence of these Tohungas. There is, in fact, no such thing as national or even tribal conversion to-day, any more than there was when Teutonic kings asked for baptism and commanded their riders to be baptized also. That, even, was not without its value, though a singularly mixed theological and ethical communion was superinduced. Kingley, in *The Roman and Teuton*, writes that "one more living stone was built into the great kingdom of God which was called Christendom;" but he shows how these converts attached their old superstitious notions to their new faith, if for nothing else, yet as expositions of it. The concept of Tartarus remained, and the wail of the tortured might be heard at the mouth of volcanoes; and there was no escape but by the Church, whose priesthood could at pleasure condemn men to suffer those unending pains.

The development of the horrible superstitions among the natives of Hawaii, which the deposed queen fostered, has been the theme of many an article, and on it has been based an argument against the subjection of Christianized Hawaiians and foreign residents to a possible return to national barbarism. While not showing that the American missionaries in Hawaii had not done a great work in the redemption of the people there, it did show that after long proclamation of the truth reversion to the nature-state, which is one of superstition, could not be permanently prevented but by the individual conversion of the younger generations. In short, the conversion of a people is a labor that is never completed. Each child born of native Christian parentage needs regeneration, and the work of missions is consequently unending.

There is therefore no occasion for surprise or discouragement in these reactionary manifestations among large communities brought, as it were, simultaneously into the Christian Church. But while they accentuate the need of caution and the duty of furnishing more preachers than, as in India, we have been able to supply, they especially emphasize the need of prayer that God will truly convert their children and their children's children. Our duty is not done to these foreign communities when they are baptized and counted.

FOREIGN OUTLOOK.

SOME LEADERS OF THOUGHT.

F. S. Trenkle. We choose this author as a fair example of the Roman Catholic writer on the important subject of the Introduction to the New Testament. Romanism does not need much instruction on the subject, since its opinions are formed, and the chief function performed by such writers is to state those opinions anew from time to time in opposition to contradictory views. There is also, it must be said, some room left in the Roman Catholic Church for difference of opinion on points not yet officially settled. For example, Trenkle admits that the epistles of James and 1 Peter betray an acquaintance with the Pauline writings and have reference to them, and that 2 Peter makes use of the Epistle of Jude. But all this does not affect Trenkle's conclusion that the books of the New Testament are one and all genuine products of their reputed authors. In this respect, indeed, the majority of Protestant writers are in accord with him. The significant fact is that all Roman Catholic writers come to the same conclusion. On this main question there is never any difference of opinion. It cannot be that this is in consequence of the identity of their methods of thought. Evidently, it is rather the result of the predetermination of the Church, whose writers feel themselves bound to reach the positions the Church has announced. While the sense of liberty which characterizes Protestantism is sometimes abused by its writers, yet this is better than the hypocrisy engendered by the Roman Catholic system. The strange thing is that Protestants themselves should ever practically bind their writers, under pain of censure or perhaps excommunication, to reach predetermined conclusions. It must be more than a mere oversight, also, in Trenkle, when he makes the Gospel which formed part of the earliest vast Syrian canon mean the gospels (that is, the four), when plainly the Gospel referred to in Trenkle's source of information, the *Doctrina Addaei*, was the *Diatessaron* of Tatian. Furthermore, we can but condemn that spirit in Trenkle which could lead him to cover up the fact that there was no uniformity in the New Testament canon until late in the second century. That fact does not in the slightest degree diminish the value of the New Testament documents, and might have been brought out without harm. Conservatism is good, but it can be carried to dangerous excess.

F. Giesebrecht. To those who prize the Old Testament few questions appear of greater importance than its prophetic element. At the one extreme is Kuenen, who denied altogether the divine element in the prophecies and undertook to furnish an entirely natural explanation of

them. At the other extreme is E. Koenig, who denies any and every psychological factor in the prophecies and holds that in the reception of their revelations the prophets were absolutely passive. What both of these scholars deny Giesebrecht combines and affirms, namely, both a natural and a supernatural element in prophecy. Ecstasy, together with visions and auditions, is the natural basis. These, Giesebrecht thinks, are more prominent in the early part of a prophet's career. As he becomes more sure of his relation to God they measurably disappear, and the prophet receives his divine communications with less of outward demonstration. Partly by personal experience, also, the prophet learned the will of God. For the function of foretelling the prophet is gifted with a power of foreboding of which he is unaware. Hence, Giesebrecht concludes that the foreknowledge of the prophet is not in every case the result of divine instruction. The recognition of this natural gift does not degrade the prophets, who are to be believed, not because of individual instances of foretold and afterward fulfilled events, but on account of the large number of men gifted with the faculty of foreboding, and especially on account of their significance in preparing the world for the coming of Christ. The supernatural factor in the prophecies was conditioned by a special communion of the prophet with God, which resulted in a profound knowledge of him. The contents of the prophecies were influenced undoubtedly by this supernatural element; though this influence is seen most clearly in the Messianic prophecies Giesebrecht also believes in a limit to the powers of the prophets. They were not omniscient. Hence, they could and did err, and they had their limitations as to the details and as to the time prior to which they could foretell an event. Perhaps all of us would agree with this author in rejecting the positions of Kuenen and Koenig, and also in the doctrine that there was in the prophecies both a human and a divine element. The question is whether Giesebrecht has given us the true proportions in which the two elements were mixed, and whether the gift of foreboding which he ascribes to the prophets was the real natural basis of their prophecies. Yet he has given us at least a respectable theory.

RECENT THEOLOGICAL LITERATURE.

Zur Lehre von der Versöhnung (The Doctrine of Reconciliation). By Martin Kahler. Leipzig, A. Deichert Nachf, 1898. Once more the doctrines of the Ritschl school find an opponent, though Kahler does not antagonize any particular individual, so much as the principles of the Ritschlians. Nor is the work a mere attempt to overthrow a theory which he rejects, for he sets forth very distinctly his own views. These may be summarized as follows: God is the originator of the plan of reconciliation, and Christ is his instrument. God does not require to be turned from a state of anger to one of grace. It was his grace which even in the Old Testament times provided the means of propitiation.

Still, he could not, without something more than his own feeling of mercy, forgive sin, since there is in the world an unchangeable and inflexible moral order. The violation of this order by man demanded that it should be effectively brought to the attention of man as binding, and also that its sacredness in the sight of God should be demonstrated. Both on account of man and on account of God this moral order is indispensable. True repentance for sin is impossible, unless the validity of the law is clearly attested and man's guilt established. The death and sufferings of Christ had the effect of abolishing the obstacle to fellowship between man and God which human guilt had placed in the way. His sufferings were vicarious. In his death he bore the sins of the race. He died, not for himself, but for the benefit of many. His voluntary vicarious death constituted a perfect sacrifice. By it the purpose of penalty is obtained. God's moral order is brought to recognition, and man's will is brought into harmony with God, who, by the reconciling work of Christ, has brought man into a new relationship to himself. Henceforth it was the privilege of every man to become a child of God, a privilege which did not exist prior to the work of Christ. Kähler has taken pains to base his theory upon a careful study of the Scripture. And we must commend his method of procedure. For he is not content with a discussion of individual passages, but attempts to show that his views are the fundamental elements in the biblical idea of reconciliation. As we have said on other occasions, it is an exceedingly difficult task to state correctly the biblical doctrine of atonement. Every new attempt only emphasizes the profundity of the plan of salvation. But, fortunately, the benefits of the atonement are not dependent upon a perfect theory.

Zur Beurtheilung Savonarolas (An Attempt to Estimate Savonarola). By Ludwigh Pastor. Freiburg i. B., Herder, 1898. It was formerly the custom to speak of Savonarola as one of the "reformers before the Reformation." The more recent and exact view denies such a distinction to him, as also to Wyclif, Hus, and others. They were in reality Roman Catholics and remained such, in spite of excommunication and every other penalty, to the end of their lives. They protested against gross evils and abuses within the Church, and they strove to introduce ideas and measures which the Church refused to sanction. But they were not reformers in the sense in which Luther, Zwingli, Calvin, and their collaborators were reformers, as anyone may see who will attentively study them in comparison with the Protestants. The fourth centennial of the execution of Savonarola elicited such interest in him as to awaken a controversy among Romanists themselves concerning his relation to the Roman Catholic Church. Pastor decidedly excludes him on the ground that he was disobedient to the pope. In reply to him several other Romanists declare that, though Savonarola was condemned and burned, he was nevertheless a good Romanist. Professor Luotto, an Italian, affirms, on the grounds of an exhaustive study of the writings of the great but unfor-

tunate Dominican, that Pastor has taken his ideas of him, not from a personal investigation of Savonarola's own works, but at secondhand; and he further upholds the Dominicans of the present day for continuing to revere the name of Savonarola. He also declares Pastor to be not a good Romanist for attempting to exclude Savonarola. Schnitzer, a German Roman Catholic, shows that in the second and last phase of Savonarola's struggle with the pope the points at issue were purely political, and hence could not have the effect of cutting him off from the Church. He also gives him the distinction of having prepared the way, not for the Protestant Reformation, which to his mind is no reformation at all, but for the true reformation in the Roman Catholic sense. All these controversies and much besides may be learned in Pastor's book, the sinuities of Roman Catholic thought being nowhere better illustrated. If Alexander VI condemned him as a heretic he must have been a heretic; for, unless the pope is infallible enough to detect heresy without danger of error, how do we know but Luther may sometime be proved a good and true son of the Church in spite of papal condemnation?

RELIGIOUS AND EDUCATIONAL.

Religious Discontent in Germany. The reference here is not to questions of doctrine, nor to people who find themselves filled with unrealized spiritual longings; but it is rather to those who are learning that the German Church as an institution is incapable of supplying their religious needs. The number of such is rapidly increasing, and to an American this is not to be wondered at. The German Church furnishes practically no pastoral oversight of the individual; it holds no meetings corresponding to our prayer service; and it discourages, as tending to hypocrisy, all expression of religious emotion or profession of religious experience. The supporters of the churchly system fear no harm to the establishment, because separation from the Church is difficult and, in spite of their zeal, the sects attract comparatively few. But there are those who, while they comfort themselves with the thought that the Church is safe in this respect, fear for her general spiritual life. These hail with unfeigned joy the growing pietistic spirit which prompts the seekers after a deeper religious life than the Church as such encourages to band themselves into societies within the congregation for mutual encouragement and assistance. Another source of help is proposed by those who would divide the large parishes into small ones, no larger than can be cared for by one or two pastors. It is estimated that in the immediate future there should be erected for a series of years in Berlin alone eighteen new church edifices *per annum*. One of the difficulties in the way of this is the cost, which the Germans find hard to bear. In order to overcome this it is suggested that inexpensive edifices be built. One writer proposes that the new small parishes shall be established and provided with pastors, even before any edifice is erected, and that

worship shall be held in halls rented for the purpose until churches can be built. Anyone acquainted with the situation in Germany can be profoundly anxious that, as speedily as possible, the defects in the Church life shall be remedied according to the evidently American and English ideas. In Berlin there is no parish with less than 37,000 souls and no church with a seating capacity of more than 2,500. One parish of 120,000 souls has a church capable of seating 1,450 people. But with true German thoroughness the whole subject is being studied, and we doubt not that in due time suitable action will be taken.

An Anti-Romish Movement in Austria. On the sixteenth of January of this year a meeting of great significance was held in Vienna. It was an assembly of about eight hundred men and a few women, who deliberately adopted as a party cry, "*Los von Rom!*" (Loose from Rome!) and who, when forbidden by the representative of the government to hold another session, filled the assembly hall with the cries, "Hail Germany!" "Hail Luther!" "Loose from Rome," and who then proceeded to sing "The Watch on the Rhine." The president of the meeting proposed and defended two propositions which were adopted by a unanimous rising vote, namely, that separation from the Romish Church must come, and, second, that they would so separate as soon as ten thousand signatures could be secured for that purpose. The grounds ostensibly set forth were purely national. Still, some of the speakers advanced moral and religious reasons also, and declared that if the movement was to include the peasant class these reasons would have to be made prominent. Some also advocated separation from Rome at once. From all reports the movement is rapidly spreading, and the time is probably not far distant when the requisite ten thousand names will have been secured.

French Evangelical Catholics. In October, 1897, there appeared the first number of a bimonthly magazine entitled *Le Chrétien français*, which is the organ of a movement among French Romanists to get back to the Gospel as proclaimed by Jesus Christ and expounded and applied by the apostles. About twenty priests who are adherents of the movement have forsaken or been excommunicated from the Roman Catholic Church. Among these are the Abbé Bourrier, vicar in Marseilles, and Pastor Philippot, of Plornian, who was deposed by his bishop. But the few who have openly left the Church are only an insignificant portion of the whole number of the adherents of the movement. These are declared to be found in all ranks of the clergy and in various monasteries. They hold the papacy to be a purely human institution, reverence for which depends upon what the occupants of the papal chair make it. The movement has reached such proportions that *La Verité*, a clerical journal, describes it as dangerously prevalent among the clergy, and as having a significance which cannot be exaggerated and which dare not be ignored.

SUMMARY OF THE REVIEWS AND MAGAZINES.

IF there be any declension in the spiritual life of the Christian Church and any halt in its progress, a proper inquiry into the causes of this condition must be pertinent and wholesome. Without attempting in any sense to catalogue the many explanations which are assigned for this deterioration, Professor T. W. Hunt, Litt. D., of Princeton University, writes with force in the *Homiletic Review* (New York) for August upon "The Decline of the Pew." The first evidence of his claim he finds in "the growing decadence of faith within the limits of the Christian Church itself." There is a "loss of tone and grasp and sensitiveness relative to the great evangelical teachings" which have before been so thoroughly accepted. "What Mr. Balfour called 'the foundations of belief' are less stable than of old, more or less undermined by outside and destructive influences, yielding with but little resistance to this and that element of opposition. . . . To state it otherwise, the Christian mind is not startled and shocked by the presence of unbelief, [and] finds the passage from faith to suspicion and positive denial far less abrupt as the years go on, while the result of all this upon general character and conduct is harmful in the extreme." Another proof of the decline of the pew Professor Hunt finds in "the growth of the critical spirit in listening to the exposition of the word." It is, indeed, a hypercritical spirit. "Thoroughly unreasonable demands are made upon the pulpit by the pew—demands which are not made upon any other one of the liberal professions, and which, if made, could not be met and would be promptly resented. . . . The merely mental labor of weekly sermonizing, with all that it involves, is something beyond all precedent or parallel. . . . The pew demands, moreover, in these days that the ministrations of the sanctuary be interesting; that the sermon, as such, be made attractive and even entertaining to the average hearer; popular in the fullest sense, enough so to invite and maintain the attention of the dullest hearer, to satisfy intellect, taste, and feeling alike—in a word, to be hearable, as a novel or magazine sketch must be readable." The third evidence of decline is found in "the absence of personal cooperation with pastors in the activities and responsibilities of the Church." Nonattendance and indifference prevail. "When to the mental and spiritual exactions of the ministry there is joined this unresponsive and inactive constituency, enough is added to break the back and break the heart of any man. In the light of this fact, the perpetuity of the Christian Church is one of the miracles of modern Christendom." And a final mark of decline in the pew, says Professor Hunt, is "the growing secularization of the Christian Sabbath." This "is perhaps the most conspicuous, widespread, and dangerous symptom of the time, making rapid progress as the years go on, and inducing an

order of things in the general Christian community and in the Christian Church which was not and could not have been anticipated a quarter of a century ago, and in the presence of which all existing opposition seems to be helpless." That the pulpit has its defects is granted by Professor Hunt; and this concession will in candor be made by all who are impartial, since the Christian ministry is but mortal and fallible. But that the pew is likewise blameworthy is equally clear from the presentation of Professor Hunt's article. "The most pressing need of the Church of to-day, in its ministry and membership alike, is the life of the Spirit."

THE conclusions reached by Professor Alexander Macalister, of Cambridge, England, who writes of "Anthropology and Christianity" in the *London Quarterly Review* (London, England), for July are as follows: (1) "There is a consensus among men of belief in the existence of a soul which survives death;" (2) "There is a similar consensus regarding the existence of a divine power outside, but manifesting itself in, the material and moral universe;" (3) "Mankind universally recognizes the existence of certain obligations on the part of the individual towards God and towards his fellow-men which are connected with corresponding penalties for breaches of them;" (4) "Among almost all mankind above the very lowest grade of culture there is belief in, or an expectation of the incarnation of, the God;" (5) "There is, coincidently with this, a belief in or expectation of the death of the representative of the God and of his revivification, and a further belief that through this resurrection the race is to become benefited." The finding of the article, in other words, is that "there is nothing in the revelation of God in Christ to man which in any way runs counter to the expectations of the race as set forth in the literature of anthropology." The articles which follow are: "George Borrow," by Dora M. Jones; "Can We Explain Life by Vitality?" by L. C. Miall, F.R.S.; "The Influence of Methodism on Scotland," by Richard Green; "Richard Cadbury," by H. W. Strong; "The Present Pope and the Future Conclave," by H. J. Piggott; "The Evolution of a Reference Bible," by J. A. Barnes; "Protestantism and the French Genius," by Onésime Prunier, President of the French Wesleyan Conference, in which the writer shows that there is no incompatibility between the two; "The Cromwell Tercentenary," by C. S. Horne; "Out on the Essex Marshes," by Robert McLeod; and "American Humor, Mark Twain," by Anne E. Keeling. The last article estimates the humorist it reviews as a provider of "clean, wholesome food for laughter."

In the *Presbyterian and Reformed Review* (Philadelphia) for July is found the following table of contents: 1. "The Crisis in the Church of England," by M. C. Williams, D.D.; 2. "Herbert Spencer, 'Our Great Philosopher,' versus the Known God," by D. S. Gregory, D.D.; 3. "The Text of the Minor Prophets," by Rev. John Oman; 4. "'It Says,' 'Scrip-

ture Says,' 'God Says,' " by Professor B. B. Warfield, LL.D.; 5. "Morality, Intuitive and Imperative," by Rev. Thomas Nichols. As for the unrest in the Church of England, Dr. Williams in the first article concludes that from Parliament "redress and correction of evils must finally come." Notwithstanding the attacks of Mill and Spencer, says Dr. Gregory in the second article, "theism as the ultimate explanation of all things, the necessary postulate and presupposition of the cosmos, or universe of order, remains unshaken. God is, and any adequate conception of the universe irresistibly certifies to his being. . . . Philosophy, cut loose from all the quasi-scientific verbiage, has its ultimate principle summed up and fixed in a single monosyllable—God." Three recent works by Professors Nowack, George Adam Smith, and J. Wellhausen form the basis of the scholarly comments in the third article. An exhaustive study of many passages in the Greek leads Professor Warfield, in the fourth article, to argue that the New Testament writers in dealing with the Old make "their habitual appeal to the Old Testament text as to God himself speaking." Two ways they have of doing this. "In one of these classes of passages the Scriptures are spoken of as if they were God; in the other, God is spoken of as if he were the Scriptures; in the two together, God and the Scriptures are brought into such conjunction as to show that in point of directness of authority no distinction was made between them." The proposition that "theory in morals is closely bound up with practice" is the foundation upon which the writer of the concluding article builds his argument.

IN its notice of many late publications the *Edinburgh Review* (New York) is among the most valuable of foreign periodicals. Its July issue contains in its table of contents: 1. "British Finance in the Nineteenth Century;" 2. "The Life and Writings of Mrs. Oliphant;" 3. "Some Aspects of Modern Art;" 4. "Lord Clare;" 5. "The Meaning of Rites;" 6. "Odes and Epodes of Horace;" 7. "The Ethics of Vivisection;" 8. "The Fall of the Western Roman Empire;" 9. "The Conference and Arbitration;" 10. "Montalembert;" 11. "The Problem in China." The ninth article discusses a subject of international interest. The Conference at The Hague, it is said, "will stand out as one of the memorable events of the century." Whatever the final decisions that it reaches, it "has helped to educate the nations as to the use of arbitration. England and America have been in this respect the teachers of the world. The object of the czar's rescript has not been attained; but it has been advanced, and measures hitherto discussed only by theorists have become part and parcel of practical politics."

THE *Preacher's Magazine* (New York) for August contains a sermon on "The Bible," by G. Alexander Chadwick, D.D., Bishop of Derry; "Ex-tempore Preaching versus Talking," by Rev. John Burnett; "Lay Evangelism," by J. A. Quarles, D.D.; and various editorial helps.

BOOK NOTICES.

RELIGION, THEOLOGY, AND BIBLICAL LITERATURE.

History of Dogma. By Dr. ADOLPH HARNACK. Translated from the German by NEIL BUCHANAN. Vol. VI, pp. 317. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. Price, cloth, \$2.50.

This volume compacts into a moderate compass a great amount of doctrinal history. It comprises in its survey the entire scholastic era from the tenth to the sixteenth century. Within this period the author notices two conspicuous epochs in the history of piety. The first began, in close connection with the cloister of Clugny, in the tenth century and extended into the twelfth. Its ideal was of a thoroughly mediæval cast, combining the thought of a monastic renunciation of the world with the theocratic notion of serving the Church in the task of subduing and ruling the world. Its hero was Bernard of Clairvaux, who greatly enriched religious devotion by his fervent appreciation of the suffering Christ, but who on the other hand did not stand sufficiently aloof from the Neoplatonic mysticism with its pantheistic leaning and its tendency to displace the historical by the notional or purely ideal. The second epoch began in the thirteenth century, with Francis of Assisi as the most potent leader and with the mendicant orders in general as its representatives. The watchword in this outburst of piety was *apostolical life*, the life of poverty, humility, and evangelistic endeavor. In his renaissance of piety, as in the earlier, there was some liability of an outcropping of a hostile spirit toward the Church as contradicting by its worldliness the ideal that was pursued. But in general a strained relation was avoided, and both the Cluniacensian and the mendicant revival were congenially related to the papacy with its theocratic ambitions. Taking mediæval piety as a whole, while it has its vein of gold, it must be charged with a serious fault in its relative neglect of the element of personal fellowship with God. From the time of Augustine the ever-repeated thesis was *God and grace*. That grace consists precisely in filial communion with God was not recognized. "It was not discerned even by the mediæval mystics, who aspired to having intercourse with Christ as with a friend; for it was the *man* Jesus of whom they thought in seeking this. But all of them, when they think of God, look not to the heart of God, but to an inscrutable Being who, as he has created the world out of nothing, so is also the productive source of inexhaustible forces that yield knowledge and transformation of essence." As is to be expected of any thorough investigator, Harnack pays a tribute of respect to the intellectual achievements of scholasticism. It had the daring to undertake a most arduous task and the mental force to carry it through with a degree of success which properly evokes admiration. "The scholasticism of the thirteenth century presents the same spectacle in the sphere of knowl-

edge which the Church of which it is the servant presents in the sphere of human life generally. In the one sphere as in the other everything is to be reduced to subjection; in the one, as in the other, everything is to be brought into a harmonious system; in the one, as in the other, the position is held, tacitly, or expressly, that the Church is Christ, and Christ is the Church. Thus the theological science of the thirteenth century can be described as the submitting to dialectic-systematic revision of ecclesiastical dogma and ecclesiastical practice, with the view of unfolding them in a system having unity and comprehending all that in the highest sense is worthy of being known." Doubtless scholasticism wrought one-sidedly, with its easy-going attitude toward the problems of nature and its utterly inadequate expenditure of effort in the line of historical investigation. But in fulfilling the dogmatic task as understood by the age it was a masterful agent. From the earlier stage of scholastic theology the author selects for special consideration Anselm's theory of atonement. He grants that it contains commendable features, but his general attitude toward it is one of decided disparagement. He finds it chargeable with a whole catalogue of faults, among which are such crude notions as these: "The mythological conception of God as the mighty private man, who is incensed at the injury done to his honor and does not forego his wrath till he has received an at least adequately great equivalent; the quite Gnostic antagonism between justice and goodness, the Father being the just one, and the Son the good; and the illusory performance between Father and Son, while the Son is one with the Father." Indeed, if at any point in the volume the learned professor betrays a tinge of excited feeling it is in scoring Anselm's doctrine of satisfaction. He pronounces it eminently bad. He adds, however: "Perhaps no one can frame a better who isolates the death of Christ from his life, and wishes to see in this death something else than the consummation of the 'service' which he rendered throughout his *life*." In the exposition of matured scholasticism notice is taken of the combination of a formal deference for Augustine authority with a progressive departure from his characteristic teachings on the topics of sin and grace. Thomism is represented as leaning to modalism in its interpretation of the Trinity, the Scotist school as sharply distinguishing between the divine persons. In christology the weight of authority is said to have been given to a theory which under Chalcedonian formulæ installed a virtual monophysitism. "Thomas made the greatest effort to give such predominance to the divine factor that the human became merely something passive and accidental." In connection with the teaching on the Church Harnack notices the very mixed tribute which was given to the notion of papal infallibility, and the moderate amount of direct effort on the part of dogmatists to supply a basis to the high papal claims in general "theology," he says, "did nothing for the development and establishment of the papal system till far on in the thirteenth century." A relatively large space is given to the highly important theme of the sacramental teaching of the

scholastics. Some sharp criticisms find place here. Especially caustic is the way in which the adaptation of the sacramental system to an easy conscience is portrayed. According to the laxer theory, which tended to pass into the ascendant, the superficial penitence denoted by attrition fits for the valid reception of the sacrament of penance; this sacrament cancels the danger of hell; only liability to purgatory remains, and the indulgence provides against this. "*Attritio, sacramentum penitentiae, indulgentia*—these form the Catholic triad. What was to be done for the indulgence was the only burdensome thing here; but even this was made very easy. Thus the indulgence became a caricature of Christianity or the religion of redemption through Christ." A harder path might indeed be elected by the earnest Catholic, but the easy way to salvation was provided if one did not choose to vex himself with any deep interior demands. Notwithstanding the fairly elaborate treatment given to the period, it could be wished that the author had added a few pages. Certainly it would have been well to have awarded to Anselm's ontological argument for the existence of God something more than a bare mention. We should like to have seen also a better warrant than is supplied, for the conclusion that the festival of the immaculate conception of the Virgin was celebrated at Lyons as early as the time of Bernard of Clairvaux. It is to be remembered that in the early Middle Ages a feast of the conception of John the Baptist was celebrated entirely apart from any thought of his immaculate conception. So a feast of the conception of the Virgin Mary may have had place prior to any distinct commemoration of her *immaculate* conception. Now, the references of Bernard (epist. clxxiv) by no means enforce the conclusion that the celebration at Lyons was specifically in honor of the immaculate conception of the Virgin. Let it be granted that he mentions immaculateness (*sanctitas*); he yet seems to bring it forward, not as a thesis from the criticised party, but as something naturally suggested by the demands of his argument. Only immaculateness, he as much as says, could justify celebration of an instance of conception, and the conditions must be regarded as having excluded immaculateness from the Virgin's conception (compare Stap, *L'Immaculée Conception*, nouvelle édition, 1869; Sheldon, *History of Christian Doctrines*, third edition, i, 381). The reader may properly be warned not to expect to make quick work with a volume of Harnack's *History of Dogma*. Whoever attempts to get away with more than one hundred and fifty pages in a day will find that he is overtaxing his power of mental digestion.

Through Nature to God. By JOHN FISKE. 12mo, pp. 195. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Price, cloth, \$1.

This is the latest of Professor Fiske's already numerous volumes. No other writer on his subjects is so incessant in production or has commanded so large a sale for his books. The present volume groups itself with *The Destiny of Man* and *The Idea of God*. It is consecrated to the memory of Professor Huxley. It contains three separate discussions on

"The Mystery of Evil," "The Cosmic Roots of Love and Self-sacrifice," and "The Everlasting Reality of Religion." All three are philosophical arguments framed from the scientific standpoint and based upon data furnished by modern science as interpreted by a theistic evolutionist. In the first the author wrestles ingeniously, but in our judgment ineffectually, with the world-old problem, which, indeed, no man has yet conclusively solved. Even Dr. McCosh, who disliked to confess himself baffled in philosophy, acknowledged that the problem of evil puzzled him. John Stuart Mill's solution was that God is all-wise and all-good, but not omnipotent; perpetually endeavoring to eliminate evil from the universe, but hindered by some inexplicable viciousness in the original constitution of things which it must require a long succession of ages to overcome. In the light of this theory Mr. Mill saw in the humblest human being who resists an impulse to sin, or helps in the slightest degree to leave the world better, a participator in the work of the divine Creator. Professor Fiske imagines the comments which a seventeenth century Calvinist would make on Mill's theory. The old Calvinist would say that Mr. Mill's God, shorn of the attribute of omnipotence, is no God at all; that God has created the evil along with the good for a purpose which human reason would approve as wise and holy if it could comprehend all the conditions of the case; that the Creator is responsible for the original constitution of things, and that in supposing anything essentially vicious in that constitution Plato and the Gnostics and the Manichæans and Mr. Mill have simply taken counsel of their ignorance. More than this, the author thinks the old Calvinist, if he were here to-day in presence of our modern knowledge, would say that if we really understood the universe of which humanity is a part we should find scientific justification for that supreme and victorious faith which cries, "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him!" And the author says: "The man who has acquired such faith as this is the true freeman of the universe, clad in stoutest coat of mail against disaster and sophistry—the man whom nothing can enslave, and whose guerdon is the serene happiness that can never be taken away." In his view the Calvinist is more nearly in accord with modern knowledge than Plato and Mill. He says that the attempt to refer good and evil to different creative sources cannot now be seriously maintained; that the advance of modern science carries us irresistibly to what some German philosophers call monism, but which he prefers to call monotheism; that in regarding the universe as the multiform manifestation of a single all-pervading deity we become for the first time pure and uncompromising monotheists—believers in the ever-living, unchangeable, and all-wise heavenly Father, in whom we may declare our trust without the faintest trace of mental reservation. The second part of the book presents with clearness and consistency the now familiar evolutionary explanation of the origination and development of love and self-sacrifice, or altruism, in and through the cosmic process. The particular feature of Professor Fiske's interpretation is his

denial of the notion that the cosmic process shows no relation to moral ends, and his strenuous insistence that that process exists purely for the sake of moral ends. He says that the scientific study of nature discerns *an omnipresent ethical trend*, and that, when we have learned this lesson, our misgivings vanish and we breathe a clear atmosphere of faith. "Though in many ways God's work is above our comprehension, yet those parts of the world's story which we can decipher warrant the belief that while in nature there may be divine irony, there can be no such thing as wanton mockery, for profoundly underlying the surface we may perceive an omnipresent ethical trend. The moral sentiments, the moral law, devotion to unselfish ends, disinterested love, nobility of soul—these are Nature's most highly wrought products, latest in coming to maturity; the consummation toward which all earlier prophecy has pointed. Below the surface din and claspings of the struggle for life we hear the undertone of the deep ethical purpose, as it rolls in music through the ages, its volume swelled by every victory, great or small, of right over wrong, till in the fullness of time, in God's own time, it shall burst forth in the triumphant chorus of Humanity purified and redeemed." In the third part of this little book we find most satisfaction because of its close-linked cogency, and because of its impressive marshaling of the findings of science into a demonstration of the eternal reality and indispensableness of religion. It begins by showing that what Voltaire hated was not religion but the organized Christianity of his time, responsible for atrocious injustice, for the Inquisition, for oppression and superstition and ignorance. This it was which he personified and called "The Infamous." The little church at Ferney which "Voltaire built for God" was, the author says, the sole church in France dedicated simply to God, and its builder was not only a layman, hostile to the ecclesiastical doctrines and methods of the time, but was almost alone among the freethinkers of his age and country in believing in God and asserting the everlasting reality of religion. Professor Fiske says that "the Deity revealed in the process of evolution is the ever-present God, without whom not a sparrow falls to the ground, and whose voice is heard in each whisper of conscience, even while his splendor dwells in the white ray from yonder star that began its earthward flight while Abraham's shepherds watched their flocks." He says further that the scientific doctrine of the correlation of forces exhibits Mind as nowise a product of Matter; that it is incompatible with the theory that the relation of the human soul to the body is like that of music to the harp, but is quite compatible with the time-honored theory of the human soul as indwelling in the body and escaping from it at death. He presents as religion's fundamental postulates the quasi-human God, the undying human soul, and the ethical significance of the unseen world. He argues, as an evolutionist, that the Infinite Power which is manifested in the universe is essentially psychical in its nature, and that between God and the human soul there is real kinship, although we may be unable to

render any scientific account of it. The belief that the psychical element in man is identical in nature with the Eternal Psychical Element seen at work in the universe, thus constituting kinship between God and the human soul, appears always, in history, as inseparable from a belief in the soul's immortality. The two beliefs are part and parcel of one and the same efflorescence of the human mind. Mankind has always entertained them in common, and so entertains them now. The final chapter contains the summing up and conclusion, which declares with great force of conviction that "Nature's eternal lesson is the everlasting reality of religion." Science, looking back over the life-history of our planet and the development of man, sees that religion was coeval with the birth of humanity, and has played such a dominant part in the subsequent evolution of human society that what history would be without it is quite beyond imagination; none can deny that this cardinal fact is the largest and most ubiquitous fact connected with the existence of mankind upon the earth. The author declares that so far as our knowledge of nature goes the whole momentum of it carries us onward to the conclusion that the unseen world with which religion deals has a real existence, and that it is natural and reasonable to regard that unseen world as the theater where the ethical process is destined to reach its full consummation. The argument is ended thus: "The lesson of evolution is that through all these weary ages the human soul has not been cherishing in religion a delusive phantom, but in spite of seemingly endless groping and stumbling it has been rising to the recognition of its essential kinship with the ever-living God. Of all the implications of the doctrine of evolution with regard to man I believe the very deepest and strongest to be that which asserts the everlasting reality of religion."

PHILOSOPHY, SCIENCE, AND GENERAL LITERATURE.

Extemporaneous Oratory for Professional and Amateur Speakers. By JAMES M. BUCKLEY, LL.D. 12mo, pp. 480. New York: Eaton & Malns. Cincinnati: Curtis & Jennings. Price, cloth, \$1.50.

Charles Reade, an eminent writer of fiction, earnestly declared that fiction is the greatest of all the arts. In the first sentence of the first chapter of this book the author, a distinguished orator, says that "oratory is the greatest of arts." Something of that feeling toward his particular art is necessary to make any artist great therein, or a capable inspirer and guide of others to success in that art. For most of those who will read this notice the supreme art is and should be that of effective public speech. The origin or occasion of this book was as follows: Several years ago Dr. Buckley was invited to lecture on extemporaneous speaking before theological seminaries and law schools; because various reports misrepresented those lectures he had about decided to write upon the subject, when he was simultaneously requested to do so by the faculty of a law school and by a committee appointed to prepare

a course of study for the ministers of the Methodist Episcopal Church. If among the diversified products of the author's phenomenally versatile activity there should not at some time appear a volume on extemporaneous public speech, the feeling throughout Methodism and far beyond its bounds would necessarily be that he had failed to write upon one of the subjects concerning which his knowledge is most nearly exhaustive and one of the arts over which his practical mastery is complete. It is not easy to imagine a statement more amusing to the American public than the following from Dr. Buckley concerning a phrenological examination of his own head: "I was examined by O. S. Fowler on two occasions, with an interval of eight years, and was mortified to be informed that my organ of language is small, and that I should be embarrassed through life on account of difficulty in finding words to express ideas. . . . On the second occasion, not recognizing me as the individual whom he had previously examined, though again referring to my defect, he suggested that I might derive some aid in expression from mental activity, which would enable an 'inferior organ of language' to do more than ordinary work, 'as a small engine with an unusual pressure of steam might do more work than a larger engine with less steam.' On my relating this incident to Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes he responded, 'As well might you undertake to tell by the knobs on a fireproof safe the denomination and amount of money inside as to tell by the bumps on a man's head what are his characteristics.'" The book opens with a comparative discussion of the various modes of public address, reasoning to the conclusion that the extemporaneous, as defined by the author, is best of all. Then follow chapters on the uses of language, words, their proper use, pronunciation, how to enrich one's vocabulary, a list of writers and speakers whose styles are most helpful as models, general and special preparation of the thoughts, the feelings, and the bodily condition, the use of items, anecdotes, similes, illustrations, and reminiscence, elocution, the management and strengthening of the voice, articulation, pitch, and tones, gesture, the temptations, defects, and difficulties to which the extemporaneous speaker is liable, how to protect oneself against failure, and suggestions to neophytes. Several chapters are given to a comprehensive setting forth of the art of public oral debate. Distinct reasons can be given why this book had a good chance to surpass all others in its own sphere; and a careful reading persuades us that it has made the most of its chance. No one can find any room to question the author's qualifications for making such a book. He is known as a past master who has taken all the degrees in the art of which he writes. He has searched and sifted the literature of the subject from Quintilian down to the latest, and the culled and proven values thereof are embodied in this book. From boyhood he has made a business of hearing, studying, analyzing, and comparing the largest possible variety of eminent public speakers in all professions. His philosophy, physical, mental, and moral, of successful public speech has not been

elaborated in the closet, but evolved by and from the lifelong practice of the art. The book is the report of a practiced expert, without a trace of the theorizing doctrinaire. There are no arbitrary or unintelligible rules; the rationale of every rule is made as obvious as the prescription is clear. No principle is laid down, no maxim adopted, no method commended which the author has not thoroughly tested in use; and in forty years of public speaking he has exhausted the possibilities of knowledge by trying all kinds of experiments—intellectual, rhetorical, vocal, gesticulatory—in the presence of almost every sort of audience and in nearly all possible conditions. It is doubtful if any man in public life has spoken extemporaneously so many hours, in as great a variety of places, on as wide a range of subjects. The practical wisdom, the matured conclusions, reached by many years of incessant experimentation, constitute the preeminent value of this book. In the art of public debate, especially, one would expect our author to be as capable an instructor as Blondin might be in teaching how to perform all possible feats on the tight rope, or as Grant might be in military strategy; and several chapters are devoted to this special art. Not merely extemporaneous oratory but the whole life of the public speaker is covered: the necessary regimen for body, mind, and heart; the general training of the human system and the immediate preparation for speaking; the management of the breathing organs, the vocal apparatus, and the body in general; the effect of various foods, drinks, physical exercises, indulgences, and habits; the detection and correction of faults. This is the most masterful of books on its subject, the soundest, completest, and most practical compendium or manual of extemporaneous speech in existence. For all ministers who have any ambition to speak effectively or any sense of responsibility for success in their great calling this volume is indispensable. It is especially intended to help beginners or those who are still in the making. In addition to its value to professional or amateur speakers it is also an instructive and extremely interesting book for the general reader and for those who listen to public speakers. The publishers have issued it in durable yet attractive form. A copious index assists ready reference to any part of the contents, while the often ingeniously felicitous marginal paragraph headings on every page help the eye and the memory.

The Works of William Makepeace Thackeray. Thirteen volumes. 8vo. New York and London: Harper & Brothers. Price, per volume, cloth, \$1.50.

This is so far beyond all previous editions of Thackeray's Works that no one should ever think of buying any other. It is "complete" not only in the sense of containing all his published writings, but also because it gives us a virtual biography and portraiture of Thackeray, and because in all respects—in print and paper and binding and illustration—it satisfies one with the feeling that nothing better can be desired or imagined. To each volume there is an extended Introduction written by Mrs. Anne Thackeray Ritchie, the author's surviving daughter. Thackeray desired that no biography of himself be written, but after a

quarter of a century his daughter weaves into the introductions to these thirteen volumes not only much information about his writings, but also many memories of her father, his life, habits, tastes, and opinions, with some of his letters. Mrs. Ritchie says: "So much has been forgotten, so much that is ephemeral has been recorded, that it is my desire to mark down some of the truer chords to which his life was habitually set. For this reason I have included one letter to my mother among the rest; it will show that he knew how to value the priceless gifts of home and of happiness while they lasted, as well as to bear trouble and loneliness when they fell upon him." It must be admitted that this daughter's instinct selects from her intimate knowledge the incidents and expressions which are most significant of her father's essential nature, while her literary gift presents them with vividness and grace. Thackeray came from India to England as a child of six years. His ship touched at the island of St. Helena. A black servant pointed out a man walking on the island and said to "Billy Boy," as Thackeray was then called, "That is he, that is Bonaparte; he eats three sheep every day, and all the little children he can lay hands on." The set of thirteen volumes ends with *Ballads and Miscellanies*, and begins with *Vanity Fair*. Mrs. Ritchie's introduction to the latter begins thus: "I cannot help thinking that though *Vanity Fair* was written in 1845 and the following years, it was really begun in 1817, when the little boy, so lately come from India, found himself shut in behind those flagree iron gates at Chiswick, of which he writes when he describes Miss Pinkerton's establishment. Whether Miss Pinkerton was, or was not, own sister to the great doctor at the head of the boarding school for young gentlemen on Chiswick Mall, to which my father was sent, remains to be proved. There is certainly a very strong likeness between those two majestic beings, the awe-inspiring doctor and the great Miss Pinkerton, whose dignity and Johnsonian language marked an epoch in education. I myself remember, as a child, hearing it said in the family that, when Dr. — used to read the Ten Commandments of a Sunday to his boys and the rest of the people assembled, his wife and several members of the congregation had been heard to declare that to hear his resounding tones reminded them of Mt. Sinai itself." Some of Thackeray's own criticisms on *Vanity Fair* are given. He says to his mother: "You are quite right about *Vanity Fair* and Amelia being selfish. My object was not to make a perfect character or anything like it. Don't you see how odious all the people are in the book, behind all of which there is a dark moral, I hope? What I wanted was to portray a set of people living without God in the world (only that is a cant phrase), greedy, pompous men, perfectly self-satisfied for the most part, and at ease about their superior virtue. Dobbin and poor Briggs are the only two people with real humility. Amelia's humility comes when her scoundrel of a husband is well dead with a ball in his odious bowels, when she has sufferings, a child, and a religion. But she had at the beginning one quality

above most people, namely—LOVE—by which she could be saved. . . . I wasn't going to write in this way when I began, but these thoughts pursue me plentifully. Will they ever come to a good end? I should doubt God who gave them if I doubted them." In another letter he wrote: "*Vanity Fair* is this instant done, and I have worked so hard that I can hardly hold a pen and say, God bless my dearest old mother. I am pleased to have done, but am very melancholy and beat." Mrs. Ritchie says: "When my father wrote a poem he used to be more agitated than when he wrote prose. He would come into our room worried and excited, saying, 'Here are two more days wasted. I have done nothing at all. It has taken me four mornings to produce six lines.' Then, after a further struggle, all would go well." Once the novelist wrote an old friend: "If I haven't written to you sooner, be pleased to know that for the last ten days I have been almost *non compos mentis*. When I am in labor with a book I don't quite know what happens. I sit for hours before my paper, not doing my book, but incapable of doing anything else, and thinking upon that subject always, waking with it, walking about with it, and going to bed with it. O, the struggles and bothers—O, the throbs and pains about this trumpery!" Thackeray wrote to Adelaide Procter: "Why are your verses so very, very gray and sad? I've been reading them this morning till the sky has got crape over it. . . . We can't help what we write, though; an unknown something works in us and makes us write so and so. I don't like to think you half so sad as your verses. I like some of them very much, especially the little tender bits. All the allusions to children are full of a sweet maternal compassionateness. I wish the tunes you sing were gayer. But the Lord made a multitude of birds and fitted them with various pipes, and the chorus of all is *Laus Domino!*" We are told of his thoughts about death and divine providence. The days drew on, full of work and full of physical weakness also. He had no real illness at the last—the man was apparently tired to the core of his being—so tired that he was not sorry to go. Only a day or two before his solitary peaceful death, he had said so. What he thought of the great change may be gathered from his letter to his mother written when he was comparatively well and strong: "Providence, which poor M. impugns, is very tolerably kind to me. M. didn't seem to be aware that she had used such rebellious expressions when I took her to task. I asked her why the natural laws were to be interrupted in my particular case? Did Heaven send the little boys out of the shop to knock you down and give you a hundred days of pain and years of lameness? Was it specially concerned in punishing, chastising, trying, blessing, smashing, saving, those Jews who were under the tower of Siloam when it fell? A brick may have knocked a just man's brains out, and a beam fallen so as to protect a scoundrel who happened to be standing under. The bricks and beams fell according to the laws which regulate bricks in tumbling. So with our diseases—we die because we are born; we decay

because we grow. I have a right to say, 'O, Father, give me submission to bear cheerfully (if possible) and patiently my sufferings;' but I can't request any special change in my behalf from the ordinary processes, or see any special divine animus superintending my illnesses or wellnesses. Those people seem to be presumptuous who are forever dragging the Awful Divinity into a participation with their private concerns. In health, disease, birth, life, death, here, hereafter, I am the creature. He lifts me up and sets me down certainly—so he orders my beard to grow. Yonder on my table in the next room is a number of the *Earthen Vessel*—Brother Jones writes of Brother Brown how preciousely he has been dealt with. Brown has been blessed by an illness; he has had the blessing of getting better; he has relapsed, and finally has the blessing of being called out of the world altogether. I don't differ with Brown essentially—only in the compliments, as it were, which he thinks it is proper to be forever paying. I am well: Amen. I am ill: Amen. I die: Amen always. I can't say that having a tooth out is a blessing—is a punishment for my sins. I say it's having a tooth out." And at another time he wrote: "I must tell you the truth as I believe it in opposition to what I consider to be erroneous; and when I was going to die, as I thought I was one night, I was as easy in mind and as trustful of God and as confident in his wisdom and mercy as St. Augustin, or St. Teresa, or Lady Huntingdon, or the Rev. Cesar Malan—I mean any Churchman, high or low, and so no more about it."

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND TOPOGRAPHY.

Retrospects and Prospects. By SIDNEY LANIER. 12mo, pp. 228. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Price, cloth, \$1.50.

This is a volume of descriptive and historical essays under the titles, "Retrospects and Prospects," "San Antonio de Bexar," "The New South," and "Sketches of India." It contains also the Confederate Memorial Address delivered at Macon, Ga., April 26, 1870. Five years after the war for the Union closed Lanier, himself a Confederate, who had fought for four years and after the great surrender had toiled his way home to Georgia on foot, stood amid the graves of Southern soldiers, looked into the faces of the women and the men to whom those dead were dearest, and included in his address words like these: "A strange commingling of grief and glory and joy lies in our memories of the days when these men died for liberty. . . . We come here without resentment, without scorn or hate or any vengeful feeling. That we can do this—that we can contemplate these dead faces without unseemly revenges burning in our souls, is to me a most marvelous triumph of divine Christianity. . . . We are here for love, and not for hate. We are here for harmony, and not for discord. To-day we are risen immeasurably above all vengeance. To-day, standing upon the serene heights of forgiveness, our souls choir together the enchanting music of harmoni-

ous Christian civilization." The year 1870 was nobly early for such great words to be spoken in the South. It is doubtful if any but a gallant soldier would have dared to speak them or even have felt them in his heart. But always the bravest and the manliest are the most generous and unresentful. The trouble and ill feeling between South and North since the war have not been made or maintained by the brave men who fought each other on tremendous battlefields. The first to accept the results of the war and to be at peace sincerely and heartily were the men who had proved their manhood in heroic conflict and enhanced the splendor of the American name by their high courage and costly defense of their convictions. Brave hearts do not harbor sullen hatreds. In the essay on "The New South" Lanier contends that the prosperity of the South depends on industry, and not on politics, and chiefly on agriculture in the form of small farming, in contrast with the enormous farms of the West and with the large plantations of the old South devoted mostly to the raising of some one crop—sugar, rice, cotton, or tobacco. He thinks this "agricultural change is the one substantial fact upon which any really new South can be predicated," and counts the rise of the small farmer (who raises a variety of crops—grain, fruits, vegetables, wool, poultry, dairy products, in addition to the cotton, rice, or sugarcane) to be "the most notable circumstance of the new period in comparison with which noisier events signify nothing." He says that this agricultural change produces a great variety of effects; that many industrious negroes have become possessors of little farms, and that "the transition of the negro from his attitude as negro to an attitude as small farmer is a transition in which his interests, his hopes, and consequently his politics, become identical with those of all other small farmers, whether white or black. Nothing seems more sure than that an entirely new direction of cleavage in the structure of Southern polity must come with the wholly different aggregation of particles implied in this development of small farming. In the identical aims of the small farmer class, whatever now remains of the color line must surely disappear out of the Southern political situation. The small farmers are a body whose privileges, needs, and relations are not those which are affected or decided by color, but those which exist between all small farmers on the one hand and whatever affects small farming on the other. The relation of politics to agriculture is as that of the turnip top to the turnip. The obliteration of the color line could be reduced to figures if we knew the actual proportion of small farms held by negroes." Lanier then takes for illustration Liberty County, Georgia, which in 1860 produced mainly sea-island cotton and rice from large plantations owned by old and wealthy families; at which date there were in that county only fifty-three small farms—that is, of less than twenty acres. In 1870 the small farms numbered nearly fourteen hundred, and Lanier thinks that this increase is largely accounted for by the accession of thrifty negroes to the ranks of the small farmers. "For," he says, "though these colored

farmers hire out at times, yet their own little patches of varied products are kept up, and they are independent of such hiring." In the same period and from the same cause there was in Mississippi an increase of nearly thirty-five thousand small farms. Lanier quotes from a Georgia paper in 1880 this paragraph: "If the farmers of Liberty County could control the negro labor for their use it would soon become one of the richest counties in southern Georgia; but there comes in the trouble. The negroes, most of them, have bought a tract of land, ten acres or more, and they can make enough on it to be perfectly independent of the white man. If he hires them he has to pay them their price, which is not less than fifty cents per day." This change, which had progressed so far in one county of Georgia in 1880, has been spreading more rapidly there and in other parts of the South during the twenty years since. The case of the negro is not so hopeless as many pessimists make out, nor is the race problem in such a bad way as sporadic conflicts and occasional lynchings taken alone would indicate. To a large extent the negro, stimulated by some education and a growing desire to be independent, is working out his own salvation by quiet labor and economy. He is learning how to get to windward of fate. Give him time and the mental and moral education which means a fair chance, and he will work his ship off the lee shore and into deep, safe water. A Scotchman employing a large number of negroes in quarrying phosphatic rock in South Carolina told us fifteen years ago that they were excellent laborers, sober, saving, and nearly all of them intensely bent on owning a little plot of ground with a home on it. When the colored man becomes a respectable landholder and an independent farmer he fades out as a negro and appears as a substantial and influential factor in the community, not to be dislodged, insulted, or ignored. Lanier finds that the small farmer has been a commendable citizen in many lands and centuries. He was praised in old Greece for not being a crazy politician, by Euripides, who declared that these farmers who stay at home and work, and do not spend their time in caucuses and assemblies, save the country. Who but the small farmers of France, the peasantry, furnished the money to pay the huge indemnity exacted by Germany after the Franco-Prussian War of 1870? Lanier, a native Georgian, notes also that, in 1880, "at the Atlanta University for colored people, which is endowed by the State, the progress of the pupils, the clearness of their recitations, their excellent behavior, and the remarkable neatness of their school rooms altogether convinced the committee that the colored race are capable of receiving the education usually given at such institutions." Of that part of the South with which Lanier was most familiar he writes: "Much of this gracious land is yet new to all real cultivation, much of it lies groaning for the muscle of man; fair and fruitful conditions here hold perpetual session and press perpetual invitation upon all men to come and have plenty. Along that ample stretch of generous soil, where the Appalachian ruggednesses calm themselves into pleasant hills before

dying quite away into the seaboard levels, a man can find such temperances of heaven and earth—enough of struggle with nature to draw out manhood, with enough of bounty to sanction the struggle—that a more exquisite coadaptation of all blessed circumstances for man's life need not be sought. The region seems to yearn for men. Everywhere the huge and gentle slopes kneel and pray for vineyards, for cornfields, for cottages, for spires to rise up from beyond the oak groves. There is never a day of summer or of winter here when a man cannot do a full day's work in the open field; all products meet as at nature's own agricultural fair; rice grows alongside of wheat, corn alongside of sugarcane, cotton alongside of clover, apples alongside of peaches, so that a small farm may often miniature the whole United States in growth. The little valleys everywhere run with living waters, asking grasses and cattle and quiet gristmills; all manner of timbers for economic uses and trees for finer arts cover the earth. In short, here is such a neighborly congregation of climates, soils, minerals, and vegetables that within the compass of many a hundred-acre farm one may find wherewithal to build his house of stone, of brick, of oak, or of pine, to furnish it in woods that would delight the most curious eye, and to supply his family with all the necessities, most of the comforts, and many of the luxuries of the whole world. It is the country for homes." Thus this ex-Confederate pictured the desirable destiny of the New South, and wooed his fellow-countrymen to come and make homes and help develop his beloved and bountifully fertile Southland. Far wiser he than those who lay the emphasis on politics, and keep their land hot with political intolerance, fierce with race hatreds, dangerous and bloody with violence, and forbidding and repellent to all the enterprise, intelligence, character, and capital which might otherwise arrive there to aid in developing and enriching the great South, which is as yet, in large part, as Lanier says, "actually virgin to plow, pillar, ax, or mill wheel," while "other parts have known only a mean and insulting cultivation."

Luther Peck and His Five Sons. By Rev. J. K. PECK, A.M., Author of *Seven Wonders of the New World*. 12mo, pp. 246. New York: Eaton & Mains. Cincinnati: Curtis & Jennings. Price, cloth, \$1.

This is a story a century and a quarter long, the history of a very remarkable family. "There never was another such story and never will be again." It is written in lively style, without embellishments, by a descendant of the family familiar with even the minutest details. The author says: "I have seen the five generations, the father and mother of the five brothers, their five sons, a score of grandchildren, several great-grandchildren, and half a dozen great-great-grandchildren. The five Peck brothers—Luther H., George, Andrew, William, and Jesse T.—were all born in the same latitude and longitude, and all but one in the same State and town, lived, labored, and preached in the same territory, and breathed their last, members and elders in the same church in the bounds of the old Genesee Conference. Each of them lived to be over

threescore and ten. They were always good friends and remained so until they went to the other world. They all retained their reason to the last. They were all large men and weighed together ten hundred pounds. I have never read of five such brothers, and I never shall." "It would be difficult to say . . . what constituted the remarkableness of the head of this family (Luther Peck, born in Danbury, Conn., June 12, 1767, a blacksmith, a class leader, and local preacher). He was an honest man, so everybody said who knew him. He was industrious, hard-working, and economical. He was not cross-eyed or cross-grained. He was remarkable for being like other men, and not being peculiar. He did not walk in his sleep nor study the stars nights. He was not like the learned blacksmith, yet he was a blacksmith. He never spent time trying to invent perpetual motion. He had his hair cut like other men of his time. He did not sleep in the daytime and work nights. He never walked a rope across Niagara nor tamed lions nor charmed rattlesnakes. He was not a Blondin nor an Edison. He never hunted the North Pole nor plowed the seashore nor sowed salt. He would not have been a success in a dime museum or a circus or a side show or a minstrel show. He was remarkable for never trying to be remarkable. He never tried to work a horse and an ox yoked together. He ate what it was proper to eat, if he could get it, and drank as other men did. Indeed, he was a remarkable man and remarkably like other men." A few years after marriage this Luther Peck moved west a hundred miles into Middlefield, N. Y., and there built a log-cabin near Otsego Lake in the almost trackless wilderness, and from that time the family was identified with the State of New York. He was a local elder forty-four years, and died at the age of eighty-seven. *Luther Peck and His Five Sons* is written *con amore*, with the glow of honest family pride. All the strong men—giants many of them—who made or started in the old Genesee Conference, come into sight in this narrative of the Peck family—John Dempster, William W. Ninde, Lyman Sperry, Morgan Ruger, Calvin Hawley, William Round, Charles Giles, A. J. Kenyon, A. J. Crandall, Loring Grant, Marmaduke Pearce, and others like them. Dr. John McClintock once wrote: "The age of chivalry was renewed in its noblest aspects in the beginnings of Methodism. Its history, especially in America, is a record of moral heroism unsurpassed in any age of the Church. . . . Every memorial, however slight, of the lives and toils of the fathers is at once a blessing to the Church and a contribution to the true history of the civilization of the age. To this class belong the sketches of Wesley, Fletcher, Garrettson, McKendree, Roberts, Pickering, and Hedding. To a later period belong the lives of Fisk, Emory, Levings, and Olin. . . . They are illustrations—wonderful illustrations in fact—of the vigorous and healthy growth of Methodism, each of them affording a noble specimen of high intellectual power and large accomplishments devoted with entire self-denial to the service of the Church of God." Our author remarks that the heroic times thus spoken of reach down to

the times of the five Peck brothers who continued in the same devoted spirit the work of the fathers. Of these five the best known are George, the second son, and Jesse T., the youngest. The chapter on George Peck begins, "This name stands for a great man," and to the question, why he should be called great, our author says, "I will answer by a plain recital of his life." Born in the woods in a poor log-cabin, from an unpromising beginning and through discouraging environments he hewed his way to greatness. He was chiefly instrumental in the founding of Cazenovia Seminary and Wyoming Seminary; of the former he was for a time the principal. He "was the originator of the first course of study prescribed by the General Conference for traveling preachers. He had to do with all the legislation enacted in the Church during more than fifty years. He was elected to thirteen General Conferences in succession from 1824 to 1872, and was present at all those sessions and remained to the close of each." He was editor eight years of the *Quarterly Review*, and four years of *The Christian Advocate*. He was one of the committee sent by the General Conference of 1864 to convey to President Lincoln the sympathy of that body and of our denomination, with Joseph Cummings, Charles Elliot, Bishop Ames, and Granville Moody as his associates—a group of stalwart men. Dr. George Peck died May 20, 1876, and his body rests in the shadow of the old Forty Fort church. From the old Genesee Conference came E. G. Andrews, W. X. Ninde, and John P. Newman; Thomas Bowman was born there; and Enoch George, Calvin Kingsley, and Charles H. Fowler bore relation to it. From it also came Jesse Truesdell Peck, youngest of the five brothers. "He was great in the sense that his brother George was great; with small beginnings and unfavorable surroundings, yet accomplishing wonders. He was called from the lowest ranks to be field marshal, and in some respects was the most attractive figure of the family. He was the Murat of the dress parade or the carnage of stern war. He was the 'Plumed Knight' of the militant Church. He lived, married, died, and is buried in the territory covered by the old Genesee Conference. His brothers assisted in his elevation to the episcopacy, and one of them presented him on the day of ordination for induction into that sacred office. Has any family in the history of American Methodism rendered more years of ministerial service to our Church than the aggregate rendered by this Peck family?" The volume before us is far from being a dry historical narrative, being enlivened by many incidents, some ludicrous and amusing, some pathetic, some religiously impressive, but all contributing to the lifelikeness of the story. We are told of an old-fashioned presiding elder in New York State who, when the bishop inquired about a certain charge and what sort of man was wanted there, replied: "Two years ago they had a professor of chemistry; last year a professor of Greek; now they want a professor of religion." At the depot in Newark Valley Jesse T. Peck was persuaded to step on the scales and be weighed. The scales marked only two hundred and ninety-five pounds; and he

explained apologetically that he was always a little thin in hot weather. In 1864, on the deck of a steamer, he had a discussion with a Catholic priest, and, referring to it afterward, he said he was made to feel his own "extreme littleness." At a family gathering where the five brothers, their wives, and many nephews and nieces were present, Jesse T. was at the head of the long table trying to dissect the fowl; he seemed to have difficulty in his work, and made a facetious remark somewhat derogatory to the deceased. He was at once reprimanded and reminded that it had always been the motto of the family "never to speak evil of the dead." Bishop Jesse laid down the carving implements and delayed the dinner by a long, loud, hearty, earthquaking laugh. At one of these family reunions all sat down to an old-fashioned mush-and-milk dinner. The author says: "Five sons of the same father and mother, all distinguished ministers of the same Church, with their wives and children and grandchildren, sitting together around one table, eating mush and milk, the meal having been ground from corn raised by one of the five brothers; the youngest brother a bishop, weighing three hundred pounds! I will give one hundred dollars for just such another story in the whole history of the world." Pictures of the father and mother and of their five sons and of the author appear in the book.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Civil Law in the Ecclesiastical World. By Rev. CHARLES SHEARD and LAWRENCE RUSSEL, Attorney at Law. Orders received by French & Griswold, Canton, N. Y., or by the Trade. Price, leather, 50 cents. Postage 5 cents extra.

This is a compendium of the Religious Corporations Law and the Clergyman's Legal Adviser combined. It contains the Religious Corporations Law, a Résumé of Marriage Laws, Church and Clerical Exemption Laws, the Sabbath Laws, Privileges of Spiritual Advisers, Drawing of Deeds with Forms; and answers all questions relating to such matters under the laws of the State of New York, the clerical author of the book being a member of the Northern New York Conference. It is intended for the use of ministers and church officers of all denominations and for trustees of all religious corporations in this State. One chapter furnishes directions for the drawing of deeds, together with legal forms for deeds, bequests, and conveyances to religious and eleemosynary institutions and corporations. This chapter is by Justice Russell, of the Supreme Court of the State of New York. It appears to be a complete guide and handbook of such matters prepared by competent persons.

Disciplinograph. By ROBERT T. MILLER. 12mo, pp. 24. Cincinnati: Curts & Jennings. Price, paper, 25 cents.

Mr. Miller, who was a lay delegate from Kentucky to the General Conference of 1896, is known to be one of the most intelligent, diligent, and successful collectors of Methodist memorabilia and of rare relics and records and waymarks of the history of our denomination. His home in Covington contains a remarkable and valuable collection of antiquities,

curiosities, and prizable things. He has prepared and our Western publishing agents have issued in this convenient booklet a "Memorandum for Collectors of Disciplines," in which are given "the title-pages of the ORIGINAL EDITIONS of the Sunday Service, and of the Doctrines and Discipline of the Methodist Episcopal Church, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, and of other Methodist Churches, in the order of their publication." This memorandum is made up from the books which are in Mr. Miller's very complete private collection. The titles extend from 1784 to 1896. It is not to be wondered at that a Methodist minister's son, familiar with and interested in Methodism and its history and literature from his boyhood, should be found prosecuting this work of collection and sharing its results with his fellow-Methodists.

Christian Science. The Truths of Spiritual Healing and their Contribution to the Growth of Orthodoxy. By R. HEBER NEWTON, Rector of All Souls' Church, New York. 12mo, pp. 78. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Price, paper, 25 cents.

Christian Science Examined. By HENRY VARLEY. 18mo, pp. 80. New York: Fleming H. Revell Co. Price, paper, 15 cents.

Both of these booklets are important contributions to the increasing literature of Christian Science. The first is the more tolerant of the two. Its author, Dr. Newton, is one who would gather honey from all flowers. While recognizing the evils of Christian Science, he devotes some considerable portion of his pamphlet to the enumeration of the vital truths which give to the movement its force. These in their natural order he finds to be that Christian Science "deals with disease;" that it "accepts the work of healing sickness as an integral part of the discipleship of Jesus Christ;" that it "finds the clew to this ministry of healing in the example of Jesus;" that it is the recognition and application of the secret of Christ that "a true science of therapeutics must be largely psychical;" that it also recognizes and applies the principle of Jesus whereby he appealed to the soul, as well as the mind, of the sufferer; that it evolves its philosophy from the domination of mind over matter in the life of Jesus, and learns its theology at his feet; and that, "this theology realized, sin itself is seen, as Christian Science teaches, to be no part of the eternal reality of being. God is one. God is infinite. God is all. God is good." In short, "there is nothing in Christian Science, as thus interpreted, which is in conflict with the inner heart of Christian orthodoxy." The pamphlet constitutes a chapter in a new book of the author, which aims "to show that orthodoxy is no fixed and final form of thought." The pamphlet of Mr. Varley differs from that of Dr. Newton in that it makes no philosophical study of the principles which underlie Christian Science, but rather traces the development of the movement from its discovery in 1866, and outlines the chief characteristics of the system. In caustic words it points out the erroneous attitude of Christian Science toward the Bible, sin and Satan, God and the material body. In short, it supplements in its keen denunciation the semi-tolerance of Dr. Newton's review.

